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H. P. B.

THE LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

to A. P. SINNETT *and* OTHER MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

TRANSCRIBED, COMPILED, AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY A. T. BARKER

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COMPILER'S PREFACE

THE letters here presented to the reader, written by the Founder of the Theosophical Society between the years 1880–1888, are intended to form a companion volume to the recently published *Mahatma Letters*, and should be read in conjunction with that work. They have been transcribed direct from the originals and without omission except for the occasional deletion of a name wherever for obvious reasons it was absolutely necessary to do so. Contrary to the method employed in *The Mahatma Letters*, the compiler has permitted himself to correct obvious errors of spelling and punctuation, as these were too numerous to ignore, and no useful purpose could be served by leaving them unedited. Here and there in the text a word appears in square brackets. This always indicates that the word is either superfluous, or has been added by the compiler to make the sentence comprehensible. It should be understood that all footnotes are part of the original letters, unless signed "Ed.," in which case they have been added by the compiler. With these necessary exceptions the letters are presented to the reader, as already stated, unaltered.

In *Section* I are to be found exclusively the Letters of Madame Blavatsky arranged as far as possible in chronological order.

Section II contains all the *Miscellaneous Letters* of interest left by Mr. Sinnett, arranged under the names of the different writers in numbered sub-sections. Some of these have additional value owing to the marginal comments by the Mahatmas M. and K. H.

In Sub-section VIII are included some short notes from M. and K. H. which were overlooked in preparing *The Mahatma Letters*. They are now published not so much for their intrinsic value, but because in his Introduction to that volume the compiler stated that the *whole* of the Mahatma Letters left by Mr. Sinnett were then published, and his statement, inaccurate to this extent is hereby made good.

The Appendixes contain: I. An Article by Eliphas Levi on "Death," which is of particular value because it has comments in Master K. H.'s writing in the margin of the printed page of the magazine in which it originally appeared.

II. Cosmological Notes from Mr. Sinnett's MS. Book. One version of these notes which does not agree exactly with the MS. book from which his copies were presumably drawn, has already been published by Mr. Jinarajadasa. Although the differences may possibly not be regarded as serious, it is thought that students would be glad to have the opportunity of reading them just as they were left by Mr. Sinnett, and for that reason they are included in the present volume. The material contained in the two volumes was left all together in one box by Mr. Sinnett, and the whole of its contents are now in print with the exception of some miscellaneous correspondence by various writers which is not of sufficient interest to warrant publication. There must be, however, scattered about the world a number of H. P. B.'s letters in the keeping of different people, and it is greatly to be hoped that in the interest of the Movement steps will be taken to publish them.

The compiler takes this opportunity of acknowledging his indebtedness to several friends for painstaking and careful work in checking the originals with the printed proofs, and also for the compilation of the Index.

A. T. B.

INTRODUCTION

Of all the problems which confront the student of Theosophy, there is none more vital in the present day than a thorough grasp and correct perspective not only of the personal character of the Founder of the Theosophical Society, but of the nature of the work she did and the true relationship it bears to the whole fabric of the Theosophical Movement. It is now beginning to be recognised that her writings contain the key to the profoundest mysteries of Man and the Universe, and those who opposed her, finding themselves unable to disprove the value and truth of her philosophy, sought by means of personal slander and vilification to prejudice public opinion, and thus divert attention from the treasure of knowledge which she was the means of giving to the world, and which, if impartially considered on its merits, must have carried with it the conviction of the integrity of the writer. In *The Secret Doctrine* Mme. Blavatsky quoted the words of Gamaliel as being particularly applicable to her own work: "If this doctrine is false it will perish of itself, but if true then it cannot be destroyed." Just as her work has stood the test of time and public criticism, so will these two volumes provide the means for the vindication of her personal character. The biassed and untrustworthy nature of the Hodgson Report of the Society of Psychical Research, which has provided the basis for so much ignorant and malicious criticism even down to the present day, is clearly revealed in these pages. Much fresh light is also thrown on the forgeries known as the Coulomb Letters, and also of her relation with the notorious Solovioff, who, in his rage and resentment at being refused the privilege of chelaship, did so much to injure her reputation. It would require a volume to deal adequately with all the evidence on these important questions; the reader is therefore left to form his own conclusions as to whether the heroic figure which stands out so vividly in these pages was the liar, the fraud, and worse than dishonest medium which the Society of Psychical Research and the Spiritualists generally would have us believe, or whether she was what she claimed to be—no medium indeed, but the conscious Agent of the Masters who sent her forth, performing her prodigious task under conditions which

would make the bravest halt; an occultist pledged to silence as to the true reasons for most of her actions, ever fearful of giving out too much, but yet through it all labouring so fiercely and wholeheartedly for the sake of the few who were entitled to her Master's thanks. She wrote herself in Letter No. XLV—"Those who see no discrepancy in the idea of filthy lying and fraud even for the *good of the Cause*—being associated with work done for the Masters—are congenital Jesuits . . . or natural born fools. Had I been guilty *once only*—of a deliberately, purposely concocted fraud, especially when those deceived were my best, my truest friends, no 'love' for such one as I! At best, *pity* or eternal contempt. Pity if proved I was an irresponsible lunatic, a hallucinated *medium*, made to trick by my 'guides' whom I was representing as *Mahatmas*; contempt—if a conscious fraud." Let those who are so limited as to believe that the Masters and their teaching are the invention of H. P. Blavatsky read the account of her journey into the wilds of Sikkim, in which she describes her meeting *in propria persona* with the Mahatmas M. and K. H. The real nature of these Adepts as *living men*, or, as H. P. B. called them, "superior mortals, not ignorant flapdoodle gods," is here placed beyond the realm of speculation.

There is hardly one of these pages that does not throw some unexpected light on the mysteries of the relationship between Adept and chela, and it is thus possible to gain some comprehension of the life of those who, while living in the world, serve the purposes of the Great Lodge of Adepts whose headquarters are beyond the Himalayas of Northern India. Wherever those chelas may be, their hearts will give a warmer and quicker throb as they read the story of H. P. B.'s intimate association with her teachers. As they read further of the trials and torments which inevitably befell those other chelas of forty years ago, it is not they who will be tempted to condemn those who fell from their high estate, dragged into the mire by one or other of the weaknesses of human nature. But while there should be nothing but pity and compassion for the failures, let no student of the Sacred Science fall into the blunder of seeking in the name of "Brotherhood" to justify their indulgences, either ethically or morally.

There are several references to the writing of *The Secret Doctrine* which show to how great an extent the Masters were themselves responsible for that work. That is why the teaching of H. P. B. "remains for us the test and criterion of Theosophy," by which all other teaching on the subject must be judged. After all, if the Masters do not know what Theosophy is, no one does, because in its essence, purity and completeness it is alone contained in the secret teaching of which the Guardians are the

Masters Themselves. That teaching, as stated by H. P. B., "is not the fancy of one or several isolated individuals, but the fruit of the work of thousands of generations of Adept Seers,"[1] through whom it was handed down from the first Divine Instructors of our Humanity. It is the substratum and basis of all the world-religions and philosophies, but its doctrines are the exclusive possession of none of them. It was the mission of Madame Blavatsky, under the instructions of those Adepts, to give to the world selected portions of that archaic teaching. It should be remembered that an Adept—a Master, is one who has achieved immortality, and therefore has the power to perceive truth as it is and *at will* to reflect it without distortion. It is because no one of lesser degree can claim that power always and with certainty that Their testimony must be regarded as the highest authority on all matters of occult doctrine and practice. And here it must be stated unequivocally that from the point of view of the "original programme" of the Society, no theosophical association has any *raison d'être* if it does not remain true to the Masters and their teaching. There are some who seem to believe that it is possible to be faithful to the Masters while denying even the theoretical truth of their teaching. This is where the responsibility of the old Theosophical Society is so grave. In his Introduction to *The Mahatma Letters* the writer had occasion to point out in what important particulars that Society showed by its actions a serious divergence from the spirit and letter of the original teaching. That volume proves beyond question that H. P. B.'s writings are absolutely consistent with the Masters' teachings, and in nothing is this more clearly discernible than in her exposition of the doctrines relating to the Life after Death. It is not the least serious aspect of the situation that the Theosophical Society bases its propaganda on this important subject not, as the public has a right to expect, on the message of H. P. B. and the Masters, but on the personal investigation of later students, whose views, for example, on the *post-mortem* survival of personal consciousness are so different as to represent the direct *antithesis* of the original teaching.

No serious students of H. P. B. will deny the force or the truth of these arguments, but there are many such who conceive it to be their duty to remain in the old Theosophical Society and at the same time to stand by the original teaching. They are at once faced with certain difficulties which have to be experienced to be understood, but which, fortunately, the constitution of the Society does not make it impossible to solve. Let the reader turn to Letter

[1] "That is to say, men who have perfected their physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual organisations to the *utmost* possible degree."

No. C in this volume, and he will there see how H. P. B. was faced with a very similar situation and of the measures she recommended to deal with it. She lays stress on the fact that the Society was founded as a Universal Brotherhood, in which no one has the right to force his own views on another, but each must be allowed free expression of opinion. She defines what a nucleus of Brotherhood is by quoting Master K. H. almost word for word: "A group or branch, however small, cannot be a *theosophical society* unless the members in it are magnetically bound to each other by the same way of thinking, at least *in some one* direction." She urges that those who intend at all costs to remain true to the original programme of the Society—i.e. *to the Masters and their teaching*—should found Lodges devoted to that purpose alone. Exactly the same should be done in our own day as a solution of present difficulties.

Therefore, all the world over, let the lovers of the Wisdom of H. P. B. unite, whether they be in or out of the Theosophical Society; let them found Lodges which shall be places apart, sanctified by devotion to the Truth and the Cause of the Brotherhood of Humanity, while seeking their knowledge from her writings,[1] which contain all and far more than is necessary for the instruction of Theosophists, until the promised hour strikes at the beginning of the last quarter of this century, when another Messenger from the Great Lodge may be expected to appear and carry forward the work of H. P. Blavatsky to the next stage of unfolding.

A. TREVOR BARKER.

LONDON,
December, 1924.

[1] That is to say, *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Key to Theosophy*, *The Voice of the Silence*, and her numerous magazine articles in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. Care should be taken to study these works wherever possible in the *original editions* or exact reprints of them. The later Revised Editions have been considerably altered and, in the opinion of many students, quite unwarrantably.

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gush & rot. Mohini never said to Bergen anything of the kind about myself or Masters. Bergen has confessed that he misunderstood him; and then accused Arthur of having told him about me the same!! Mohini is just the same, I find; only he is raised one step higher. And now he will never speak openly about the Masters. He is very much against Harap, who is creating mischief at yard to every square inch.

Some fool wants to come & see me & (please keep it confidential) Mr. Anna Kingsford!! Wants to come & see me & ask me now at least to place her in communication with the Masters!!!!!!!!

I feel unable to do justice to my feelings! Love to Mrs. S.

Yours truly

H P B

A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF MME. BLAVATSKY'S HANDWRITING.

SECTION I

THE LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

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". . . It was thy patience that in the waste
Attended still thy step, and saved MY *friend*
For better days. What cannot patience do.
. . . A great design is seldom snatched at once,
'Tis PATIENCE *heaves it on. . . ."*

K. H.

LETTER No. I

MY DEAR BOSS,

Going away to-morrow—THANKS to FATE!! The Disinherited tells me you are living in a damp place and that you will suffer from it. Do you live in a tent? Mr. Hume asks me to enclose this slip from the *C. and M.* Sewer for you. Did you receive Pce Dondoukof's letter to me. M. wants me to tell you to show it to as many of your French speaking friends and my enemies as you possibly can, and to show it to Mr. Ratigan also. He says he will *impress you what to do.* Does he want to develop you into a *Mejium*? My boil aches fearfully yet I tell you I am a she Job!

My love to Mr. Tyrrell and Struit—or how do you spell his name? My best regards to Mrs. and Mr. Patterson.

Your orphaned friend and ——?

H. P. B.

Just received your 20 Rupees. Oh *Pioneer*—protector of the "up-a-tree" occultists!

LETTER No. II[1]

March 25th.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

You are right. *All* or *nothing* is their motto. And why should you subject yourself to daily torture? K. H. will correspond with you the same as he does now if it is all you want.

The "Vega"? Not Nordenskiöld's Vega that went North Pole and passed through Siberia but Eglinton's Vega on which he sailed for England. By this time and as I write [to] you know all, since you received this morning Mrs. Gordon's telegram about her having had a letter from Eglinton drop on her nose last night, with remarks from the Bosses and my humble self. Last night between 8 and 9 evening I received two letters from Eglinton

[1] There is a communication from K. H. written across the lines of H. P. B.'s letter. This appears here in bold type.—ED;

direct in the presence of 7 witnesses from the *roof*. One was for me, the other for Mrs. Gordon. He asked me to send it over to her *in a natural way*, but K. H. wanted me to send it off *immediately* and I did so. The letter from E. and my two visiting cards which I wrote before my guests last night at 8½ and the Boss' remarks were all at Howra in a few seconds. That's all. " Only that and nothing more."

K. H. says he saw Eglinton and *secured* him. Now remains to be seen *what kind* of " guides " E. will hook on K. H.

I do not feel well. I am sick, bilious, dyspeptic and feel mad with the whole universe. I do not know *how* I can go to Madras with such a heat.

My love to dear Bossess. If I but knew to write as she does I would be a happy woman.

Yours in moonshine

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

The new " *guide* " has meanwhile a few words to say to you. If you care anything about our *future relations*, then, you better try to make your friend and colleague Mr. Hume give up his insane idea of going to Tibet. Does he really think that *unless we allow it*, he, or an army of Pelings will be enabled to hunt us out, or bring back news, that we are, after all, but a " moonshine " as she calls it. Madman is that man who imagines that even the British Govt: is strong and rich enough and powerful enough to help him in carrying out his insane plan ! Those whom we desire to know us will find us at the very frontiers. Those who have set against themselves the Chohans as he has—would not find us were they to go L'hassa with an army. His carrying out the plan will be the signal for an absolute separation between your world and ours. His idea of applying to the Govt: for permission to go to Tibet is ridiculous. He will encounter dangers at every step and—will not even hear the remotest tidings about ourselves or our whereabouts. Last night a letter was to be carried to him as well as to Mrs. Gordon. The Chohan *forbid* it. You are warned, good friend—act accordingly.

K. H.

LETTER No. III

Postcard addressed to A. P. Sinnett Esq.

TENDRIL, SIMLA,
Aug. 9.

Savez-vous quel jour votre article *Indo-British India* a été publié ? Le Sept. Et savez-vous, que vous avez trouvé *un ami pour la vie* dans Morya ? Ces quelques bonnes paroles prononcies

pour la première fois dans le *Pioneer*. Vous feront plus de bien que tout ce que vous avez fait jusqu'ici. Je ne comprenais pas *pourquoi* il montrait tant d'anxiété de vous envoyer son portrait. Je comprends tant maintenant.

I send you to-day the proofs of the *two letters*. Please send them back *as soon as possible*.

Yours in Indo-British India,

H. P. B. MULLIGAN.

LETTER No. IV

Ordered by My Boss to tell Sinnett, Esq., the following:—

1. Not to lose the opportunity to night of acquainting R. S. with *every detail* of the situation he can think of, whether relating to the Society or His projected matrimonial ideas.

2. To insist upon having a true copy of the hitherto written sketches of Cosmogony with the Tibetan words, *M.'s* notes etc. H. P. B. is also ordered to have one, as she has to know thoroughly what Mr. Hume has noted and how much he has elaborated of the explanations. Otherwise when the reaction comes and Mr. Hume begins studying once more—neither Mr. Sinnett nor H. P. B. will be *au courant* of his thoughts; and he will begin once more abusing—like the quartette of musicians in Aesop's fable—the *instruments* on which he does not know to play.

3. Mr. Sinnett is advised, once he is in Allahabad, to announce the formation of the Allahabad Society, calling it "The Anglo Indian Investigation (Theosophical) Society" or some such name which would not jar upon the nerves of the unbelieving community. Let it be distinct from the other Branch in Allahabad called the "Prayaga Theos. Society" though the Hindus in it might be very useful to Mr. Sinnett and he will find wonderful *mesmeric* subjects in it, if he but searches.

4. Mr. Sinnett is advised by M. to make a special duty to prevent his little son being made to eat meat—not even fowls, and to write so to Mrs. Sinnett. Once the Mother has placed the child under K. H.'s protection let her see nothing pollutes his nature. The child may become a powerful engine for good in a near future. Let him be trained as *his own nature* suggests it.

5. Mr. S. is reminded to telegraph O. not to answer one word to M. Hume until he receives a letter from Mr. Sinnett.

6. Mr. S. is advised, now that he will be alone, to put himself in communication through Adytyarum B. with some Hindu mystics, not for the sake of philosophy but to find out what mental phenomena can be produced. At the *Mela* there is a number of such visiting the town.

7. Whenever he feels like writing or needs M. advice, Mr. Sinnett is invited to do so without hesitation. M. will *always* answer him, not only for K. H.'s sake but his own sake, as Mr. S. has proved that even an Anglo-Indian can have the true S—— SPARK in him, which no amount of brandy and soda and other stuff can extinguish and which will occasionally glitter out and very brightly.

It *was* my wish that she should read the letter to Fern last night. You can also show and read it to R. S. if you like. All of the above is correct. Yours, M.

LETTER No. V

Written Nov. 2nd, Lahore, 1880.

DEAR BOSS,

I am afraid I begin a task above my strength. But if I do not yet peg out I am determined to fight my way through and never leave one chance to my enemies to bother me. This is why I begged you to publish a few words in reply to a stupid and vile insinuation (and far better if it could be done in the shape of three or four lines in the *Pioneer* 1st page).

In *Bombay Gazette* Nov. 6 it is said that "A correspondent of the *Englishman* throws another ray of light upon the occultism at Simla. He says: In all the correspondence about the T.S. I do not think it has yet been mentioned that Mme B. is the correspondent of a Russian newspaper. A series of letters have appeared in the *Anti-English* newspaper the *Moscow Gazette* . . . purporting to be written from India by a lady member of the T.S. who signs herself Ruddha-Bai. The letters are headed "from the caves and forest-valleys of India." The writer could not well have been other than Mme B. The snake tiger of India enchanted stories narrated in those letters are entirely theosophical and steeped in occultism."

To this it is that I answered a few lines remarking that the only light which this fact (of my being the correspondent of a Russian newspaper however *Anti-English*)—could ever throw upon the Simla phenomena was that of the possibility of some new hallucination on the part of the Govt. of India—perhaps a suspicion that it was the secret Russian political spies who were my *confederates*. That I never made a secret of my being a correspondent for the Russian newspapers none of which ever was but Anti-English (I would like to find one which is not!) or writing under the nom de plume of Radha Bai. And that so little was it a secret that in my last letter to the Russian papers

from Simla it was from some of the officials themselves that I got the needed information etc. (You know about Ramchundra.)

This it was I sent to you fervently begging you to print it, for I was anxious to break the head of at least one of my idiotic enemies. To this K.H. remarked that it was far better if I should let you write a few words as an editorial remark upon the *foolish* para: (above cited). I said *no*. I knew you did not like to be asked to write, besides my writing would be better and more appropriate. So I sent to you this. But it appears that *he* need have his own way. For how could my letter be lost otherwise? It was Mah. K. H. who played some trick of his only because he is wise and strong and healthy and I foolish and now weak and sick. I do not hold it as friendly on his part. If I am so useless and foolish why don't they annihilate me? The doctor (Laurie) won't permit me to start tomorrow. He advises me though to change locality. Strong nervous disease, fever and etc. he says. Oh I have enough of this old carcase!

Love to both of you

Yours quand même

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Spirit is strong but flesh is weak; so weak sometimes that it even overpowers the strong spirit "which knows all truth." And now, having almost shaken off its control this poor body raves. Since even *I* am not above suspicion in her sight, you can hardly be too indulgent or use too many precautions until this dangerous nervous crisis is passed. It was brought on by a series of unmerited insults (which of course such men as you and Col. Olcott would not have even noticed but which none the less put her to the torture) and can be cured only by rest and peace of mind. If you are ever to learn any lesson about man's duality and the possibility through occult science of awakening from its dormant state to an independent existence the invisible but real *I am*, seize this chance. Observe and learn. It is cases like this which puzzle the biologist and physiologist. But as soon [as] one learns this duality all becomes as clear as day. I am sorry to say I can now only act thro' her upon very rare occasions and under the greatest precautions. Mr. Hume's letter to her, a letter full of suspicion and benevolent insult—proved the "one drop too much." Her Punjab fever—once the typhoid symptom removed is no worse in itself than many a European has passed through; while I may tell you now that the crisis is over—her reason as well as her life were in peril on Saturday night. As for myself you must always believe me your true and sincere friend.

KOOT HOOMI LAL SINGH.

LETTER No. VI

Tuesday Something.

Your two MSS. received. Well the readers will be stuffed this time and no mistake—with *occult* doctrine. Mr. Sinnett A.P.'s article, two letters 1 & 2 numbers, Mr. Hume A.O.'s Fragments 11 columns ! ! ! Oxley's trans-spookian elucubration—8 col ! ! ! ! ! A criticism upon your Review by Maitland and Mrs. Kingsford—etc. etc. And finally a criticism upon Col. O.'s lecture "Is electricity Force or Matter" and an answer by Ma. K. H.—who is becoming a *true penny-a-liner*, a *proof reader* through astral light and what not. Only he is in a very sulky mood just now and I think I know why. Well I do not blame him. I would have stood on my head long ago to have my efforts and services *thusly* recognized.

Now what are you at with my irrepressible Boss? Three days ago he puts up an appearance so unexpectedly that I thought the mountain had tumbled on my head, and *blows me up* (! !) for not having sent you his portrait ! Now what the devil have *I* to do with that? Olcott gave his crayon portrait to the photographer a month before leaving Bombay; and am I to be held responsible for the photographer's sins likewise? I like that ! I sent for it and got one with the greatest difficulty and he stood over my soul until I had packed and wrapped it up and addressed it to you. Too much love and fondling spoils the children's temper. Won't they catch it both—your Tibetan Orestes and his Pylades for cuddling you like two fools ! And won't I be glad of it. You bet my father's daughter is right, and that the Chohan will snuff them nicely some day for all this. Now what do you want with his portrait? And it does not look at all like him, since he never wears now his white *puggery*, but simply sticks a yellow saucer on the top of his head like K. H. All this is vexation of spirit and vanity and nothing else. You better ask the Chohan to favour you with *his* picture, and then see how amiable he looks every Sunday morning.

I feel I am dying. Now are *you* satisfied? The heat and this working 26 hours out of the 24 is killing me. My head swims, my sight is becoming dim and I am sure I will drop some day on my writing and be a corpse before the T.S. says *boo*. Well I don't care. And why the deuce should I? Nothing left for me here; then better become a spook at once and come back to pinch my enemies noses. I will send you your proof. Last night K. H. said that both you and Mr. Hume wrote about an identical thing and in an *identical* language he says about the fate of the suicides etc. Better look into it. But then again K. H.

with his criminal indulgence says it is better that Mr. Hume should cut it out of his *Fragments*, since it is 11 col. and yours only about 7 (the two). As soon as ready I will send you your proofs. I had no time to read them but it must be all right since K.H. says it is. But then, he will find good even the things you throw into your waste basket. I am losing my faith in him. Good bye,

H. P. B.

(*that was*)

You need not trouble about asking me to forward your enclosed letters to K. H. He is a better hand in eliminating his correspondence from within closed envelopes than a Russian official in the Secret Police Dept. I found but *your* letter *to me*. He need not fear my curiosity. Your correspondence interests me very little and I have enough to read my own letters, which I heartily wish went down the hottest place the missionaries can think of. As you may love flattery now that K. H. stuffs you with it, you may perhaps like to read the opinion people have (Hindus) of your " Church Goers."

LETTER No. VII

SAHARANPUR.

Arrived last night, no,—yesterday morning (it is Scott who came last night from Mooltan). Fisher and Williams met me, and are anxious to join. Last night dined with Mrs. and Mr. Fisher at their house and stopped till 1'oc. after midnight. Today will pass the whole day with Williams at his house and tomorrow morning will start for Dehradun with Scott.

Why do you call me lazy? Why do you reproach me with being silent and not writing? Why do you calumniate me and say I swear? I do not. I wrote to you the sweetest and most refined letter and got no answer from you for a fortnight. Saw " the Boss." Of course I did. But how can I repeat you all he said since it is difficult for me to write a *sane* letter and you do not patronise insane ones. There never was a genius but was cracked. And I *am* a "genius"—so Williams says at least. And now I did not hear or see or smell the Boss for three days. He must have prigged your letter though for I see he knows what you do. How many times did you write to him? he is very cross—at least was when I last saw him at Lahore. Called me a lunatic also for wanting to say my mind to the editor of the C. and M. Sewer. The latter came out again not with a libellous

but a most stupid impertinent letter. Well I will not die happy unless I see him horsewhipped by someone, and there are several Englishmen who want to do it. What can I say about your initiating the Fellows immediately? Of course you ought to initiate them and send their applications to me, not to Olcott for I represent him now here. He is at Tinevelly with 50 Buddhist priests and creating a big sensation. As soon as I see the *Boss* I will ask his permission. But where the deuce is *my* Boss? Since he blew me up, I did not see him. I guess he must be roosting somewhere near our K. H. Mr. Hume? Why Mr. Hume never said a word about the "Brothers" since you left except to sneer at them once or twice. He said to me before leaving: "In a week I will have done my work of 'Stray Feathers' and I must receive a MS. from Morya if he wants me to go on." That's all and now there's Mr. Williams after me to take me away. The Disinherited wants to write to you he says—if you permit him—through Damodar. The Boss said something about going to see Damodar. But D—— does not say a word.

Well goodbye I will write or *try* to write a more detailed and *sane* letter from Dehra.

Yours in Jesus,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. VIII

DEHRA,
Thursday.

MY DEAR *Sub* BOSS,

I proposed remaining here till Monday when suddenly this morning at dawn, I received *orders* to move onward on Saturday morning the 12th and be Meerut Sunday. Orders are no joke, so I obey and can do no better.

What possessed you to write to me as if I was coming decidedly to Allahabad? How can I come when I have to pass through Baroda and now I am more in the dark than ever. You do not write to me a word about Padshah. I was not aware he had already gone to Lucknow, and now I received a telegram from there asking for a *Charter*. I sent him one and remained perplexed. There are about 17 Fellows I hear, to be initiated at Bareilly, Fellows who joined long ago but are yet unbaptised unto the Holy Ghost. Therefore, I know not whether I have to go to Bareilly or not, whether I have to go to Lucknow or not, whether I will go *this* or *that* way to Bombay. Quien Sabe? It all depends on my boss's whims; and I verily believe that notwithstanding his youthful appearance he becomes old and is

falling into his dotage (with all respect due to him). You think me incapable of ever making up my mind; you are regarding me as *quasi* insane. And what can I do? How can I say I go there or elsewhere, when at the eleventh hour he usually puts in an appearance and changes all my plans—as in the Lahore case. And [what] should I go to Allahabad for? What help can I give you? None. If I go to you then must I give up Baroda—unless you can find a way for me to go there from Allah[d] without returning back to Toondla or Delhi which would be a fearful expense. Write me to Meerut. If you answer immediately there, it will find me there. Address care of Babu Baldeo Prasad F.T.S. Headmaster Government Normal School.

There's Church, the Collector, and his wife (old Griffith's spoon) here with Scott, and of all the foul-tongued, wicked, slandering, wicked women—she is the queen. Speak of me, occasionally uttering improper things owing to my natural innocence and imperfect knowledge of English. She tells things that made the root of my hair turn red and burn with shame! With one wag of her tongue she dishonours any woman with the greatest unconcern possible. Why she is a friend of Mrs. Patterson's. We have a new Fellow, a Capt. Banon of the 39th of Gwalior. He is a great scholar, knows Sanskrit and other languages. A political officer. He is anxious to know you and be initiated by you and so Scott writes him a letter of introduction to you. He will come on purpose to Allahabad. He writes in his letter to Scott "I shall probably go to Gungotree next summer. There is a grand monastery at Toling where the head Lamas have great occult powers." Toling is where K. H. was when he first wrote to you. But there are only *chelas* of the first degree there and I doubt whether they would tell or show him anything. However, it is a good thing if he goes there.

Thanks for what you did for us with the "Englishman." It's a skunk of a sewer like the *C. and M. Gazette* and a first cousin to it. What do you think Hume did? He ordered 200 copies of *Rules* with the seal on the top and now when they sent him the bill Rs. 4 he refused to pay it, saying, *that as it cost us nothing* he would not pay for it. Well, *I will*, and surely I will not cry for 4 rupees poor as I am. But to say that the *Rules* "cost us nothing" is good. Why the *Rules* ordered and paid by Tookaram Tatia are without the seal and quite different from these. So also he ordered first a hundred and fifty and then 500 copies of the *Fragments of Occult Truth*, saying he would take 200. Then he went down (before your departure) to 100; then when I was going away he said that he thought "a dozen would do." Now why in the name of wonder did he lead us into this unnecessary

expense? Of course they can be sold at 4 annas but it will take a year or more and the printer has to be paid. I wanted and would have never ordered more than 100. Well, I won't say a word of course; only I will be more prudent in future. He is positively an extraordinary man: ready to throw thousands for a whim and when it is cooled off, " se faisant tirer par les cheveux " for a few rupees.

The poor *Disinherited* is very sick. He fell down a cud and nearly broke both his legs. Had it not been for another chela with him who had time and the presence of mind of doing what was needed to *arrest him in the fall* he would have broken himself to pieces down an abyss of 2,800 feet—*a pic*! M. says it is a fiendish " Red Cap " who did it; who caught the boy off his guard for an instant and positively took advantage of it in a wink; that he roamed for weeks around the house where there is no adept now but only three *chelas* and a woman. Of course the *D.* will soon be better but it is one more proof that even a *chela* and of the 1st degree can be off his guard sometimes and that accidents will happen in the best regulated families. Enclosed please find another proof of the high virtues of our Christian brethren. I send you the cover only, the contents consisting of the infamous *Saturday Review* article and another of last year from the *N.Y. Times*. Olcott's portion of a letter will explain to you the thing.

I'll write from Meerut if I have time. Did my boss write to you why?

Yours in Jesus,

H. P. B.

née HAHN VON ROTTENSTERN-HAHN.

d—— it.

Ross Scott sends his love. I wish you heard Mrs. Collector Church swear!!

LETTER No. IX

MEERUT,
14*th*.

Your telegram just received. Now what does that mean? I knew it was coming for M. hinted already that I would have to give up Baroda this trip and go there from Bombay. But why, in the name of mischief does he want me at Allahabad is more than I can make out. I can't go to-morrow at any rate. I have to go to Bareilly first, as there [are] 11 theosophists to be initiated and they have been making preparation to receive me. And I have promised to the *Meerutians* to remain here till

tomorrow night, as there are Delhi men who come from Delhi on purpose to see me. I can't disappoint them, and I don't suppose the Boss would want me to do such an insulting thing as to disappoint them all. I neither saw nor felt HIM for the last 48 hours. What ails him I know not. Why should he not tell me *direct* that he wanted me to go [to] you; and what business had he to go and make you an intermediary just as if I do so sooner for you than for him! He knows I am but a SLAVE and that *he* has the right to order me about without consulting my taste or desire. Very funny. Well, well, I *will* come. I'll telegraph you whether it will be on the 18th or 19th.

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. X

Various Letters and Notes sent by
A. P. SINNETT
to
A. O. HUME

May–June 1882 *Bombay–Simla.*

To be read in order as arranged to be intelligible.

MY DEAR HUME,

Herewith are sundry letters that it seems desirable for you to see. A few days ago I received the annexed from Damodar.

LETTER No. XA

PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE "THEOSOPHIST,"
BREACH CANDY, BOMBAY, INDIA,
5th June, 1882.

A. P. SINNETT ESQ.,
ED. "PIONEER"
SIMLA.

MY DEAR SIR,

When Mme Blavatsky left for Calcutta she left with me (March 30th) a letter for Mr. O'Conor with instructions to forward it to the addressee during the first week of June, if not otherwise ordered. I was accordingly to forward it by to-morrow's mail but I have just been ordered to forward it to you. I therefore enclose it to you now. Please excuse haste—no time to lose—the mail is about to close.

I hope you have received the two telegrams.

Yours
DAMODAR K. M.

The enclosure was a fastened up envelope addressed to O'Conor. I telegraphed to know what I was to do with it. Then I was told to open, read and then destroy it. Afterwards however you will see that I get permission to show it to you. This is the letter:—

LETTER No. XB

H. P. B. *Corresponding Secretary of the* T.S.A.S.

BOMBAY,
March 30.

MY DEAR MR. O'CONOR,

Your letter reaching me the same day that it was written by you, namely—March 24, did not surprise me in the least. But here I am brooding over it for a whole week. Shall I answer it now, or shall I not. If I do, there will be a great outcry about the phenomenon at first, and then the usual compliments of "fraud"—"imposture"—"humbug"—"confederacy." Now, as you are a F.T.S. though not one of the most active, I regret to say, I do not want to lose you through sheer disgust. My best friends are wavering at the present moment between the "to be, or not to be," between "Is *she* or is *she not* a fraud?" So that I rather wait for the appearance of "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy" which Mr. Hume is preparing to publish and see how the wind blows. If it is favourable—all right; if not—you will never receive this letter. I go to-morrow through Allahabad to Calcutta where Mrs. Gordon has already received her letter from Eglinton. I merely write to her—"Is Mr. O'Conor, our F.T.S., a passenger on board the 'Vega?' I did not know he was gone." I'll see what she answers. Then, when at Calcutta, I may tell her what Koothoomi said to me, namely—how he laughed at your persisting to put a cabalistic sign on Mr. Eglinton's envelope, and at your disgust when it was destroyed and what you *thought* of all this. Not very complimentary anyhow. Well, however, there *was* no fraud that time, though you may believe to the contrary I will tell her many things *but not a word of your letter to me* for I want to test "Ernest" myself. I leave Bombay and this letter in the hands of Guala K. Deb. with orders that if he does not receive from me orders to the contrary that he should forward this letter to its address in the first days of June. When you receive it—if you do—I will watch and see what you think of all this, and then—tell of it when I see you.

No; I did not receive your letter at the same time as that for Mrs. Gordon but an hour later, in the presence of two theosophists.

I hope your little girl has not forgotten her pretty little "d—d" expression she used when she fell over the threshold. Well may

our Lord Buddha's glory shine upon you and yours. N'oubliez pas une vieille amie.

Your's
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

P.S. Of course I do not expect you to believe my story; but I want to watch the developments anyhow. What a *fraud* all round, mon doux Jésus!

Note by A. P. Sinnett on preceding and following letters.

Of course it is exasperating in the highest degree that this letter was not sent at the time it was written. Common sense would have dictated that it should have been sent through one of us, but to bottle it up in this way was simply conduct of a piece with so much else that is extraordinary not only on the part of the O.L. but even on that of their lordships, who seem to take an infinitude of trouble sometimes to provoke suspicions on the part of people half inclined to believe. That may be all right in one way: they may be anxious to turn away half-hearted inquirers, but then so much they do *seems* as if done for the sake of conveniencing the outsider!

But we can talk of this another time.

Last night I received from the Old Lady the next letter, in answer to one of mine enclosing a bit from Mr. Scott's letter and O'Conor's which you asked me to send on at the time we first heard of the letter from O'Conor.

LETTER No. Xc

SECRETARY'S OFFICE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
BREACH CANDY, BOMBAY, INDIA,
Thursday, 8th May, 1882.

MY DEAR BOSS,

Just arrived home by the express train from Madras whence we started on Tuesday night—and the first letter I receive is yours with the agreeable enclosure from Mrs. Scott and Mr. O'Conor. Well, I can't say it was precisely a thunder-bolt (the news that Ross Scott *suspected* me). I had anticipated it for over four months—in short since February. She owes her husband *to the Brothers and me*. What more natural than that she should traduce both the "Brothers" and myself! She is afraid in her little petty jealousy lest they or I should retain our hold upon her husband—hence the policy—*des finesses comme de fil blanc!* M. defined and foretold the situation four months since, one fortnight after his last letter to R. Scott. His very marriage was to serve a lesson hereafter for both of us, to show how human nature was variable. When I bothered them repeatedly to make R. Scott happy to cure him of his leg, I was told to provide him with a wife—"Miss Hume would do first rate for him"—and then said K. H.—"if he proves faithful and true and the influence of his wife leaves him unshaken in his beliefs and true to his old friends then we will attend to his leg." *Six months probation*

was allowed to Scott. Only *six months*—though he knew it not—and now behold the fruit! Did not M. write to him before his marriage that he *would* not correspond with him *until after his marriage* for reasons he could not tell him and which he did not divulge, even to me until their departure from here Jan. 12th. But, after dropping on Scott's nose during dinner that letter of his (from M. in which he calls him "faithful throughout") M. told me a few days later that it was the last letter Scott would ever receive from him, and a *month later* that Scott had been *tested* and found *shaky.* As to K. H. so far back as at Simla he asked me once the question, whether I would be willing to sacrifice Scott's friendship—(until then a *real genuine* friendship) if thereby I could secure his happiness, *get him a good wife* and see his leg cured? I hesitated at first, but only for one second and answered from the bottom of my heart—"Yes, I am ready; for he is young and full of life and I—I am old and will not last long. Let him then he happy. "Very well" said K. H. "*Be it so.*" And now it has come to pass.

I do not know how much or in what Scott suspects me. Suffice *that he does.* Suffice that a drop of gall has fallen into the pure waters of our mutual friendship (forgive the stupidly poetic metaphor)—to poison them for ever. I only feel a sincere sorrow for the poor young man; for now—THEY WILL NOT CURE HIS LEG *as they would otherwise* had he remained true to the cause only for one year, but for six months! And Mrs. Gordon's prophecy is fulfilled. She is a true medium—tell her so.

As for O'Conor's letter it is such a stupid transparent thing for me that it is not worth talking about. I did receive his letter *one hour later* than E.'s for Mrs. Gordon; and with it orders to do about it as I liked, to either answer it or not but *to hold my tongue* as to the fact of my having received it until further developments. I left it with Damodar and Deb on March 30th with instructions. And to prove it *to you*—(about others I do not care) let me, my dear Boss, set your heart at ease. I happened to write to you about this O'Conor's letter on Friday—(at Madras) the Disinherited having advised me to do so. I sent my letter Friday. On Saturday, at 1.35 p.m. I received your telegram with your enquiry about O'Conor's letter. I answered as I *was ordered* and wrote to you that I should telegraph to Damodar in whose possession I left my answer to O'Conor to send it to you immediately. I sent the telegram on Saturday evening, but whether sent or not that night, it reached Damodar but Sunday when it was too late to send you a *registered* letter as he always does. Well, he sent it on Monday and you must have received it. Do not send it to O'Conor. I will have nothing to do with Mrs. Scott's

friends now. I will have no more *tests*, no more *insults*, no more *humiliation* and *explanation*. Tear it after showing it to Mr. Hume. You are at liberty to show him also *this letter*. If your friends and sceptics will insist that, after receiving your telegram of enquiry I had time between Saturday and Monday to send to my "confederate" Damodar instructions, well show them the telegram he received from me on Sunday. This will prove, at least, that he had O'Conor's answer in his possession ever since March. And if it does not prove it well—

Qu'ils aillent se promener,
Qu'ils aillent tous au diable

for what I care!

My love to dear Bossess. When does she or *you* think of going *back on me and the Brothers?* Methinks I hear the cock crowing .... I hope I will not hear him crow thrice, O Peter, for *your own* not *my* sake.

Yours for ever in all the bitterness of my heart,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Yes; show this to Mr. Hume by all means. His is a family which has brought me luck ever since I crossed their threshold. Perhaps by this time Mrs. Minnie Scott will have remembered that it was *she herself* who gave me that *last brooch*? I would not wonder.

LETTER No. XD

To
Malabar Hill
To
Damodar K. Mavalankar
c/o Theosophical Society
Breach Candy

From
Madras St. Thome
From
H. P. Blavatsky

Letter to Oconor
given you March
thirty send Sinnett.

By Malabar Hill: 4-6-82.

LETTER No. XE

Poor Old Lady! I shall come up and see you to-morrow afternoon.

Yrs.
A. P. SINNETT.

LETTER No. XI

BARODA,
June 20.

MY DEAR BOSS,

I got your second letter of June 13 with traces of the bitter tears shed upon the paper, and it is this letter I mean to answer before proceeding to talk business. We will leave aside the " coarse fibered " one, as you call Scott—this course fiberness is *not* what would ever trouble *me*, but it is the thought that he has himself through his own fault lost all chances of recovery and protection. Yet I feel as much friendship and affection for him as I did heretofore. I no more accuse him of having fallen a prey to an evil influence than I would were he to catch the small pox by showing devotional care to his wife (unworthy of it as she may be) when she was afflicted with the disease. *He will repent*, mark my word, and when I come to Bombay I will send you something that will make you change your opinion of him.

But it is something else that troubles me on *your* account and this is a twofold matter. 1*st* your obstinate, determined plan of taking the public in general and the Anglo-Indians in particular into the confidence of every phenomenon that takes place; and 2*nd* your entirely mistaken position, and preeminently antagonistic attitude towards those *who rule the destinies as yet* of *both K. H. and M.*

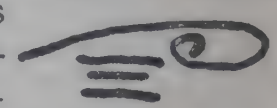
Maybe I am now speaking *under inspiration* and you better not pooh-pooh my advice. First then, and concerning the first question: I most *decidedly, emphatically* and *uncompromisingly* kick against your eternal desire to do everything I do (in the way of stupid phenomena) with an eye to public enlightenment upon the subject. I DO NOT CARE ABOUT PUBLIC OPINION. I despise thoroughly and with all my heart Mrs. Grundy, and do not care a snap of my finger whether the Wm. Beresfords and the Hon. " What d'ye call them " think well or bad of me as regards the phenomena produced. I refuse to proselytise them at the expense of the little self-respect and dignity that my duty to *those beyond*, and to the Cause have left in me. I rather not convert them, wherever the Brothers' names are mixed up with a phenomenon. Their names have been sufficiently dragged in the mud; they have been misused and blasphemed against by all the penny-a-liners of India. Nowadays people call their dogs and cats by the name of " Koot-hoomi " and " the dear old lady " has become with the " Himalayan Brothers " a household-caricature. Now, neither the " dear old lady " *per se*, nor K. H. and M.—less than all THEY —care about this mocking fiendishness; but we have others behind our backs who, on a general principle would rather not allow

names connected with the great Brotherhood to be besmeared in the eyes of the *native multitudes* (about the *Pelings* they do not care in the least). For over two years we fight you and I for this question; you have always insisted that without *the Brothers* there was no salvation for the T.S., that to take out their names from the concern was like throwing out the part of the Prince of Denmark from *Hamlet* and—you were wrong. You may insist till doomsday that you were and are right, I will always dispute the point, for I know what I am talking about and I know my actors behind the scenery, while *you do not.* Therefore, whenever I can avoid giving the public a bone to pick over my and the *Brothers' !* heads, I will do so.

O'Conor's letter was not bargained for, and no one expected it. O'Conor—had I sent him an immediate reply—would have but sneered, even while believing it and would have attributed it at best to *mediumship*, to the sweet "Ernest" & Co., and that is what I will NEVER consent to. If, after seeing *what he has seen*, R. Scott, the best, the most honest and sincere of men, turns round against the Brothers and abuses and now and then even *disbelieves* entirely their existence, what could I ever expect from a land leaguer,—a friend of Miss Minnie Hume Scott!! Oh do, "shut up"!; excusing myself for my rude "coarse fibered" expression. You know I love and respect you above all other Englishmen in India. I love you personally for what you have done for me, and I respect you for your firm, fearless and independent attitude in fighting for the Brothers and the Society. But there is that unreasonable, most dangerous feature in you which is liable some day to *ruin all* irretrievably and that is that *thirst* of throwing that which is holy to the dogs and scatter pearls before swine, and the utterly fatal idea, that you can ever bring the CHIEFS—beyond—to your way of thinking and writing. Hundred times have I told you and, even K. H. has hinted at that in his letters to you, that, notwithstanding all his personal regard for you, at the first motion of the Chohan's finger he would vanish out of your reach for ever and ever: *you would never hear of him so long as you lived.* How mistaken is your notion that there can be no Theos. Soc. without showing the Brothers "like a red rag before a bull's face" as *they* express it—will be proved to you in the forthcoming *Supplement* of the *Theosophist.* If its contents will not show to you the real practical good the Society is doing—every *Brother put aside*—for the Natives, (and remember, this is the *main* object of K. H. and M.) then nothing will.

No. 2. "All this testing and probation business" . . . Well, suppose it *is* "so repulsive to the straight forward European natures" (you might, perhaps, not identify so thoroughly

all European natures with *your* nature and thus be nearer to truth), suppose *it is*, can you help it? And do K. H.'s and M.'s *chiefs* care for your or even *my* kicking? Is it they who ever tried to fight *their* way to *you*, or is it you who went after them? Did they ever encourage you or any one else? Did they ever show the slightest favour even to Olcott —their humble, submissive, patient, never murmuring slave? It is a "*to be*, or *not* to be"—for you. You have either to accept them *as they are* or else—leave them. It is [as] though you lectured the peak of Mount Everest, for its coldness and ruggedness. Such ideas and complaints as expressed in your letter to me will not shorten the distance between you and K. H. but rather widen the gulf. You *are* "surrounded by meshes of tests and probations wrapped in invisible threads"—you may bet your life on it. Well, why don't you make an effort and disentangle yourself by a supreme effort? Break them, *it is very easy*—only with them you will break the thread that connects you with K. H. that's all. It is not at *his hands*, that you have to submit to the "loathsome" horror of being (*not*) probably (but for *a certainty*) on probation, for he himself may be said to be on *probation*—only a far higher and far more difficult one. The CHIEFS do not make any difference during the first years between "Englishmen of the better sort" and any other Englishman or native. In fact, their hearts are rather for the natives. They fear and mistrust (as a nation) the English nation, and in their eyes a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman or any other son of Christendom and civilisation is an object to be hardly, if ever trusted. And do you know who it is, who at the present moment is set the *deadliest* against you English theosophists among the *Shaberons*? An Englishman, my dear Boss, a countryman of yours, a victim of your British laws and Mrs. Grundy; one who was once upon a time some forty years ago, a highly educated Squire, rich, and a Chief Justice in his county, a Greek and Latin scholar. So much— permits me to say to you, and he is at my elbow— and who now is the deadliest enemy of civilisation and Christo-*star* as he calls Europe. It is *he* and not the Tibetan or Hindu born Shaberons who mistrusts the rulers of the "Eclectic T.S." and that's all I am allowed to tell you.



"And now choose ye, this day, oh sons of Israel" whether you will worship the gods of your fathers or the new god found by you in the Wilderness.

And to think that you have chosen for your unjust recriminations against their rules and statutes and their time honoured policy just the time when poor K. H. is negotiating as hard as

he can, permission to help the Eclectic in Mr. Hume's and your persons, and that of having Eglinton to *furnish power* without expanding their own! A nice diplomat you, my Boss. Then go and complain if you have the conscience to do so, when we receive instead of consent—REFUSAL. I wonder only, how it is possible that a man of your intellectual calibre should be unable to judge fairly and impartially of the situation. Is it *they* or *you* who want them? Is it you or they who cares for further intercourse? They may be, and, I have no doubt are quite alive to the good you can do the Eclectic and the Theosoph. Society proper. But you ought to know by this time that you will ever be *useless* to *them* personally, to their Fraternity. That you are not of the stuff they make the *chelas* with, and that, if you are allowed even a correspondence with K. H. it is absolutely out of regard *for him*, the best, the most promising of their candidates for Buddhaship or rather Boddhisâtwaship; and that you make his work far more difficult and even endanger his personal position by such a contemptuous criticism upon *their* actions. But you are a true Englishman; and as you would treat a Burmah *politically*, imposing [on] it your will and interference, so you think you can treat *occult Tibet*—by interfering with its psychological internal policy. Well, you are arrogant and conceited as a nation, I must say, if you, one of the best of its sons do not seem to realize the utter uselessness of what you do, and to instinctively so to say, seek to bring to bear *even upon the Tibetan Adepts* the weight of your universal interference! I hope you will forgive me the rudeness of my remarks—*if* rudeness there is, which I hope not—for I speak with a view to your own good and fearing lest you should throw new difficulties in the way of your connection with K.H. and *my* "Boss".

Your question I cannot give to K. H. for I do not see him at all nowadays—hardly for a second or two sometimes and for that reason see as little of Djual Kul. But I have Tibetan MSS. just being translated for the *Theosophist* upon that question and I will make Deb write them out for you as soon as I return to Bombay. I cannot understand how you did not.[1] . . .

LETTER No. XII

There's a love chit for you just received. I guess my Boss splits himself owing to Eglinton's *haut fait de magie* and explains as promised. Of course you would not believe me—if the card was such a "good imitation of my handwriting" and I am sure

[1] The remainder of this letter is missing.—Ed.

Mr. C. C. M. must have strengthened your belief that it was some new fraud concocted between Mrs. Billing and myself. Well there's a letter from Mahatma K. H. also. All Mr. Massey's doings, was it not he, and *he alone* who proposed and had her elected as the only possible Saviour of the British Theos. Society? Well now thank him and keep her to turn all of you into a jelly. Of course she will wag you as her tail more than ever. I know it will end with a scandal. Well Olcott is coming and then you will have *nolens volens* to accept the decision of the "nominal" President. My boss gave him instructions and hurries him on.

Yours—but not Mrs. Kingsford's,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XIII

21st July.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Consummatum est! Mail arrived and I was ordered by M. to open Massey's letter and to send it to you to read before forwarding it to Olcott. Fine *finale*! But what else could be expected with such a bigoted ass as Wyld at their head. My "atheism" and Olcott's were perfectly known to them for the last five years since they knew we were Buddhists. Pretext all that, and *Divine* or godly Wisdom is not "Wisdom of God." Well, what shall we do? It is on Massey and S. M. that the whole edifice rested. Massey—prejudiced against me as he is by three things he entirely misunderstands—can yet be won, but *only by you and not even by Olcott*—saith Boss. On S. M.—no use to count upon. Read his last "Spirit Teachings" in *Light* and tell me, whether a high disembodied Spirit will speak of St. Paul and even of the "Elementary Spirits"—a term *coined by me in Isis, for shells*, never used *but by us*, since for ages and in the Kabalistic and Occult books in the West the term stood for Salamanders, Gnomes, etc. that which we call *Elementals* and in the existence of which no Spir[ist] and S. M. less than they, believe. Read carefully p. 319 *Light* and tell me whether the dialogue between + [1] and S. M. is not a mental dialogue between himself and himself—his emotional self and his intellectual *reasoning* self. Massey says that S. M. declares the statement of + being a Brother "to be a downright, palpable absolute falsehood"—all right. But K. H. and M. and the old Chohan say that the + of his early mediumship *is* a Brother, and I will assert it over and over again on my death bed. But assuredly the + of then is *not* the + of today! Passons. No use quarrelling.

[1] This + designates *Imperator*, the "guide" of Stainton Moses.—ED.

Oh why did you ever have the unfortunate idea of writing to him what K. H. said! He was a theosophist, lukewarm still open to conviction then and now he is an *inveterate enemy of K. H.*; and you do not, cannot know how bitterly he laughs and scoffs at the very name of K. H.! It is he S. M. (as Mrs. B. writes me) who set all the Theos. Spir[ts] who look up to him as an authority, a *leader*, against K. H. Well no use as you say to cry over spilt-milk.

I deceived him. C. C. Massey!! Yes, I "deceived" him as I have Scott and so many others by telling them the truth—though but a part of the *whole* truth for which I am not to be held responsible. But see what Massey says of K. H.'s visit to Eglinton. Oh my prophetic soul! How I did feel this. How right he is then Massey, and how fallen down must be our K. H. in their short-sighted estimation. K. H. laughs at this and so does M. They may indeed. But what shall *you* say to Massey? Shall you let him labour under this dreadful (dishonouring to all of us) impression that K. H. the brightest, best, purest of all the *Tchutuktus* actually went in his own person to see that conceited fool. He wrote to you (K. H.) several times on the subject. Is it possible that he should not have mentioned to you, given you an inkling to the truth? How he *did* laugh at Eglinton's conceit. How easy it is, he said to me, to show that the best medium in the world is as likely to become a subject to hallucination to *Maya*. Why Morya said only yesterday, that Stainton M., his "guardian" and guide + notwithstanding, could be made to mistake our *Poodi* (an Elemental spook) for Christ—if they wanted to. And that after that S. M. would bamboozle involuntarily the whole world of Spiritualists with his assurance that he *did* see Christ and that Mr. Jesus told him that, this and the other. Is Massey so blind as not to feel that K. H. in giving Egl. his "testimonials" only laughed at him? Is this K. H.'s usual style? Is this *gush* whose mocking tone was so strong that Olcott felt obliged to modify and let out half of it—when publishing it in the *Psychic Notes*, is this *gush* I say like what K. H. writes seriously. Why, fools of London, don't they see that there *was* a motive in all this? A motive which will be shown in further combinations, and which may lead to the greatest blow that Sp[m.] has ever received yet and to its partial destruction. Ask Eg.—it is *absolutely necessary*—why does K. H. look. Let some of our friends (Massey) put him the question, how is K. H. in appearance and judge by the portrait you have. Why Egl. shows Mengens K. H. He is putting Mengens in direct communication with K. H. and the "Illustrious" etc. And from elemental, mocking spooks he may come down to *old rags*—Mrs. Nichols white nightgown and her husband's

nightcap to make up K. H. Koothoomi tried *without* approaching Eg. *personally* to save him, for, as he says, he *is* a wonderfully powerful medium. But, he found out that the man though naturally honest enough, as soon as he was under control became a *liar*, a *cheat*, deceiving people wilfully and then forgetting all about it. He would submit to *nothing*; and K. H. who hoped that by bringing him to Simla he could do good to the Society, at least to the phenomenalists, stopped abruptly, for he found out that the power that he would have to use to keep clear of the Elementals and especially the Shells would be more, far more than he would be allowed to use for such a purpose. Yet Massey *is right*; and even Banon is right, for the high ideal that they had in their minds is broken and K. H. *must* appear to them as fallen down. Go to S. M.? and why? What good would it do? If one of our Brothers appeared to him during his normal state, then S. M. would take him for a liar, a calumniator, the spirit of a sorcerer who *dared* to contradict him in his *knowledge* of +. And if they went while S. M. was under control, then he would remember nothing and mix up and make things still worse. "He (S. M.) is too far gone" they say. "In *Maya* he lives, in *Maya* he will die, and in *Maya* he will pass a long period before his next rebirth." So let us drop it.

When Eg. was in England already, K. H. told me to do as E. asked me: to send him an *obligation and application*, and to Olcott's objection my Boss told him that E. *would never be allowed to become a theosophist*. And they have kept their word. All that has been done was done with a determined object and *motive*. I repeat to you the words of my Boss, and you may tell so to Massey. But aren't you going to defend your friend K. H.? Mr. Sinnett, will you be so ungrateful as to allow K. H. who has sacrificed more than you will ever know of, for the future of both of you and the Society, to be so spoken of by Massey? I am sure you will not—*you cannot*. Let the whole world revile and suspect *me*, let them call me names and dishonour the very ground I walk on—but let them not profane our Brothers names—and, oh gods,—this is just what I expected! You see where it leads to, for them, the holy and the blessed to deal with you civilised, proud Pelings. And you would want them to come out publicly and throw their personalities to the dogs to rent them! I wish I were dead, before I found our K. H. so reviled! I wish they would turn all their rabid wrath upon me with my strong back, rather than to suffer what I do suffer now in the face of such a profanation. It is Mr. Hume's doubts and suspicions, his challenge to Olcott that have led K. H. and M. to prove to him that it was the easiest thing in the world for them

to convince a *medium of their* existence. And see how many times have not you said that if only Mr. Hume *could be made sure* that K. H. and I were not identical, and that they really had powers and could exercise them *far away* from me then he would ask for nothing more. And now read his despairing letter to me. See—is he satisfied to let things go quietly and progressively? And is it reasonable of him to ask K. H. to give him *at once*, rightaway, the *whole* doctrine that it takes years to the adepts themselves to learn? And, since they *will not* give it to him then will the *Eclectic* go down and disappear as the British T.S. has. No Sir; human nature and especially Western, British nature is *insatiable*. Do what our Brothers may—I do not say you, since you seem *to have forced yourself* to become an exception —the other theosophists will *never* be satisfied. With every new concession they will clamour for more. Buss——.

And now what shall we do? Read Massey's letter and Mr. Hume's and judge for yourself of the situation. And November is close at our heels. *The British Theosophists have postponed their final decision until November*—does this suggest nothing to your mind? In November comes the end of *our Septenary* and I see but little hope. The Chohan is there, and he is not to be propelled by any offerings. He is as stern and impassionate as Death itself.

Pardon me for this long letter but I never write unless there is strict necessity and—we are drowning. And believe me, that it would have been far better had our Brothers never been suggested anything or advised. K. H. is too good; too actively humane and kind yet, and it may be his ruin. He suffers—*I know it*—whenever he *has* to refuse you two, anything, and that you do not seem to understand that if he does so it is because there is no help for it—it lies outside of his power. Oh unlucky, unhappy day when I first consented to put you two in correspondence and he through his kindness, his divine charity, did not refuse my request! Better perish the *Theosoph. Society* and we two—Olcott and I—than that *we* should have been the means of so lowering in the public estimation the holy name of the Brotherhood!

Turning from the sublime to the ridiculous, behold C. C. M.'s letter in *Light*. See the shaft thrust by that once devoted, friendly hand. Well I have answered it in the *Theosophist* which comes out tomorrow. Your "letter of an A. I. T. to a London *Theosophist*" is splendid but it comes too late for this month. We printed it earlier this month. It will go in the next.

There's our salvation. To overflood the world with occult publications and our doctrines so far as allowable and so bring conviction to their hearts. K. H. and M. will help of course. But

will they be there to help after November? That is the question.

J. Kool says that the T.S. ought to be composed in London solely of mystics and not to allow in it one single biassed sectarian. Mrs. Kingsford, Maitland, Isabel de Steiger F.T.S., Miss F. Arundale F.T.S., Massey, Palmer, Thomas, and have *Seers* in it; then would the *chelas* be sent to develop them at every meeting, to train them, and that the effect would be visible. K. H. was so kind as to dictate to me last night nearly all of my answer to Massey. Send me back Massey's letter when done with it.

May our Karmas protect and save us.

Yours,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XIV

August 4, 1882.

My dear Young Boss,

And now *you* will catch it, and aren't I glad you will. You see *truth* is a dangerous thing to tell especially to seers inspired by John the Baptist and Hermes. In the paper addressed to the *Theosophist* (you will find it already announced in *Light*, by Maitland and Mrs. K.) you are called "your reviewer" (*my*, the *Theosophist's* reviewer) and *my* poor reviewer who is no masked stranger to the authors of the *Perfect Way*, is treated in a polite yet very rough way especially for his having *left Christianity before he could understand its hidden esoteric beauty*. Fuss, fuss. Then an interminable article from that blind bat W. Oxley—versus Subba Row, whom he calls a bigoted *orthodox Brahmin*!! He had three visits from K. H. "by astral form" he tells the public!!! and the philosophic doctrine therein propounded (in the article by K. H.) is hardly calculated to enlighten the poor mortals or strengthen their esteem for the powers of the Brothers. I was going to reject the MSS. but K. H. ordered me not to and D. K. just brought in a long foot note to be appended to the article which as it is given to me in a double copy I send to you as ordered. K. H. tells you to make alterations in it if you like it, and send them before the thing is printed. Well, as I say to Mr. Hume, it will be a coup de théâtre when received in London. Your church goers nearly all distributed. Will send again what remains to American subscribers and to our fellows for judicious distribution. I have insisted that it should be printed as *you* wanted it and not as Olcott had prearranged it in his Yankee pumpkin. I find that I am a far better business

woman than he is when left alone and not *bossed* by him. I sent Deb to the *Bombay Gazette Press* and had no difficulty in having it printed in such a way. I do not know what the bill will be, I think 15 rup. and I will pay it out of your *Occult World* sums—which sell (the *O. W.* not the sums) like hot cakes. You who have accused *me* so often for my *innacuracy* you are a nice one to talk. D. Khool pointed out to me a mistake of yours and laughed at you jolly. See pp. 200 and 201. Collect your memory, my son, and try to remember that the details of K. H.'s portrait painting were quite different from what you give. We were sitting—Mrs. S. you and I in the drawing-room when I said something about K. H.'s portrait but added I did not think you would get it. Right away you teased me to try. I told you all right but that I doubted. You gave me first a sheet of note or letter paper and it was left in the scrap book. Nothing happened before lunch, but something happened *during* lunch on the *same day* and no "that day nor that night" passed between. I was dissatisfied with the portrait and paper and asked you to give me two Bristol boards marked and took it into my room. After its all right. But you see if you can forget with your young memory the fact that both were asked for by you and produced *on the same day*—why should not *I*, with my old and impaired brain forget often things and—like Paul—be "held as a sinner" when I do not lie like him even for the glory of God! All of you are backbiters and calumniators.

Poor Beatson. You will not say, I hope, that he was not treated in the most shabby and mean way. The poor fellow comes to study his Persian for examination, settles quietly down, and then suddenly receives from General MacPherson an offer to accompany him on his staff to Egypt; consents, prepares, spends money, breaks and gives up his study, and now, when all is ready is left out in the cold! It is disgusting such injustice. Why he even let me announce his departure in our theosophical *items* in the *Supplement*. And now through a brat, a Vice-regal favourite he is insulted and will be laughed at. I told him he *would not go* I felt it, but he would not believe. And now he not only does not go to Egypt and loses his chance of promotion but has lost time and will not be able to pass his Persian examination this year. It is terribly mean, and the poor fellow looks very downhearted. You ought to give it them in the *Pioneer* if you had anything like a heart and any love or feeling for any brother theosophist except your K. H. who *refused* going to Egypt and thereby displeased *his* authorities.

He is determined, he says, to leave the Service, buy an occult library, build himself a hut in Cashmere somewhere, and devote

his life to theosophy. But this of course is a "moonshine of vexation" as Deb expresses it. Beatson *is in love* with Deb. He says he never saw a more charming ideal face than that *boy's* face. A "boy" of 30! Poor Damodar is still at Poona, but is all right now in health. The brothers picked him up and even endowed him with such a mesmeric force that he cured several desperate cases (one *blindness* in a boy) in a few days. Whether it will last or not I do not know. But the Poona Fellows craved for something phenomenal and he gave it to them. I want to run up to Poona for a few days to *dry* my bones and get out the dampness from every pore of my body I got during this monsoon. To all kinds of insects we have the *rats* to boot. They are eating up everything in the house from my dresses to cupboards and iron bedsteads. I slew *seven* of them since yesterday to the great horror and disgust of Deb. But they have devoured my poor little canary bird and I had to get my revenge and *did* get it by means of cunningly devised traps. I feel I am becoming wicked and cruel, and that if the "old one" will keep me off for some time yet from going *home* I will become a Marat if not a Maratta Brahmin.

Oh my Karma! Mr. Hume's letter to Miss Green—something *is*, as he says, "velvet gloved." Ye gods of the infernal regions, wouldn't I have given [it] her if they would only let me! I begin to think our brothers chicken-hearted for refusing to make the most they can of my present warlike disposition. Why you sent me back the MS of Khandallavalah is more [than] I can tell. K. H. says you *do* know and have to know, and that it is only your viciousness that prevents you from admitting that you *do* know *but won't* tell. To tell truth, it is not K. H. who says so, but I know that he *must think* so, and that's the same thing. However he carried it off * in *disgust with you*, I feel sure of it. Goodbye.

Nobody's

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

* Your letter and MS.

LETTER No. XV

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

As K. H. just kindly flopped on my nose a whole *Iliad* to your address you will not care much to read my letter. Anyhow I have nothing good to say. My plans are *burst*. The "Old One" won't let me go, doesn't want me. Says all kind of "serenades"—bad times; the English will be behind me, (for they believe more in the Russians than in the brothers); their

presence will prevent any Brother to come to me *visibly* and *invisibly* I can just as well see them from where I am; wanted here and elsewhere but not in Tibet, etc. etc. Well I can only beg pardon to have disturbed you and the rest. I had all ready, the whole itinerary was sent from Calcutta, M. gave me permission, and Deb was ready—Well you won't prevent me from saying *now* at least from the bottom of my heart—DAMN MY FATE, I tell you death is preferable. Work, work, work and no thanks. I do not blame Mr. Hume—he is right. Well if I do feel crazy it is *theirs* not my fault—not poor M. or K. H.'s *but theirs*, of those heartless dried up big-bugs, and I must call them that if they had to pulverise me for this. What do I care now for life! Annihilation is 10,000 better. I leave Bombay for Madras for ever the Headquarters I mean in December if I live.

Yours,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XVI

BOMBAY,
August 26th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I send you a letter just received from Mr. Hume. Read it if you please and judge. Now, I *positively* and emphatically decline to receive such letters. He may or may not remain in the Society—it's the Brothers' business. He may or may not do it and me under the pretext of philanthropy all the injury he can think of, but he will not do it *through* me, nor will he take me as his mouthpiece to repeat to K. H. messages which are the most impudent ones in the world. If *they* have not, *I have* enough of him and his generous benefactions he forces upon us, if I have to pay such a price as that for it. Why the dickens does he not write all this to K. H. himself? or, have they again quarrelled and the correspondence is stopped? I expected as much and knew it would come to this. He sends me an article for publication; it has and *must be absolutely published* he says. Now I would have thrown the article into the fire not for what it contains of *me*, or against *Isis*—which he calls the most *inaccurate* work full and teeming with *practical errors* (much *he* knows of it!) but what it says of the Brothers, when he calls them "selfish Asiatics" blames and criticises them, warns the public against them etc. I certainly would have thrown it into the fire but K. H. sent word with Morya that he wanted it absolutely published and I have of course but to shut up. But he will receive a nice protest from Subba Row and seven or more chelas at the end of it, and he will make himself *hated* by all the Hindus who

believe in the Brothers that's all. I must say, that if his desire is to obtain knowledge from K. H. he takes funny ways to get it.

In his letter as you will see he gives me two more messages. Tell D. K. not to make a *goose* of himself with *sham* phenomena! I think he made a goose of *himself* rather. Djual K. had nothing to do with the face *dubbed* on the margin of his proof. I did it and by *no occult* means either, but simply with the finger and some blue pencil before a roomful of visitors who interrupted my proof reading, and then in the evening when Deb received a letter from D. K. I tried for fun to imitate D. K.'s handwriting and failed. It was *my* proof not his; and it was sent to him (I forgetting entirely that dubbed face was there) because the printers upset or spilled the type that was loosely tied up in the form and there was no time to strike off another proof. I gave my proof then to Deb and he, I suppose, did not notice that the caricature was there, and Hume takes it immediately for a " sham occult phenomenon " and Damodar will write to Fern to decline receiving his letters to M. henceforth. He will not run the risk of being called a *forger*, and impostor and what not. *Damodar a deceiver!!* I may as well suspect Olcott or yourself of forgery or deceit as him. I won't have him insulted and that's all. I had always said that notwithstanding all his gush and *benefactions*, he Mr. Hume would become the *evil genius* of the Society and so he is now. He does that which was never done before; he washes what he imagines to be—and succeeds in making other people imagine—the *dirty linen* of the sacred Brotherhood publicly in the town bazaars, and criticises in print what he cannot, is *unable* with his egotistical nature to understand. Why don't *you* quarrel with K. H? Why is it that he the mildest of mortals likes you so much and comes to nearly feel sick at the mention of Hume's name? I do not protest against the cruel, humiliating treatment of myself for I have sacrificed my individuality long ago. But I must say, that ever since he began to write for the alleged good of the Society and assumed the rôle of its benefactor, father and patron, I have received more insults, more kicks from him than from any body I know of. He made of me a *consummate liar, a chronic humbug* in the *Hints* (which he hung and burnt in hell-fire); and now he forces me to publish against *myself*, against my book with which hundreds and thousands of people, as intellectual as he is himself, are in raptures and well satisfied with and would never have noticed my bad English and vague statements except on the whole as uninitiates—and so will prevent its sale for the last three or four months the only *gagne pain* of the Society, that

which makes it live and pull on without debts. His calling me a liar and a *chronic humbug* brought its fruit in the shape of a pamphlet from a Rev. Theophilus in which he calls it " an official document confirmed by and published under the auspices of the T. Society." But I would ask you why should I, to satisfy the doubts and displeasure of the few like C. C. M. and St: Moses, etc.—why should *I* be sacrificed, be offered in a holocaust to the Lord God of Israel who is Mr. Hume himself in his opinion, I suppose. Our Society lived and thrived well without him whether it was little or much thought of, whether it made, or made no mistakes, and until he came in I was good enough for the masses, except for half a dozen of " choice intellects " like his and yours. And I would rather have preferred to die in my *mediocrity* than too much celebrity as he makes it now. The higher a position the greater the fall. I only laboured to establish the Society firmly so that after my death—which fortunately is not very far off—it would thrive and a better one than I should come and take my place. Why then *should he* come in like an African *Simoon*, blasting and destroying all on his passage, impeding my work, showing my *mediocrity* in a blaze of light, criticising all and everything, finding fault with everybody and forcing the whole India to point a finger of scorn at me—call me a *liar*, and that's him, who is never himself spoken of (see Mrs. and Mr. Watson of Baroda) but as the biggest liar in creation whether rightly or wrongly I don't know. Is there *no salvation for the Society outside of him*, the great Hume, the Mount Everest of intellect, as he believes himself? Do you think he does well in disgusting the Europeans with the Brothers—(to *screen himself* alone, in future events if any)—and raising the hatred of the Hindus against him? The Europeans would have neither offered themselves nor would they be accepted as chelas without his pointing them the submarine rocks. The Brothers have enough of Europeans by this time, I guess. You *alone* have never insulted never quarelled with them, disgusted as you may often feel at the state of things. For even *I*, a *half Asiatic* and with none of your niceties and English pruderie and fidgetiness, even I felt disheartened more than once at the crumbling of *my ideals*. But that was long ago; years since; and since then *I* learned to know them better, and if they lost in my *fiction*, they won the more in my real reverential respect. I do not judge them any more on appearances as you do. I know there are many things in their *reality* which does not agree with our European sense or notions of right—as Hume says in his articles, but then, my dear Mr. Sinnett they have a hundred times more of that which you will never get or have in Europe, nor have they any of our horrible vices and small faults. Their

ways are *repugnant* he says! Well why does he go after them then? They do not want him; nor are they inclined to bow before him for his *Hints* and Sundra Iyer's Essay, of which he makes so much, and which the Sundra Iyer will perhaps refuse to recognise as his own in its new dress. The Brothers do not care a snap of their finger what he thinks of them, and I suspect his letter sent for publication is a great relief to them, in one sense. It is a cruel, cold, rebellious and haughty letter, at best, and the chelas are preparing a protest with Subba Row at the head. I would have never NEVER published it, but M. and K. H. want me to do so and I have but to obey. This letter is a magnificent answer to the ever recurring question "why do not the Brothers favour the Europeans." They favour more a man who calls them as good as *asses*, who, he says contradict themselves, are unintelligent or what is the same "*intellectually* lower" than the European as he says in his article. You are a "baby" for liking their portraits. Mr. Hume *would do better*? No doubt he would with time given him and materials, and if he knows drawing, especially, he would certainly do it better than Dj. Kh. who has no idea of European drawing, who could hardly make a conception with his Chinese notions of perspective of a face *en face* in his mind. But let him do it instantaneously as we do. Let him do a *fakir's head*, and have it spoken of as a *unique* by the best painters and art critics, without knowing the first rule of drawing as I did. He can *also forge*. I have no doubt he can. But had he the slightest conception how *their* "forging" is done he would not have made a fool of himself when speaking of his big miscroscope. His miscroscope will often show him several layers of various stuffs—black lead, and powder and ink, etc. for I have often seen M. sit with a book of most elaborate Chinese characters that he wanted to copy, and a blank book before him and he would put a pinch of black lead dust before him and then rub it in slightly on the page; and then over it precipitate ink; and then, if the image of the characters was all right and correct in his mind the characters copied would be all right, and if he happened to be interrupted then there would be a blunder, and the work would be spoilt. I did not see the letter with Fern's name forged on it, therefore I cannot say. But if he thinks of detecting *forgery* because his microscope shows him several layers of material then—I pity his intellectual perceptions. And, no doubt when K. H. writes *naturally*, then Mr. Hume can write better than he does. So can you. But let him try to run a race not with K. H. but with a simple chela when a writing or letter is really phenomenally produced and then he will be nowhere. Nor will he be shown anything if he treats the Brothers as if they

were native clerks. No; they are no GENTLEMEN but they are ADEPTS. I do not now wonder that he (Hume) would never know a Christian, since if Jesus ever lived there's 99 to 100 to bet that he was an unwashed Jew and no "gentleman" in his manners. Nevertheless he is a God for 300 millions among whom there are intellects as good as Hume's. I knew he was too haughty to bear with our Brothers. He offering himself as a chela and you innocently believing in *his* conversion! Fiddlesticks. A Jupiter offering himself as a goat-herd to the God Hermes, to teach the latter manners! Verily—if it came easy to him to prove *me* an *inaccurate* fool, a liar, he will find it more difficult in K. H.'s case. Why a *chela* would hardly be liable to contradict himself "to say one day black and on the other white" on such rudimentary matters as you are taught, as I find from your writings. If K. H. said that the T.S. was the hope of mankind, and then that but two Brothers cared for it, I know what he meant. The T.S. is not going *to die with us*, and we all of us are but the diggers of its foundations. Where's the contradiction? He laughs at their desire to make him swallow the idea that they are all "angels and Buddhas"!!! much *they* care for *his* opinion. And if they are but weak, boasting fools why the devil does he accept K.H. for his Guru. Why does he not throw him overboard and be done with it. I will be the first to feel the greatest relief. If he has his pride, self-dignity and his ideals, I have them too; and I consider his letter to me *worse than a slap on my face*. I will not receive, nor will I read any more of his letters. I wrote to him all I write to you and K. H. *forbid* me to send it to him. He may revile and insult the Brothers, Society and me publicly and privately, he can do no *worse* than he did already. Of course Mr. Hume is a British ex-official and a *gentleman* and the Brothers *no* gentlemen, and I but a poor Russian *adventuress* a chronic liar in the eyes of Anglo-India, thanks to him. He "loves the Brothers and especially K. H." He bathes in the milk of his kindness the whole Brotherhood and the "poor, dear old lady" he loves all and everything, and those he loves so well he treats them like the God of Israel who loved his son so well that he sent him to be crucified. He is like the Count Ugolino "qui a *dévoré* ses propres enfants pour leur *conserver* un père!" He is a Pecksniff your Hume and now, behold! he has become an Adwaitee; a believer in *no God*. He was an Adwaitee for the last twenty years and what becomes of Mrs. Gordon's, Mrs. Sinnett's your's, mine, Davison, his wife and daughter's statements to the effect that hundreds of times he maintained last year his P.G. Did he not quarrel with M. in letters and with me in the museum for his Creator and Governor, and moral ruler and guide

of the Universe? Of course we are now all fools, we did *not* understand him, he does *not* contradict himself. And why the devil does he write to me tell this and that to K. H., why does he not write himself? And what the deuce does he mean by his *l Être est l'Être* of E. Levi, and his seeming answers to questions I know nothing about! I verily suspect he took my name but as a screen, a *sham* and that he was writing to K. H. in his head—and if so, what has happened? Have they quarrelled? And he —HE (!!!) calls the Brothers and K. H. SELFISH! Oh, Jesus son of the nun and uncle of Moses! He calling K. H. the grandest, noblest, purest of men—selfish! a truer and better than whom never existed outside the walls of their low asrum; one who young as he is may have become Chohan and perfect Boddhisatwa long ago, were it not for his really divine pity for the world. Oh the sinner and blasphemer! He is not satisfied with *their system*, he "wanted many times to break with them." Oh the irreparable blow to the Fraternity—if he does. A poor dry weed rolling down the Cheops Pyramid would be as likely to hurt the Pyramid as he the Brotherhood by breaking with them. Well look out for yourself. I have done with him. If he injures the Society we will go—to China or Ceylon instead of going December to Madras—that's all.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XVII

(*Private*, not for Mr. Hume.)

Monday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

This morning I got up from my bed for the first time this week. But never mind *me*. Your letters enclosing copy to Mr. Hume yesterday and today's enclosing his answers to it show only that you are of the true stuff, and I hope only I won't die before you have been rewarded for all your devotion and affection for K. H. by seeing him. And how easy—oh gods! to see him! Read this:

I will remain about 23 miles off Darjeeling till Sep. 26th—and if you come you will find me in the old place. You misunderstood entirely what I shouted to you this morning - in the *Theosophist* stands as tho' it were - - - - - - - -[1]

K. H.

[1] Undecipherable Tibetan characters appear here in the original. This note in K. H.'s writing is pasted on to H. P. B.'s letter.—ED.

I received this yesterday after the operation. Neither of the two answers by Hume astonished me. I sent them off for the delectation of M. and chelas. Only mark my word: Hume is beginning to be *off his head*. My last illness brought *me back several years* and I now see what I could never have seen without *their* help a fortnight ago. "K. H. knows" he says what *he* Hume knows. Well I guess he does, and mighty more. He bamboozles himself into the insane belief that he is fast becoming an adept and he *sees sights* and believes in them as revelations. But he is not delicate enough to comprehend that K. H. will to the last be kind and polite. The day I sent you my letter with his "Notes" K. H. had prevailed upon me not to write to him but to send to you instead. I did so; but feeling that I suffocated I got up from bed and wrote him a short letter where I told Hume what I thought of him. To this K. H. did not object but said that as Hume was necessary to them for some purposes yet, he would send him *an antidote* to soothe his anger against me. The antidote went to Hume in the shape of a telegram from K. H. from somewhere out of Bombay telling Hume *as I see* . . . "a foolish letter sent against my advice, you must pardon the passion of an old and very, very sick woman," and then on the following day advised me for the good of the Society to sacrifice my feelings and since *he* Hume had once offered me his excuses, asked me that I should do the same. I wrote him therefore, another letter, telling him that since K. H. and M. thought I better apologize for some of my rude expressions I do so. At the same time, having devoted half a page to express sorrow if I had hurt his feelings I believe I told him worse things on the three other pages than the day before. But now—I will abuse him no more. When in Tibet a criminal is going to receive just punishment they try to make him as happy as possible during the interval between sentence and the day of his doom. I know *he is doomed* AND BY HIS OWN ACTIONS.

He "behind the veil"! Behind Magy's nightcap. *He knows* and K. H. *knows he knows*! Oh holy Moses! How grand and mysterious. He thinks "it very possible that nothing but your personal relations with *these* Brothers may survive and yet the movement, the real spirit of it, may make no less rapid progress. There are other powers coming on the stage—as they know—if the O. L. don't." Now please compare this very mysterious sentence, prophetic and blood-chilling, with that other phrase which winds up the 8-column long article of Oxley in the *Theosophist* . . . "with profound respect and acknowledgment *of a power, which, though about to be changed*, is as yet as much in its proper place, as that *which preceded and will follow*" (p.303, 1st col.).

Hume must be in correspondence with Oxley surely. I tell you he is off his head, and will yet become a spiritualist. Perhaps he may find out some day that "the other powers" are *the Dugpas*, who are in a dangerous proximity with himself. Let him remember the universal Kabalistic axiom. "*To know, to dare, to will* and *be silent.*" Let him read the impressive phrase translated by Eliphas Levi from the Book of Numbers in Vol. I of "Dogme de la Haute Magie," p. 115.

"Dans la voie des hautes sciences, il ne faut pas s'engager temerairement, mais, *une fois en marche, il faut arriver ou périr.* Douter c'est devenir fou; s'arrêter, c'est tomber; reculer, c'est se precipiter dans un gouffre."

You have chosen the right path and you will learn all that a "lay chela" can learn and more without any danger. He wanted *to force the hand, to out-Brother* the Brothers. Well, well, *well, we will see.*

The Theos. Soc. will of course prosper "the movement, the real spirit of it, will of course make no less rapid progress." But it will be *our* Society or rather *M.* and *K. H.'s Society*, and *not his—the new one that he has taken it into his head to found in India*, with the help of a few insane mystics—spiritualists, whom he *will go on bossing.*

That's the secret. He wants to sink "the old Society" and inaugurate a new movement *against* the Brothers. He took it into his head last March and April. I know all now. Yes, K. H. knows, "if the O. L. don't"—and K. H. *trembles*! Bon voyage.

Yes. September, October and—then *buss*—the last round of the Wheel of the Cycle "*Connu!*" and it can never frighten me. The "O. L." may be a fool *one side of her*; but when the other side awakes even the monstrous intellect of the Opposing power called Hume, does not affect her much.

Well *adieu.* He corrects and calls it "a letter not an article." Well, for me and those who are not so literary as he is, article or letter is one thing in a magazine when it has a heading. In my editorial protest I call it *a letter*, and the chelas call it in theirs indifferently—"article" and "letter" and I did not correct the word.

Good-bye, you, the *only English gentleman* I know in India; the only true and faithful friend. I now see the difference between a *Conservative* and a *Liberal*!! Oh Jesus.

My sincerest fondest love to Mrs. Sinnett and Den.

Yours ever,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XVIII

Received about September 19th

BOMBAY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS MRS. AND MR. SINNETT,

I am afraid you will have soon to bid me goodbye—whether to Heaven or Hell—*connais pas*. This time I have it well and good—Bright's disease of the kidneys; and the whole blood turned into water with ulcers breaking out in the most unexpected and the less explored spots, blood or whatever it may be forming into bags *à la Kangaroo* and other pretty extras and *et ceteras*. This all *primo* brought by Bombay dampness and heat, and *secundo* by fretting and bothering. I have become so stupidly nervous that the unexpected tread of Babula's naked foot near me makes me start with the most violent palpitations of the heart. Dudley says—*I forced him to tell me this*—that I can last a year or two, and perhaps but a few days, for I can kick the bucket at any time in consequence of *an emotion*. Ye lords of creation! Of such emotions I have twenty a day—how can I last then? I give all the business over to Subba Row. In Dec. or Jan. we shift our Headquarters to Madras and so how can I come to Allahabad!

Boss wants me to prepare and go somewhere for a month or so toward end of September. He sent a chela here Gargya Deva from Nilgerri Hills, and he is to take me off, where I don't know, but of course somewhere in the Himalayas. Boss is fearfully mad with Hume. He says he has spoilt all his work (!?). But really—miserable as I was and shocked over his stupid and "bumptious" (as you say) letter I was sick for weeks before, and so it is not Hume who did all the mischief but M. is nevertheless black as night over him. Ah well, it is my poor old aunt that I pity the most and—poor Olcott what will he do without me! Well I can hardly write I am really too weak. Yesterday they drove me down the Fort to the doctor—I got up *with both my ears swollen thrice their natural size*!!—and I met Mrs. Strut and sister—her carriage crossing mine slowly. She did not salute nor make a sign of recognition but looked very proud and disdainful. Well I was fool enough to resent it. I tell you I am very very sick. Yes, I wish I could see you once more and dear Mrs. Gordon and my old Colonel whose "Grandmother" I may meet in some of the lower hells whither I will go—unless I am picked up by *Them* and made to stick in Tibet.

Well good bye all; and when I am gone—if I go before seeing you—do not think of me too much as an "impostor"—for I

swear I told you *the truth,* however much I have concealed of it from you. I hope Mrs. Gordon will not dishonour by *evoking* me with some medium. Let her rest assured that it will never be my spirit nor anything of me—not even *my shell* since this is gone long ago.

Yours in life yet,

H. P. B.

When are you sending your reply to *Perfect Way*? Aren't you going to give a Letter No. III for this. True I have your "Evolution of Man."

LETTER No. XIX

DARJEELING,
October 9th.

How did you know I was here? You seem to be surrounded by very gossiping friends. Well now that there is no more danger from your *blessed* Government and its officials, I was going to write to you myself and explain the motive for the *secrecy* " which is so very *repulsive* generally to your European feelings." The fact is that had I not left Bombay in the greatest secrecy—even some Theosophists who visit us believing me at home but busy and invisible as usual—had I not gone *incognito* so to say till I reached the hills and turned off the railway to enter Sikkim I would *have never been allowed to enter it* unmolested, and would not have seen M. and K. H. in *their bodies* both. Lord, I would have been dead by this time. Oh the blessed blessed two days! It was like the old times when the bear paid me a visit. The same kind of wooden hut, a box divided into three compartments for rooms, and standing in a jungle on four pelican's legs; the same yellow chelas gliding noiselessly; the same eternal " gul-gul-gul " sound of my Boss's inextinguishable chelum pipe; the old familiar sweet voice of your K. H. (whose voice is still sweeter and face still thinner and more transparent) the same *entourage* for furniture—skins, and yak-tail stuffed pillows and dishes for salt tea etc. Well when I went to Darjeeling sent away by them —" out of reach of the chelas, who might fall in love with my beauty " said my polite boss—on the following day already I received the note I enclose from the Deputy Commissioner warning me *not* to go to Tibet!! He locked the stable door after the horse had been already out. Very luckily; because when the infernal six or seven babus who stuck to me like parasites went to ask passes for Sikkim they were refused point blank and

the Theos. Society abused and jeered at. But I had my revenge. I wrote to the Deputy Commissioner and told him that I had permission from Government—the fact of Government not answering for my safety being of little importance since I would be safer in Tibet than in London ; that after all I *did* go twenty or thirty miles beyond Sikkim territory and remained there two days and *nothing happened* bad to me and there I was. Several ladies and gentlemen anxious to see "the remarkable woman," pester me to death with their visits, but I have refused persistently to see any of them. Let them be offended. What the d—— do *I* care. *I won't see anyone.* I came here for our Brothers and Chelas and the rest may go and be hanged. Thanks for your offer. I do mean to pay you a visit but I cannot leave Darjeeling until my Boss is hovering near by. He goes away in a week or ten days and then I will leave D. and if you permit me to wait for you at your house I will do so with real pleasure. But I cannot be there much before the 20th so if you write to tell them it will be all right.

I have received via Bombay a long article by Mr. Hume. The most impudent and insulting I ever read. If he thinks I will print it, he may whistle for it. I will send it to you to-morrow with my letter for him as Boss advises me to do. If you find my letter good send it to him, and the article *keep please* and return to me when you see me. I am very weak and must stop. Boss gives you his love—I saw him last night at the Lama's house.

Yours ever,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. XX[1]

December 7th.

MY DEAR BOSS,

'Pon my honour could not tell. Tried in America where they had stolen old millionaire Stewart's body, and Brothers said then it was no concern of mine, but that the body would *never* be found and—it never was, all manner of stories notwithstanding to the effect that it *was* found.

Your books for review arrived yesterday and with them my BOSS, who put up an appearance. Says—he would try to dictate to me the reviews himself, were it not for the fact—a quite and utterly *impossible* feat—required, to write as if I (he) belonged to the Church of England! Thanks.

Olcott telegraphed for I had telegraphed him to ask to announce

[1] A comment in M.'s writing appears in bold type.—ED.

to you the day of his arrival as you wanted him for Mrs. Sinnett. The *Theosophist* not out yet and we are the 8th to-day! Why? Because *without me* all went topsy-turvy and 2,000 Rupees of subscription money spent for what—better ask the wind. Damodar is as loony as a March hare.

As Vice-President and member of the Council you have to be notified of a certain thing. Mr. Padshah as I now find out, went Lucknow to open Branches and initiate Fellows without the sanction and even permission of the Council. He also took 125 Rupees of the subscription money—as there was no other—without asking either my or the Council's permission, and innumerable complaints against him have been pouring in since I returned, from Dr. Dudley and Council to the effect that he cares about them as much as he cares about a passing donkey; that he, all the time *bossed* here and played the Master and insulted the Council etc. etc. The worst of all was his lecture, which he gave "in connection with the Bombay Branch" whereas neither its President (Dudley) nor any of the Council had given him sanction or permission to do so. Now what's to be done in this case? *My* Boss orders me to notify you of this. With the exception of once 8 or 9 and at another as many lines, from Koot Hoomi, he never received one word from the Brothers, yet, he lowers down all other fellows and publicly boasted at his lecture Framji Hall—that he was one of the very *few favoured ones* by the Brothers, *namely* "Col. Olcott, Mr. Sinnett and himself!!" who were in constant communication with him. His behaviour is utterly untheosophical. Now will you, please, sign a paper we will send you (an official paper) blaming his conduct? He does not care a bit about *native* councillors and it will impress him far more if you sign it. We will send you the paper with his *crimes* detailed and you give your opinion thereon. M. says its about time to enforce respect for *Rules*; and if the Council is made so cheap then is the Society and its organisation *a—farce.* I am disgusted with all this for Padshah deceived me. He now goes on *initiating* Fellows and sends here neither obligations nor money, but spends it I suppose. Of course if we do not enforce the *Rules*, the Society is sure to be always in hot water. It is always K. H.'s kindness and extreme tenderness for everything suffering that brings on this. He pitied the Fellow who was disinherited by his Father, and had epileptic fits, and felt miserable and—wrote to him a few lines of consolation, and now, there's the thanks. The Brothers are again and once more brought into ridicule.

Well, such is our and *my* fate. Salaam. Yours in hot water.

Veuve BLAVATSKY.

When do you want your reviews? Please say. Did the Silent and Scornful "Cynical one" receive *Tibet* from Trübners I just sent him ***in lieu*** of his? Please inform.

P.S. You were mistaken in your supposition that the spiritualists would raise an outcry for Mr. Hume's *Fragments*. Not a paper has noticed it. *Light* not a word; *Medium* not a breath; the *Spiritualist* alone had a stupid short para. and a long and as stupid an article to-day about it. I sent to Mr. Hume, Terry's article in answer to it from Australia. He says *that not a point is covered*!! Well I have nothing more to say. I told Mr. H. that I could not answer this new article from Terry as my style would so clash with his in the *Fragments*. And yet the "Boss" always said that the *Fragments* was a magnificently written article. Oh Jesus, what a life!

Yours again,
H. P. B.

And the "Boss" says so still. But the "Boss" will ask no more Mr. Hume to do anything for either Society or *humanity*. Mr. Hume will have henceforth, to ride his own "donkey" and we too remain satisfied with our own legs.

M.

LETTER No. XXI

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I was just ordered to copy out the words (as they stand in Master's letter)—regarded as *plagiarism*. One whom you do not know (nor anyone in the West either, thank goodness!) wants me to draw your attention, that down to the words "our opponents" at the end of the first para. these are simply words that are daily used in writing if read separately by thousands. There is ***not one idea*** in them, and the last sentence: "Our opponents the wiseacres" (i.e. the spiritualists) has quotation marks made by the Mahatma in both its portions.

The second para. is the same—words and series of meaningless words by themselves down to "phenomenal elements undreamt of and previously unthought of," which though a sentence is simply a series of words containing no thought or new idea in it.

He wants to know whether according to your canon of criticism and literary laws such words and sentences would if they were found (as they stand or very like them)—in other books and works

scattered throughout a dozen of pages constitute a plagiarism? He says he wants *your* opinion upon the subject before he tells you why. It is only in the para. found out by Farmer and, as he says, which "*immediately precedes* the portion given above" that there is a long sentence at the end, that could be called "plagiarism" though there is still nothing new or brilliant in it, if there existed no precipitation.

When you answer this I will send it on to *this* Mahatma.

Yours

H. P. B.

Also—when was "the other letter" you speak of—written? (p. 101 para. 2).

LETTER NO. XXIA

Borrowed Words by Mah. K. H. as italicised in *Light*, (*Jy.* 20.)

The terms [1] - - - - have hitherto been used in a very loose - way - - - - something - mysterious and abnormal, - - - -. - - - - - - - - - shed upon - - recipient minds - light upon - -, - - - - - - - - - as reducible to law as the simplest phenomena - the physical universe. - - "Our opponents" (the Spiritualists) [2] say "the age of miracles is past" but we (also) answer it "never existed." [3]

While not unparalleled or without - counterpart - - history - - - - - - - - overpouring influence - - - - - - -. - - - - both destructive and constructive - destructive - the - errors of the past, - - - - - - - - - - - - -, - - - -, - - - but constructive of - institutions, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -, - - - - - - - -, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -. Phenomenal elements previously unthought of undreamt of, - - - manifesting themselves day by day, with constantly augmented force - disclose - - - secrets of their mysterious workings.

Additional Accusation by S. Farmer.

These truths - - - - constitute indeed a body of - - spiritual - at once profound and practical - - - - - - it is not as an addition to the - - of theory or speculation that they - - given to - but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind.

[1] Dashes here stand each for an original word.

[2] He was thinking of the Spiritualists, hence the repetition and the word *Opponents*.

[3] K. H. has put quotations.

LETTER No. XXII

OOTACUMUND NILGIRI AND BLUE HILLS.
July Something.

BELOVED SHE-FELLOW AND SISTER,

To prove to you that you are as dear to my heart as ever (I beg leave to say that you are not "one so useless" and that it is a *fishing* fib) I answer your welcome "favour" "sharp and dry" as the Yankees say. But what shall I say? Since your departure I am eternally in hot water for that blessed paper. K. H. *used* me (I did not hear of him for nearly a fortnight) like a post-horse. I stirred up all our 69 Societies in India and letters sent to your dear *Hub*, will show to him and you that I have been kicking in this atmosphere like "un diable dans de l'eau bénie." This horrid, dirty agitation kills all. Every one seems to have lost his head over the Bill and this *idol* business! I wish to Heavens Ilbert and Ripon and your indigo planters got all drowned in their own dye! Your politics will drive me mad like a March hare; and if the Boss does not come to India I will emigrate "armes et bagages" to Ceylon or Burma—I won't remain here with Hume.

You ask me, dear, whether "the money will come at all." And how can I know! Goodness, what can I do when even K. H. seems to give it up in disgust and despair. There is some infernal power at work most assuredly, and one of these powers is our *Jhut-Sing* of Simla, the Seer of the mountains, the "pet chela" of Jacolet the Swami of Almora. Ah if the old Chohan only but permitted our Masters to exercise their powers for one day! But HE will never interfere with India's punishment, its Karma, as he says, "for having killed so many Buddhists," though History does not mention such killing. But History was most probably written by "Jhut-Sing," when in another incarnation. Well, very little hope, I am afraid for us. Better not to deceive ourselves. My Boss M. says that Mr. Sinnett does "an immense good" in England. That a few months more and that the Theos. Soc. will be the *great attraction*. And behold! even that dear old and ever young Alice—the "lady-love" sticking her nose into politics and signing Protests. What even *she* be afraid of Native magistrates unless —well, silence is gold.

Olcott is at Ceylon. Had an interview with the Governor!! who called him to use his influence with the Buddhists in the matter of rows with the Roman Catholics. Has grown a beard to the seventh rib and hair floating in silvery locks like a Patriarch. He is going to London in January, I think; Buddhist clergy are sending him for some of their grievances. Well I still hope you

will not see him for you will be here. Oh hopes sweet and delusive! I am at the Morgans, General, the Generaless, six daughters and two sons with four sons-in-law constitute the family of the most terrible atheists and the most flapdoodlish or the most kind Spiritualists. Such care, such kindness and regards for my venerable self that I feel ashamed. Received a letter from Countess Catherine Duchesse de Pomar. Begs for a regular Diploma and a Charter. Is elected President of the new "Société Théosophique d'Orient et d'Occident," and writes on a paper with the Isis-Neith Mary Virgin on it "Nursing the Infant Soul" as she expresses it, calling the figure the "Divine Mother Theo-Sophia" surrounded by seven pigeons or "the Spirits of God." Well, she'll have her Charter.

Say dear, will do me a great favour? Try to get for me the portrait of the "Divine Anna" and of some other British Theosophist if you can, say I beg for them. Will you?

Poor Minnie Scott is getting blind, she is at the Jhut-Sing's paternal residence. Davison is here. Keeps two hotels for his Mother and brother-in-law and gets 800 rupees a month. Hates Hume and keeps letter from him in which he tells him of his long conversations in the Museum with K. H. and M. and shows that now he tries to show that they do not exist!!! Davison is disgusted with him and so are all those who know him. Please give "Uncle Sam" the enclosed.

What does Mr. Massey mean by passing "Resolutions" and sending to me remonstrances through Kirby? Since when do the Branches remonstrate with Parent Societies? Well, I like the cheek. Not to hurt people's religious feelings! Does he know that the Bishop of Madras proclaimed the *Perfect Way* "far more dangerous than the atheistical *Theosophist*," forbidding to read this work of *Satan*? It hurts far more the feelings of Protestant Christianity than any advertisement or books of the freethinkers. *Bosh.* Salaam and may the Lord Buddha love you. Give my love to Boss I will write to him another time. Too tired.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XXIII

Ooty,
15th Aug.

My dear Boss,

Enclosed please find my *private* reply (so far) to the *Remonstrance* of the most honourable "London Lodge" & Co. *You* are a nice Jesuit to second such resolutions. Mrs. Grundy and her demands in the name of *culture* and *refinement* too much for you to oppose—eh? Were the Anti-Christian tracts to

proceed from one in odour of sanctity with that superanuated female, *no* objections would have been made. Allez donc! You are a lot of weak cowardly *Grundyists*, a flock of moutons de Panurge following your Jockey-club scented leaders and no more. The Official Reply to the *remonstrances* will be sent when the Council succeeds in putting in good English their "*indignated* feelings, and the fuming paroxysm of their towering choleric asperities" at this *humiliation* and new *indignity* put upon them by a Branch Society, whose members "*even being Brothers* WILL BE *swelling and thundering rulers*" (*sic*). This is a *verbatim* extract from a letter sent to Col. Olcott by one of the members of the General Council —a Madrassee Moodelyar—in answer to his opinion on the subject of anti-Christian tracts being asked.

Would not your friendly and still more Grundyish heart swell with pride and joy were you but to see "the old lady" presiding Juno and Minerva-like over the whole of the Ooty high officials, Carmichæl and *grand Muff* with his Mrs. Muff included? Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. G. Duff, Mrs. Kenney Herbert and Mrs. Everybody here, bombarding me with invitations to receptions, balls, dinners etc. and seeing that the Mountain will *not go* to Mahomet coming Mahomet-like to the mountain sitting at her foot, and—kissing my hands!!! Why, they have turned crazy—archi-crazy! and all this for a poor sapphire ring doubled from that of Mrs. Carmichael which became forthwith thinner and smaller the sapphire in her ring having positively become visibly smaller, (this is *the* thing par *excellence* that flabergasted and floored definitely Mr. Carmichael who could not be converted until then properly); and for a few paultry bells in Mr. F. Webster's (Chief Secretary) pocket, and a letter written to him *in his own handwriting* which I had never seen and which he swears he cannot recognise as *not being* his though the flapdoodles therein are not surely his; and for some letters sent on the aristocratic noses of the paramount powers at Ooty by Jual-Khool (who salaams you) and etc. etc. etc. Well here I am, my rest destroyed, my existence a torture; my hopes of solitude blasted and—the *lioness* of the day. My name put on the Government Book in Govt. House in big letters before I had condescended to return Mrs. G. Duff's visit. My graceful, stately person, clad in half Tibetan half night-dress fashion, sitting in all the glory of her Calmuck beauty at the Governor's and Carmichael's dinner parties; H. P. B. positively courted by the aide-de-camps! Old "Upasika" hanging like a gigantic nightmare on the gracefully rounded elbows of members of the Council, in pumps and swallow tail evening dress and silk stockings smelling brandy and soda enough to kill a Tibetan Yak!! On the other hand and as a shadow to the brilliant picture old H. P. B.'s *poisonous*

diabolic presence among the faithful flock killing by inches the Old Bishop; for H. P. B. with that refined cruelty that characterises *heathen* souls, had the excellent idea of announcing a *tamasha* in her suite of rooms (General Morgan's) on Sunday morning or fore-noon between 10 and 12, just the morning prayer church hour, and on that blessed Sabbath, the poor Bishop had to preach salvation to the empty benches of the Ooty Church.

Well—and where's the benefit of all this? Only that as soon as asked I obtained transfer for Rama Swami, M's *chela* from Tinnevelly to Madras and got a situation or two in the Secretariat for my favourite *Chettyars*. They say I am doing good to the Society. I am doing *bad* to myself and *Karma*.

Well again—I wish your "London Lodge" new members should not write questions necessitating such ample answers. Why bless you only the *half* of the Replies fill up a whole form of the September *Theosophist*! and fancy the pleasure. It is *I* who had to copy most of the Replies written half by M., half by either chelas or handwritings that I see for the first time, and as no printer the world over could make out M's handwriting. It is more red and fierce than ever! and then I do not like them a bit the replies. Where's the necessity of writing three pages for every line of the question and explaining things that after all none of them except yourself, perhaps, will understand. Science, science and science. Modern physical science be hanged! and the October number having to devote 15 columns, perhaps, to answering the rest of the Questions and *Objections* by "an English F.T.S." M. ordered Subba Row to answer his objection on the date of Buddha's birth and Cunningham's fanciful dates. I could *not* print more this month. With Subba Row's reply it takes from 15 to 16 columns! Holy shadow!! and who is Mr. Myers that my big Boss should waste a bucket full of his red ink to satisfy *him*? And He won't; see if he does. For Mr. Myers will *not* be satisfied with negative proofs and the evidence of the failings of European astronomers and physicists. But does he really think that any of the "adepts" will give out their real *esoteric* teaching in the *Theosophist*?

If you do so much good and have created such a stir with Theosophy in the London circles why don't you give us something for the *Theosophist* or do you mean acting all the while *sub rosa* as K. H. says? "Well, they hate to have their doings commented upon even in the *Theosophist*—their own Magazine" said to me K. H. the last time I had a glimpse of him which was a long time ago more than a fortnight. What is he about? I think I could get you the 3 letters required *now*, that Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael *adore* me and that *Vizianagram* Rajah who adores *them* is coming up. But then K. H. told me not to move any more in the matter; that

he has changed his plans. I verily believe that you have exercised a most pernicious influence on our blessed K. H., for I be turned into a first class *shell*, if I recognise HIM even since he fell into bad company with you and the rest! There's a chit apparently from him for "Uncle Sam" sent to me by post from Darjeeling by Bhola Sarma, who lives now in Tibetan and Sikkim flying from one place to another. Let him (Uncle Sam not Bhola Sarma Deva) bless himself with and be satisfied. K. H. becomes *too* worldly and it will be the ruin of Him. One of these fine days the Chohan will degrade Him to a simple Theosophist and—cut him off with a shilling—though if an *occult* one even this would be a boon for any one but him.

Well I have to dress myself for a *grand party* at the Kenney-Herberts, where I mean to flirt with the brandy and Jockey-club smelling *aide-de-camps* and be prepared to become every one's jeweller and bell-ringer. Nice social position. Don't I see through them all. I do, dear Boss, I do, and *I despise more bitterly than ever I did*—your shallow-minded, back biting, ever shaming and ignorant Jezebel of Mrs. Grundy. With these kinds words—

Yours truly,
H. P. B.

Many *salaams*, many kisses to my "beloved sister" in Buddha Mrs. Sinnett and Denny, there's a letter for him from Madame Coulomb. Can't find it—mislaid somewhere—send it after.

LETTER No. XXIV[1]

P.S. If you want peace and quiet and good understanding between the London Lodge and the Parent Society you better take care that there should be no nonsensical pretensions, arrogance, or uncalled for expression of superiority on its part. For, I swear to you if Olcott shall,—I WILL NOT STAND IT; and I will have no such untheosophical flapdoodle. For months I have something that I have buried deep in my heart and held my tongue hitherto merely out of pure veneration for Mahatma K.H. That HE should be reviled and shown contempt by one who needs all the indulgence of the pure and chaste for his past years of adultery himself; and that He—K.H. should be *sermonised* in letters to Olcott by a Grandison with 8 illegitimate children calling him father—is something that disgusted me profoundly. No one cared more or loved and respected and made more of M. than I did. But since I read his letters to

[1] This postcript is in H. P. B.'s writing. It does not appear to have any connection with the preceding letter —ED.

Olcott and saw him taking it on a tone of a Saint Chastity and Honour, appear to shrink nervously before an imaginary untruth or rather an appearance of untruth of K. H., when he himself had soiled his *chaste* wings in an action far worse than what he accuses of one so immeasureably higher than himself, I felt *disgusted* with him. Remember, that hitherto no one in the L. Lodge has done anything for Theosophy—unless you think it the greatest honour for having joined it. Remember that Mrs. K. *does* not believe, and if she believes she does not *care one fig* for the Brothers. That so far we had but a Wyld, an Oxon (the eternal opposing power), a Massey, a Dr. Carter Blake etc. to boast of in that Branch. That with the exception of yourself no one has lifted his finger for the *Theos. Society* in general. That the one who did the most after you for it, is an American—*Uncle Sam*. Then why the devil should we be salaaming them ? Let them resign all to-morrow, for what I care. Let them show regard and respect to us and we will do ditto, not otherwise.

Brown and Parker are here. They quarrelled all the way, but I plainly told them they will not quarrel here for I won't have Montecchis and Capullettis in the Society. I am ready to do all I can. I furnished and prepared a nice separate room for Mr. Brown with bath and veranda near Mme Colomb's house. I do, and shall do, all I can for him, he is welcome to all we have, but quarrelling and *airs* I will have none. *Basta* I will say no more.

LETTER No. XXV

OOTY,
August 23.

Well, there's three consecutive letters I receive from you blowing me up, as you say, and—worse ; for I do not care one snap for *blowing* up but I do care and *feel* when I am *unjustly* treated. And you are unjust. First you blow me up and reproach me for feeling and *knowing* that this letter in *Times* would be made a pretext for upsetting the project. It is not that I blame or ever blamed you for the spirit of your letter or the views in it—for I have not yet become quite mad—but for its too early issue, for your writing it at all. It only proves that I knew Hindoos better than yourself, and that you, with all your editorial and political *finesse*, you yet thought them better than they are. There's the difference I cannot pretend to explain in English the situation ; nor would I perhaps in any language since I never had the gift of the gab nor could I write unless dictated to. But I hope you will understand me. So then in a few words : Your letter was

noble, generous, well meaning. It was all that and yet it was *born* out of time—either too late or too early. Had you written it when at Madras—it would have brought you thousands of friends ; for it was but the beginning ; the tuning of the orchestra and the curtain had not yet been raised. Written just amidst a hurricane, when the Hindoos insulted, reviled, spat upon publicly by the anti-Ilbert mob, men driven to desperation, frenzy and fury—it was *untimely*. They were just at one of those moments when *any* man—let alone a half-civilized Hindoo thinks and feels : *Who is not with me heart and soul is* AGAINST *me*. That is absurd, childish but it is human nature. Now all you say of Hindoos I know it and vastly more. No one knows better than I do, their suspiciousness, caused by centuries of slavery ; their cunning—*low* cunning often from the same cause and their ingratitude to *foreigners* only, because there is no more grateful people on the face of the earth when they *feel sure* of a person—and this they can never do with regard to foreigners, especially Englishmen ; for, for one good one, a gentleman—there are in India 9 snobs and no gentlemen—as you yourself know. I recognise *all* their faults but I cannot blame them for I *pity* them too much to do so. It was not from the masses though that we expected money but from the oppressors of the masses and the poor ; from Zemindars and Rajahs, and these brutes wanted only a pretext. So Durbonga who solemnly promised 25,000 to Olcott, and Col. Massey his Manager with whom Olcott stopped at the city of Durbonga was the first to back out, when your letter appeared ; and after him the Guikwar so there was 50,000 lost. And then the Rajahs of Vizianagram and Venkatajeri followed suit, and they were ready with the money. With them it *was* a pretext. But it is just what I feared, and it came to pass. Now you reproach me that I had solemnly promised, that I *felt sure of success*. So I did—aye and a far greater one than poor I —your K. H. and M.—though the latter was less confident. All this because they had the Tibetans against them ; and—truth must be said—the Chohan himself. Had he permitted them to use their powers of course they would not have failed as they did. They would have foreseen the tremendous row in the future, the fathomless gap that was opening. You say you lost money. My dear Mr. Sinnett—we lost enough of it too ; and to us one rupee is more than 100 for you. But neither what you or we lost or rather spent in sending Agents to all parts of India (even Subba Row spent a few hundred and Judge Moota Swami and a few others who were determined to serve the Mahatmas). All this is *rot*. All of us we shall lose a thousand times more if the last and supreme attempt of K. H. fails : *for we are sure to lose Him* in such a case. This I *know* and you must be prepared. Never shall He show

his face nor communicate with any of us. As he had very little if anything to do with us before that year at Simla, so will He relapse once more into *unknowningness* and obscurity. You do not know how he feels—*I do*. He never said one word to me about your letter but his *alter ego* D. Khool did, and he said just what I tell to you now. So if in my excitement I may have written you stupid things and said disagreeable ones, you ought to have attributed them to their *right cause* not to my disloyalty or anger against you. I nearly wept when I saw this unfortunate letter. I despised always and *do* despise Hume and for you I had always feelings of gratitude and affection. So if I said anything of Hume's policy it was to show a parallel, I suppose, that even such a skunk as he is was more political than you aver. And you misunderstood me. Now of course I do not remember a word of what I wrote—as I will forget in a few days this letter—(can't help it such is my head) ; but I am sure I could not say anything bad to *you*. Nor could K. H. I am sure for I am certain he would have never written to you anything disagreeable. So why do you hint at him ?

Then about " Uncle Sam's " complaint—what the devil do *I* know about office doings ? What have *I* to do with the business management of Damodar which is Olcott's business. He sent to Ward this *printed* notice as he did to thousands, and as Olcott is an American business man, so is Ward, and it is not for a *Yankee* to kick at sharp business as they call it. I was furiously *ashamed* when I received your letter and Ward's telegram. But I felt I was a fool ; for Olcott, whom I blew up and skinned for it (he has just arrived here to form an Anglo-Indian Branch) says they send such printed compliments to everyone and Damodar did not know at that time that I had or rather was going to receive these 20 rupees Mr. Ward sent, enclosed in a private and even *non*-registered to me. Of course he ought to make a difference, but he does not because he is a boy and was not brought up for office business, and shall S. Ward think bad or any worse of me for it ? Did I not send him the whole last year the *Theosophist*, and forbade Damodar to even ask the money for it. " What made me think he was ruined ? " *Himself*—in several letters that I have preserved and can send to you. I never said he had nothing to eat. But I said he had lost *a* fortune if not all his fortune though such were his own words to me. If he said a fib, that he thought a good joke, then it does not speak in his favour. But then *I know* that he lost lots of money through Judge at New York and even Harrison his friend, and S. Ward said to me that it was lost through Ski, and thought, or at least wrote that he thought so, that it was *perhaps a trial* brought on by H. K.—when K. H. never meddled

in money matters until now—and never will I suppose. I felt very sorry for Ward and told you so; and D. K. if I remember right spoke of his having lost money, and I even believe (though I do not remember it for certain) that K. H. said something about it, that *with* or *without* money S. Ward was the best man living. And that K. H. told me that S. Ward had lost all his fortune *more than once*, that I remember quite well. But whether he lost much or all his money I do not know anything but what S. Ward wrote at the time himself to me. Ask him. But I suppose even K. H. never paid any attention to it; for M. asked *me* whether I had ever heard of *Ski's* doings, and I gave him S. Ward's letters to me to read. But whether *They* knew, or believed it I do not know, unless they look especially into something that interests Them—of course even They may believe sometimes, or labour under wrong impressions. Several times M. suspected me of telling him things wrongly until he had looked into my head and found out truth. So for everything else. But if S. Ward lost only a part of his fortune why should he have written to me such letters for ? and forced me to write to him what I felt; namely that *ruined* I loved him best, for I hate and fear too *rich* people. But all this is bosh and I do not care a twopence whether he is a Croesus or a beggar. I have nothing to do with the miserable 8 rup. or £1 of subscription; and I do not see why you should reproach *me* as though *I* fearing that now he had lost his fortune would not pay his subscription! For I never meant that he should until he sent to Damodar that money himself. All this is far more "grievous" to me and more "shocking" than it is to you.

And to think that it was I, *I* horrid old fool, I the idiot of the age, who first brought K. H. into notice! I who have led Him to be now reviled and so abused by every old ass in *Light*! This is *my* work and I will not forgive my sin. Do you think that the Chohan and others do not hear every word of abuse against THEM. uttered and printed? That all of Them do not know when a malignant current is set against them? Speaking about malignant currents why did you invite *malignant* critics and fools at your *Conversazione* of the 17th—why did you throw pearls before so many swine? Why you had just 63 persons interested—theosophists with you, vegetarians with Mrs. K. and Spiritualists (some) with you both—and more or less friendly; and the rest—more than four times that number were all black enemies or sneering dissimulating hypocrites. And the ladies most of them so *undressed* that no one from here could look at them. There was but one of the female sex that can be looked at always without blushing in the crowd and that's "Bossess," (that's a compliment to her address) *next to her*—Mrs. Kingsford. Say—why was she dressed

in a dress that looked like " the black and yellow coat of the *zebras* in the menagerie of the Rajah of Kashmir ? " And is it true she had roses on her hair " which is like a flaming sunset, yellow gold " ? And why—mercy on us ! Why did she have " her hands and arms painted black, *jet black*—up to the elbows " for ? or was it gloves ? and then, is it true she had that night a brilliant metal pocket in front of her, with clasps and bells and something else ; and " crescent-moon, tinkling earrings "—symbolical of the growing brilliancy of the " London Lodge." This moon has borrowed light from the Satellite. And now speaking of moons why, should you in pity sake, speak of *forbidden* things ! Did I not tell you a hundred times that They allowed no one to know or speak of this *eighth* sphere, and how do *you* know it is the moon, as we all see it ? And why should you print about it, and now " an English F.T.S." comes out with his question, and this ass Wyld calling it a dust bin. I called his head a dust bin in *Light*. You will both catch it in the answer you may bet your bottom dollar ; for they (the answers) have arrived, the last ones tonight and *vous ne l'aurez pas volé* as the French say—your *savonade*. When Subba Row read the question discussed in your Book he nearly fainted, and when he read it (Mr. Myers question) in the galleys —Damodar writes that he *became green*. Well your business and K. H.'s not mine. But why—why had *she* " the mystic of the century " so much jewellery on her ! How can she confabulate with the unseen Gods when she looks " like a Delhi English Jeweller's front window." Well, I too I think I saw her and would like to have her portrait to compare. For *she* was *shown* to me. Is she not tall rather, thin in the waist but broad in the shoulders, and very fair, and slightly rosy cheeks and with very red lips and a nose larger or thicker when she speaks than when she is at rest ? Her eyes light blue. She *is* fascinating ; but then, why make her beautiful hair look like " the mitre of a Dugpa Dashatu-Lama " ? Well all this is bosh. I am sad to death, and do not care [for] joking. Give my love to dear Mrs. Sinnett and to all ; to that Yankee humbug too—" Uncle Sam," who pretends to have become a *beggar* in his letters. Was it to *try* me ? A good idea. Why, now that you tell me that he is still rich I will *never* write to him again. You may tell him so. Olcott is going London I believe in January. Colonel Strong has joined and Mrs. Carmichael wants to join but her—" David " is afraid, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Herbert and Lady Souter.

Yes ; another " No. 3 " *reproach*. It is the *carelessness* of the " Theos. Office," *ingratitude* for the £10 sent by Miss Arundale, that we forwarded no diplomas ! Will you kindly ascertain first whether we had to send them to the London Scotland Yard, or

Dead letter office—for we could hardly send diplomas to those *whose very names* we knew nothing about? Had any one sent us in the names of the members, let alone their *applications*? Damodar has never received one single application nor one name from London. Till now *we know nothing* either of the number of the members or their quality or even their names, as I say. Let them act *officially* and according to our laws and we will do the same. "The London Lodge" ought to have been called the criticizing T. S. Very easy to criticise. Nevertheless.

Yours in God,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXVI[1]

OOTY,
Sept. 14.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

For over two months I have been ordered by K. H. not to meddle any further in the paper business and—of course I obeyed. Some six weeks ago he came to send through me a letter to you and, there were telegrams passed between Norendro Babu of the *Mirror* and myself. I then felt very much surprised at Norendro's hope *that you would ever consent to serve the cause of the Zemindars*—one that K. H. himself had pronounced INFAMOUS. Well, since I am a woman, ignorant of politics, probably as you repeatedly said and hinted—"a fool" in many things—I kept quiet. But now Norendro telegraphs that *you consented* and accepted *the offer of the Zemindars*, and M. ordered Olcott to telegraph to Norendro not to send a single page to you or offer without showing it first to Olcott. There are things and rumours that I am sure did you but know them you *would never* degrade yourself in accepting such a proposition. I have talked over with Carmichael and Forster Webster the Secretary to Govt. and several other members of Council, and what I understand this Zemindar business is a regular conspiracy to *defraud* and starve millions of poor cultivators. If so, K. H. must know it, how *can* you then accept such a terrible thing! I have left no stone unturned to raise the money, in the first way, and (I think I have succeeded). No one desires more than I do that you should return to India. But if you have to buy the return at the price of your honour and reputation—then, well; *I have nothing to say*. I know one thing, and that is, that *my* notions about honour and justice seem to

[1] It is interesting to compare this letter with those in Secton IV of "The Mahatma Letters."—ED

differ widely from other people's notions. I have warned you what the people say here about this conspiracy of the rich to defraud the poor and do my duty I think. I would rather *never* see you any more in this life, rather ruin the Theos. Soc. than to be a party to such a horrid unjust, *devilish* transaction as that of starving the teeming millions to satisfy the greediness of a few Shylocks. I do not know whether you have really settled to accept the proposition or not. But this is what I receive just now. Bhawani Row was successful at last it seems and thus 2 lakhs are raised in the W. Provinces. I send you the telegrams. Had you patience the *money* WOULD be finally raised. And now I do not know what to do. M. told me to write to you so much about this and—*to meddle no more*—the same words as said by K. H. !

Je donne ma langue aux chiens. Do not blame *me* I have done my best, but since the Zemindars are preferred I have nothing more to say. And yet Bhawani Row is a chela of K. H. HE must know of it for B.R. acts under the orders of his master. What's all this ! Olcott also puts on airs of mystery. He telegraphed to you I know, and therefore you must know more than I do now. *Buss.*

A nice mess about that Elliot or Ellis or whatever his name is—business. What did I say to Mr. Ward of so terrible that he should kick up a row upon the subject ? What do I care if whole London goes on the Himalaya and from there slides down to Tibet. If they let them in—it is *their* not *my* business. I simply said something to Ward about their catching it for taking life within the Lamasery precincts—shooting. That K. H. would vanish certainly or something to this effect. And now Ward complains to you, you blow *me* up, Mrs. K. (!) writes to K. H., and K. H. complains to M. and all falls on my head !

I will write no more. I have enough of this. If every action of mine is misinterpreted and I am to be held responsible for everything and be blown up by M. I better subside. Ward would do better to write to American papers to *blackguard* less the Theosophists, the Society, and especially me. Then came out some would-be very witty, satirical article about an ex-Theosophist —a Fr. Thomas who pretended to expose Slade and expose all and everything, and who now abuses us in the most Hungerford-fish-market way and *gentlemen* reporters put it down religiously as truth. Between the biography of Thomas' parrot comes that of our Society and my own in the *N.Y. Telegram*, a penny paper. I am called there among other good things, "the most ignorant, blasphemous charlatan of the age." And the *Bombay Gazette* reprints it in full. Now I have to go again to law. Mr. B. G. will have to prove whether I am " a charlatan."

I must say that you might do worse than borrow from Russia her *laws for libel*: and England does seem in this respect a far more *barbarous* and uncivilised country than Russia. In the latter any Editor would get 3 months prison for uttering such a libellous insulting term and here *gentlemen* like Gretton Geary repeat the vulgar abuse with the coolest indifference possible and, there seems no redress. I will see though. It is the *Statesman's* story over again.

Please give my love to all.

Yours
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXVII

ADYAR,
Sept. 27.

Just returned home from Ooty through Pondichery, and the first thing waiting for me was your letter of new and fresh remonstrances. I have not my "feathers ruffled" as you call it for myself, but for others as in *duty and honour* bound, and I must certainly try to impress upon your mind to what extent they *are* ruffled.

When shall you remember, first of all, that in addressing me upon things done by Col. Olcott during his voyages—you are giving me simply *news* of which *I know nothing*; or that in speaking upon office business you are implying to me a knowledge of things I have no more an idea of than the man in the moon. Why should *I* be made responsible for everything that happens in the Society is something surpassingly strange. However, your letter is so full of *unjust, cruel* sentences, so unfair as I will prove it just now that I must try and point it out to you for the last time. You must have had dyspepsia while writing it—my dear Mr. Sinnett. —I answer your accusations *seriatim*.

1. What is it that "ruffles" you in Mrs. Parker? I know her for eight years nearly. She is an enthusiast, a lunatic in many things but no better, sincere, truthful, honest woman ever breathed in an Irish carcase. She is a *true* theosophist, unselfish and ready to part with her last clothing for the benefit of others. Not very *cultured*, "coarse fibred" as you call it! Perhaps so; but no more than myself. She was Miss Kislingbury's greatest friend. And though Miss K. deserted us to become a Roman Catholic, still she is the best *she* theosophist London ever had. Always prejudice at first sight. Ever judging on appearance. The story with Bennet, Banon, Scott and some others over again. Oh Mr.

Sinnett, how little deep your theosophical insight! Mr. Brown could do no better, no worthier thing than take her under his protection—I respect him for it. (He arrived with her, I know him better now and—respect him *less*). He befriended the poor woman who gave all she had; became a beggar to save from starvation her poor countrymen in America. He was kind to her while others were harsh and cold to her in London, yourself to begin with, and Wyld that old ass who did all he could to set her against theosophy and us, etc. etc. No indeed: That which offends *you* does not often offend *me* and—*pour cause*. Let us drop it. We will hardly ever understand each other. But you ought to have known that while I care very little for theosophists loaded with jewelry like a Greek corpse and in tiger striped satin and velvet dresses, I care a good deal for those who have theosophy in *their hearts* not on their lips alone.

Nor is it less funny that though to my knowledge and for over two years and more Olcott corresponds with Mme. Gebhard in the most friendly amicable way; and that I know how deeply he respects and has affection for her, you should now find fault with him for *his tone*. Who told you this? Is it your own *intuition* or Mme. Gebhard? If the latter, then she is not the woman I supposed her to be. Again you speak to me of things for which I am not in the least responsible nor have I ever taken an interest in them. Except of the volume annotated on the margin by K. H. and sent to Hume and a MS. commented upon by Djwal Khool, I took no interest in Eliphas Levi's MSS. Olcott's manner *dictatorial?* So it may be to those who do not know him; as mine is very rude in the eyes of strangers, and your's *inexpressibly* haughty and cold in those of the rest of the world *who do not know you*. Olcott asked her to send the MSS., for Olcott is ever thinking of benefiting the Society. And she did undertake the work, which was very kind and would have been quite generous in a *non*-theosophist but was only natural and *her duty* as a theosophist. That he thanked her for it and very warmly I know for I have read his letters at least two or three of them. That he may have forgotten or delayed to thank her and acknowledge receipt of the letter is quite possible and no such great sin. I guess had Mme. Gebhard been a Hindu instead of a European you would have never found fault with the delay. We are taken to task for not having published them yet? And who, pray, was there to *translate* them? Who, besides us two—broken down post horses is there to translate such things? They were not taken notice of? In what way? By publishing an acknowledgment in the *Theosophist?* But I did not know that the last had been sent at all, and besides they arrived here only hardly

two months ago and since Olcott was not here they were not even opened for a long time. And what's the use of acknowledging something no one knows anything about until translated? "An illustration of the deplorable way in which the affairs of the Society are managed at Headquarters." A very fair sentence passed, and quite in keeping with the rest. *La critique est aisée* mais l'art est difficile." Do you forget that you are addressing two European beggars with two Hindu other beggars to help them in the management and not the rich *Pioneer* with lakhs behind it? I would like to see you undertake the management and editing of *Phoenix* with two pence in your pocket; with a host of enemies around; no friends to help you; yourself—the editor, manager, clerk, and even *peon* very often, with a poor half-broken down Damodar to help you alone for three years, one who was a boy right from the school bench, having no idea of business any more than I have, and Olcott always—7 months in the year—away! Badly managed, indeed! Why we have made miracles in rearing up alone, and in the face of such antagonism, paper, Society, and business in general. Is it Mrs. Gebhard who complained of his tone of authority? And what do you mean in making a difference, in saying—"First of all the constitution of the Society does not justify the assumption of any tone of authority on the part of the President *in addressing any foreign members.*" The constitution of the Society *first of all*, does not justify the smallest difference made in tone, privileges granted, or anything between foreigners or Hindus, foreign or local members. The President has no right to use an impolite peremptory tone with any branch or member. And he *does not*, as far as I know. His tone is his usual tone and may seem "authoritative" when it is simply friendly and outspoken. An American, of course, (or a Russian either, for the matter of that,) is not expected to have the cultured tones of a refined Englishman, nor do we pretend to anything of the sort. But to say that Olcott in writing to Mrs. Gebhard whom he makes so much of, "used a tone of authority" is as unjust as it is absurd on the face of it. As to the accusation of "laying it on a shelf and leaving the MS unfruitful"—will you kindly *as a theosophist* undertake the translation? And if neither your leisure nor your tastes permit it, then please remember that while you in the midst of all your arduous labours as the editor of the *Pioneer* used to leave your work regularly at 4 after beginning it at 10 a.m.—and went away either to lawn tennis or a drive, Olcott and I begin ours at *five* in the morning with candle light, and end it sometimes at 2 a.m. We have no time for lawn tennis as you had, and clubs and theatres and social intercourse. We have no time hardly to eat and drink.

Sorry also, that you should disapprove and "strongly" in the

bargain, " of the letter addressed to the Secretary of the London Lodge by Ramaswamier." Nor do I see any good reason why, if the " London Lodge " notification *was sent through the Secretary*, Olcott's answer could not be sent likewise through *his* Secretary ?

You use *very* extraordinary words. For inst: you say that the " London Lodge having elected . . . that name pays Olcott as *nominal*(! !) *head of the whole Society the courtesy* (?) of a formal report of its action for his approval." (1) If Olcott is no better in the eyes of the London Lodge than a *nominal* head, then the sooner it ceases to call itself " Theosophical Society " the better for all parties concerned. Let it call itself " Kingsford Society " if it will ; but so long as it is chartered by us, and that the Masters keep Olcott as their agent and Representative he is not a *nominal* but the *actual* head of the Society, if you please. And, unless you can find in the London Lodge one to replace him, with all his intrinsic rare virtues, and *minus* his few Americanisms (which few, if any, fair man among real theosophists can ever object to, since none of us is perfect)—he will remain an *actual* President to his death day, I hope. The London Lodge " pays him *the courtesy* " ! ! The London Lodge did ITS DUTY, its bound duty and nothing more. In the London Lodge there are many persons cultured and of great intellectual value, and *as individuals* they are respected and appreciated for this by all of us—myself the first. But the London Lodge *as a Branch* is not a bit better or entitled to any more privileges than any other Branch. When it does theosophical work that will be higher and of more importance than all the rest of the nearly 100 Branches in India, America, and Europe, then can it claim extra privileges and an unusual respect for itself. It is a matter of the most profound wonder to me how you, a man of your intelligence can speak in such a way ! How you can go in the way you did and jump at the throat of *the very spirit* of our Society—perfect equality, Brotherhood, and mutual toleration ! If Olcott, instead of answering through his Secretary had, as you say, (while never answering but through his Secretary all other Branches) gone out of his way " to write a long, sympathetic and appreciative letter to the President of the London Branch " I would call it *toddyism, flunkeyism* and blown his head off for such a lack of self-respect, dignity and pandering to *aristocracy*. Olcott has written to Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland in answer to their letters, and appreciates them personally for their own worth as individuals. As " *President* and *Vice-President* of the London Lodge " *they have no right* to expect to be treated with more respect and sympathy than any other theosophists,—though he denies such feelings to none. And who, in the name of Dickens are the British Theosophists

to claim such unprecedented honours? Are they gods or Emperors or what? I for one prefer for the Society any day a learned Sanskrit pundit, a Hindoo *who works for theosophy* to the Emperor of Russia or the Empress of India herself. To think that you would have a free born American, who has never bent his neck to the yoke of birth or wealth, but only to true personal merit, and a Russian who *broke violently* with all the aristocracy to accept her fate for better or worse with the disinherited, the poor, and the unjustly treated of the earth—who is a democrat in her soul—dancing on their hind legs and *salaaming* their English members—is preposterous!! They may resign all of them to-morrow, if they are not satisfied. And they will have to, if *they* or any of them ever state publicly that they consider Olcott only a "nominal" head of the Society. We want *theosophists* not aristocratic noodles who expect respect and honours only because their blood is crossed with that of lords and M.P.'s. What have they hitherto done to merit them? Made us the *great honour* of joining the Society? It is an honour to them, not in the least to the MASTERS, not even to us their faithful followers; least of all to me whose birth is not a bit lower than that of your Queen and perhaps, purer than hers, and who yet despises every claim based on such birth. Olcott shows "nonsensical affectation of the *de haut en bas* tone of an official superior addressing a subordinate"!! There are no *superiors* and *subordinates* in our Society; none but *brothers* and Fellow-members; but it is very doubtful whether any of our English members will ever show practically that they consider those lower than themselves by birth or education or *race* (as they think) as their *brothers*. What are the great achievements they have made in theosophy or *for* theosophy? There is not one in London that entered the Society on any other than purely *selfish* motives; to squeeze out what he can from the Mahatmas and then turn his back upon their hapless countrymen and, perhaps, laugh at them. As M. says, "remains to be seen how Mr. F. V. Myers will receive their *Replies*"—Whether he will not be the first one (and if not he, then other members) to call them ignorant fools, illiterate *Asiatics* "with a small Oriental brain" as Wyld expressed it, wanting to make believe, I suppose, that his Jesus was an Anglo-Saxon Aryan. I say that these *Replies* to "An English F.T.S." are time lost; they will not accept the truth, and they occupy half of every number of the *Theosophist* that comes out, crowding off other matter. You have done for the Society more than all of them put together will ever accomplish. And yet even you, you have done it neither for Society nor Theosophy, but merely out of a personal devotion to K. H. And if HE were to abandon the Society

to morrow, or stop corresponding you would be the first to follow suit and we would hear of you no more.

"It looks silly the pretence of his being too busy to write with his own hand in a matter of the kind when something so important as the growth of the London Lodge Society at this juncture is at stake." Answering the tail of the sentence first, I would ask what has the growth of the Society to do with the change of its name? And what is there so *important* about it? Simply your personal veneration for the President, I suppose, who has none at all neither for yourself nor the *Brothers*; on whom she certainly looks *de haut en bas*. I was from the first against her nomination but had to hold my tongue, since it is K. H.'s selection and that He perceives so wonderful germs in her, that he even disregards her personal flings at Him. And so I was against Wyld's nomination and my valuation of him proved true. An ugly, bigoted, jealous, indelicate brute he is. The many hundreds of signatures of our Hindu fellows sent in their protest against his beastly *criticism* of Esoteric Buddhism will show them the veneration the Hindus have for their Mahatmas; and if he had not been kicked out of the London Lodge there would have been a revolution in our Branches against the Lodge itself. It threatened to become another Ilbert's bill. Remains to be seen whether your fair *Light* with its presiding genius "M.A. Oxon" will take notice of these Protests. See the grin and fiendish sneer of M.A. Oxon in *Light* of Sept. 8. against the Kiddle accusation. Olcott has answered it before his departure and he gave it nice to the great medium of "Imperator" K. H. *plagiarising* from Kiddle!! Then I have a letter from him, written a year before I knew you and in Professor A. Wilder's (*Phrenological Journal*) article written *seven or eight months later* I found about 20 lines *verbatim* from K. H.'s letter; and now Olcott found in the last *Nineteenth Century* (July I think, or August) an article "After Death" by Norman Pearson (or something like that) a passage about God something like 18 lines taken *verbatim* to every comma, from a letter of K.H. written three years ago. Has Norman Somebody plagiarised it from a letter he has never seen? It is a nasty, wicked, mean remark of Oxon's, directed as much against you, his friend, as against me whom he secretly hates. And fancy, of what a philosophical importance these Kiddle lines, to be worthy of plagiarism! Next to "John, bring me my dinner," "*ideas that travel or rule the world*,"—have been mentioned since the days of Plato thousands of times. The "ETERNAL NOW" is a sentence I can show to you in Mrs. Harding Britten's lectures and in an article of mine in the *Spiritual Scientist* nine years ago, from which she took or perhaps and most probably *did not* take it, but simply

got it from astral impressions. It makes me sick all your Western wickedness and malice.

To return to *nos moutons*—it looks *silly*, does it, the pretence of Olcott's being *too busy* to write with his own hand? Well, my dear Sir, allow me to tell you, that I, who have been just travelling with him for three weeks, I saw, and am a witness to it whether he has one moment of freedom from morning to night. At 5 o'clock in the morning the whole courtyard and veranda of the houses we stopped in were crowded with the lame and the cripple. At every station, the railway platforms were crowded with the sick lying in wait for him. I saw him curing a paralytic (both arms and one leg) between the first and last bell. I saw him begin curing the sick at 6 in the morning, and never sit down till 4 p.m.; and when stopping to eat a plate of vegetable soup have to leave it to cure a possessed woman and his plate of soup remaining unfinished at 7 p.m. and then he would sit down and dictate to his Secretary till 2 in the morning; having only three or four hours sleep, etc. etc. I would like to see your President of the London Lodge sacrificing herself for the *lepers* and the *itchy* as he does. I would be happy to find *one* member in your L.L. doing unremunerated one fourth of the work done by Damodar or Balloi Babu. You ask me to receive what you say "in the interests of the whole undertaking concerned," and I know that the "whole undertaking" is centred for you in the London Lodge. And I say, that you have to receive what I say, in the interests of truth, justice and fairness—with "your feathers unruffled." And I know that you won't. I am pretty certain to be called a fool and an idiot by you in your "soul converse." Welcome. But now you know at least what *I* think of all this. Of my friendship and gratitude for you and for what you have done you cannot doubt. But I would consider myself the meanest of creatures to read how you lower down poor Olcott—whose shoes none of your most *cultured* theosophists is worthy to untie—and not to tell you what I think of it. I say you are unjust and unfair. You always forget our penniless position; the helpless position of two people fighting alone and single handed the whole world, and that we have none to help us; and, forgetting Olcott's rare devotion, unselfishness, blameless and pure life, his great philanthropy and most precious qualities you see but one thing! He is an American, a Yankee, while your English sympathies have been during the war for the South, and whom, I verily believe, you hate and cannot forgive only for their being Northern Yankees—and thus you see only the black (seeming) spots in the sun. Olcott is a thousand times *higher* and *nobler* and *more unselfish* than I am, or ever was. Therefore, I, knowing him as I do—say: there was

no " mistake of policy " on his part, nor shall he ever assume any other policy but that of most impartial justice to all, if I *do* know him. Nor has he ever suffered himself " to pose in an arrogant attitude "—for such is not his nature. That he may be lacking the cultured estheticism of your country—is but natural; he is not an Englishman but a true American, and I love him the more for it. *Buss*—as my Boss says. But your remark that he should answer *himself reverentially* every line of the London Secretary has cut me to the deep. It is simply an insult.

Explain to you " a little more about Eliphas Levi " ? And what the deuce do *I* know about him ? I never saw him. All I know is what I was told. He was a most learned and erudite *theoretical* Kabalist and occultist. But who ever told you he was a *practical* adept ? Not I. He himself says in his works that he never performed ceremonial magic but once in London evoking Apollonius of Tyana. He was a Roman Catholic Priest—hence his filth and dirt. He had been starved on fasting when in the Order—hence his gluttony and intemperance. In his books he tries to make the esoteric doctrine fit in with R. Catholicism—just as the " fair Anna " does now (and you will rue the day, unless the Chohan can, or rather *will* consent to break her.) That there is much esotericism in real Catholic Christianity is quite true ; but there is still more of fictitious, artificial interpretations. Yet his learning and knowledge were undoubted, and for any one versed in Esotericism his writings are those of a *recognised authority*—in their theoretical teachings. Of himself he could say : " Do as I tell you, not as I do." I have never heard before that he was so dirty and gluttonous. But if Mrs. Gebhard says so—she knows better, for I have never met him. My aunt went to see him in Paris and she had a bad impression for he took 40 francs for one minute of conversation and explanation of the *Tarrot* cards. Boss says—that he was a regular *doug-pa* with the knowledge of a *gelukpa.*

Olcott is gone day before yesterday on his northern tour. Maharaja of Kashmir sent for him and K. H. ordered him to go to a certain pass where he will be led to by a chela he will send for him. Brown is not here yet but I had a telegram from him from Colombo. They will be both here after to-morrow. I believe Mr. Brown will rejoin Olcott somewhere. Let him go with him by all means and thus see India and learn much for himself.

Well, are you coming out here or not ? Or is it all over ? K. H. tells me nothing, and if he does not so much the worse for everyone but I do not care. I am only glad that Olcott will see and converse with him. He is in raptures with the expectation. It appears that it is Maha Sahib (the big one) who insisted with the Chohan

that Olcott should be allowed to meet *personally* two or three of the adepts besides his guru M. So much the better. I will not be called perhaps, the only *liar*, when asserting their actual existence. The best joke of all is, that Hume tells me repeatedly that he knows now K. H. *personally* and denies the existence of M., though so many more persons have seen him besides myself. I am really sorry for these *Replies* that appear in the *Theosophist*. It does seem wisdom thrown out of the window. Well—*Their* ways *are* mysterious.

My love to Mrs. Sinnett, and to yourself if you accept it.

Yours ever, *faithfully* but *never* SERVILELY.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXVIII

ADYAR.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I am very sick, suffering agony, and nearly killed two days ago with injected morphia. This accounts for my silence. It is with the greatest pain that I can write; ailing for the last month and more, and walking during Anniversary on crutches. Yesterday received a three yard long letter from Mrs. K. and her confidential address; first fruit of the kindness of K. H.! Well this is the Chohan's Karma. However it may be, from Subba Row down to Brown everyone is inexpressibly shocked here with this most impertinent, insolent pamphlet or criticism of Maitland. She demands of K. H. to make her "the Apostle in Europe of *Eastern* and *Western* Esoteric Philosophy"!!!!! She has *divined* she says, the allegory. Everything including Atlantis (!) is an allegory. I am too sick to bother myself with her flapdoodle interpretations. But she can hardly be an infallible Seer, or else Maitland would not have attributed to "Mad. Blavatsky" a sentence written by the Tiravellum Mahatma in *Reply* No. 2 of October page 3, I have his MSS. I must be deuced clever to have written the "Replies" in the *Theosophist*, I do not understand ten lines in that occult and scientific jibberish. If it is true—as she complains, that you insist having given in *Esoteric Buddhism* the WHOLE Esoteric doctrine (which I do not believe) and that you would "force the London Theosophists to accept it au pied de la lettre" then of course she has a semblance of right in what she says. But I do not believe you ever did such a thing. You must know that instead of Esoteric Doctrine you have but half-a-dozen of stray pages, picked at random out of the six-and-thirty volumes of the secret books of Khinti; that there are gaps between every tenet

none of which is complete ; and you have been told by the Mahatma in letters you showed us and told by me many times that *you could not expect* to be given that which pertains only to initiation. No *Lay* chela can get it nor can one understand the thing properly. Even about Devachan, something you have been explained more thoroughly than anything else, you have very vague ideas about it, I see. As " Fragments " of Occult Science you have succeeded admirably and can claim to have given out to the world crumbs of genuine occult doctrines. As a *whole*—Esoteric Buddhism cannot of course be considered such, nor have you ever claimed it as far as I know to be the *alpha* and the *omega* of our Doctrine. All this is very sad and perplexing. And now the outcome of it is, that I, crippled down and half dead, am to sit up nights again and rewrite the whole of *Isis Unveiled*, calling it *The Secret Doctrine* and making three if not four volumes out of the original two, Subba Row helping me and writing most of the commentaries and explanations. Why Mahatma K. H. should have inflicted upon your Society such a plaster as Mrs. K. seems to be, a haughty, imperious, vain and self-opinionated creature, a bag of Western conceit—" God " knows, I do not. My belief is that the Chohan has interfered suddenly as he often does. And now there will be a fine row. But what of the following ? On December 7th, Mahatma K. H. sent a letter from Sanangerri to his chelas Damodar and Dharani Dhar Kauthumi with a copy of some passages from his big letter to you. In it He said—that he had notified you and those followers of his who had remained faithful to him that unless the L.L. Society should create a secret section with yourself at the head, while Mrs. K. would be the fair and glittering sign-board of the " Lodge " representing Esoteric Christianity or any other flapdoodle—they (the Mahatmas) would have nothing to do any more with the English Fellows. All Branches to be notified of the same and no chelas to write letters to her or the Lodge without the sanction of the Masters. My BOSS nailed me down very kindly in my effusion No. 2 to her, again, and entrusted Subba Row with the work—a humiliation to which I am becoming accustomed. Subba Row is mad and feels ferocious. He is preparing a pamphlet for *private* circulation addressed to the Fellows of the London Lodge and the esoteric students of all others. It will be sent to you next week. Pralaya, pralaya ! a regular *obscuration* of the Secret Doctrine. As to the final conclusion of Maitland's onslaught, delivered to you on Dec. 16th it is the faithful echo that has reached *him from the Simla heights*, the secret voice of *Djoota-Sing*—as it was prophesied to you that he should do, his gushing and sweet letters to me now—notwithstanding. Consummatum est.

On February 17th Olcott will probably sail for England on various business, and Mahatma K. H. sends his chela, under the guise of Mohini Mohun Chatterjee, to explain to the London Theosophists of the Secret Section—every or *nearly* every mooted point and to defend you and your assumptions. You better show Mohini all the Master's letters of a non-private character—*saith the Lord, my Boss*—so that by knowing all the subjects upon which he wrote to you he might defend your position the more effectually—which you yourself cannot do, not being a regular chela. Do not make the mistake, my dear boss, of taking *the Mohini you knew* for the Mohini who will come. There is more than one Maya in this world of which neither you nor your friends and critic Maitland is cognisant. The ambassador will be invested with an *inner* as well as with an *outer* clothing. *Dixit.*

As for me let me die in peace among my household gods. I have become too old, too sick and broken down to be of any use. I am dying by inches in my harness. Adieu and my love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours ever, *here* and—*there*,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXIX

Sir Ch. Turner said at a public dinner that you were quite crazy and that it would end surely in your turning a Roman Catholic one day. He hates us bitterly.

ADYAR, MADRAS,
Nov. 17, 1883.

MY DEAR BOSS,

Of course I am an old fool—as usual; but this does not prevent you from being a diplomat—a child of your age and civilisation. Your devotion, entire faith in, and love for K. H. I do not doubt, but I cannot get rid of the idea that all of us appear to you but objects immersed in the far off edges of that *Koothoomian* light. Well I do not complain, I am not vain; and am frank and sincere confessing my faults but ready to plunge and rear like an old Kalmuck horse whenever whipped unjustly. For some time there come letter after letter from you with nothing but *remonstrances* and pitching into me, as though I were responsible for all that bore the name of theosophy the world over; and claims (as I thought very unjustifiable) for respect to the L.L. Theos. Soc. which the latter did not merit at all *in my eyes*, for I knew all the time what an unbearable female *snob* was "the divine Anna." I knew it, and repeated it and went on protesting from first to last until my Boss M. called me a "nuisance" and a "short sighted female" (in a letter in the bargain, one of his

" scarlet letters " and through Subba Row) and ordered me " to shut up " an elegant expression he got, I suppose, out of Olcott's store of Yankee words. Yet he never told me that I was wrong but simply that the zebra-clad Kingsford had been chosen by your guide and protector K. H. and that HE knew what He was about—notwithstanding all. Well I supposed it was one of their usual round about experiments in human nature and so *shut up*. But now, my tongue is once more untied. Fine doings! And hardly a month since, K. H. knowing certainly what she was after, said to me nevertheless—after telling me that she made the best use of my advertising Bradlaugh's and Besant's literature and would impede the circulating of the *Theosophist* in England—" Write to the *Seeress* of the London Lodge that you are ready to take out that *obnoxious* advertisement, if it so hurts their Christian feelings, but that you will not drop advertising free thought literature in general." And He made me do it. For, of course what Mahatma K. H. says is divine authority for M. and I know it. Well, I had a right to think she had written to him complaining of us; but [I] now I suppose she has not. I am glad your Fellows have proved *loyal*. Become their President and there is nothing I will not do for you all. But the Anna was a snake, a horned aspic amongst roses and for the life of me I cannot see why she was chosen by K. H. unless indeed to show C. C. Massey's *intuition*. Well, let them establish a Kingsfordian Society, and worship at the feet of their fetish. Massey is *unsettled* in his faith, poor, dear sensitive fellow. The impudent *plagiarism* has found a ready believer in him. K. H. *plagiarised* from Kiddle! Ye gods and little fishes. And suppose *he has not*? Of course *they* the subtle metaphysicians will not believe the true version of the story as *I now know it*. So much the worse for the fools and the Sadducees. If they knew what it was to *dictate mentally* a *precipitation* as D. Khool says—at 300 miles distance; and had seen as all of us—General Morgan, I, the chelas here (of whom we have three)—the original fragments on which the precipitation was photographed from which the young fool of a chela had copied, unable to understand half of the sentences and so skipping them, then they would not be idiotic enough to accuse not only an *Adept* but even the two " Occidental Humourists " of such an absurd action. Plagiarise from the *Banner of Light*!! that sweet spirits' slop-basin—the asses! K. H. blows me up for talking too much—says He needs no defence and that I need not trouble myself. But if He were to kill me I cannot hold my tongue—on general principles and as a sign of loyalty to them. Of course if He has said—nor explained this to you then he must have good reasons for it. But ever since Subba Row brought to

us the original scrap of Kashmir paper (given to him by my Boss) on which appeared that whole page from the letter you published—I understood what it meant. Why that letter is *but one third* of the letter dictated and was never published for you have not received it. There *is no connection* as it now reads between the first portion and that [on] which begins with the words "Ideas rule the world" and it looks . . . .[1]

True proof of her discretion! I will tell you all myself as soon as I have an hour's leisure. K. H.

But since they don't want me to speak of this I better not say a word more lest M. should again pitch into me!

To other matters. I was mad with you and therefore wrote about poor Brown that now "I knew, I respected him still less." It's all bosh. He is a fine young fellow and Olcott loves him dearly and he is very much attached to Olcott. Sarah Parker is an ungrateful, vain, selfish, ridiculous old mare. She pretends great fondness and devotion for me and maligns me behind my back—"wondering whether what old Wyld told her of Mme. B. *was true*." She owes her visit to Brown and the £60 he gave her—and now calls him a *cad*, a "mean Scotch blackguard," whose money can never repay what *she has done for him* (!) and taught him, he owing all his knowledge to her, etc. They had fights and quarrels daily here every time they met at table and so I packed him off to Olcott. And as I never go down stairs she became so obnoxious to the chelas that they would not have her in the house. She used to force herself into the offices and then sat there repeating "Oh, I am enjoying drinking their magnetism—it is so pure!!" And when Brown went to the Shrine and got a letter from K. H. and I would not let her in (for fear of their quarrelling again before the Shrine) she got so mad that she went into a passion, called them (the Masters) "ungrateful curs" (à la Hume) for whom she had worked in America and for whom she had come here and who now preferred to her that idiot Brown, etc. etc. At this the chelas were so outraged that they declared that if the Colonel would receive her into the Society they would all leave it. (She is not initiated nor ever will be). Dharani Dar Kautumi (K. H.'s chela) gave to her hard, so hard that she was terribly frightened, got the jaundice, and went straight off to Calcutta, where the first thing she did was to demand of Norendra Nath Sen that the Calcutta Society should take for her at their own (Society's) expense magnificent lodgings, pay for them and keep her in style as the "Society's Lecturer." I had given her

[1] Here several lines of H. P. B.'s writing have apparently been completely erased, and the following note precipitated in K. H.'s writing.—Ed.

a few words of recommendation to Norendra, Gordans and Ghosal, pitying her, since she has neither money nor brains, nothing but enthusiasm and—*cheek*. Yet I warned them all what she was. Well then rejoice. You are a prophet and I am a fool. But still I say I will never turn my back on any woman who even *seems* devoted to our Cause. She was recommended to me by Miss Kislingbury, and she was all right in America. My Boss had said between two pipes—*Try*—and left me in the lurch as usual. And now They and you laugh at me. Welcome, gentlemen, do not mind old me. Of course I telegraphed to the Society at Calcutta not to spend one penny on her, since she would have no gratitude, but would only compromise the Society. And Olcott refused to have her initiated. So—*there's an end* to it. Triumph with Brown, now.

I send you your trunk and contents through Allen. The paper sent to us by them for *Theosophist* is one inch shorter than our journal! and 800 rupees sent to them!! That's Mr. Olcott's and your doings. What will the subscribers say, I don't know.

Brown seems to become the Master's pet. Brown wrote to me a crazy letter from Jubolpore and Allahabad about having seen K. H. and recognised him too—at a lecture! Most extraordinary phenomena took place among the travellers—Olcott, Brown, Damodar and two Madrassee secretaries. Damodar has so developed that he can get out of his body at will. They sent him on the 10th to me, giving him a message and asking him to tell me to telegraph to them the message back as a sure sign he was indeed in his astral body. At the same hour Coulomb heard his voice in my room and I saw and heard him, and telegraphed what he had asked me immediately. You will find it in the *Supplement*. Then Brown puts letters and questions under Damodar's pillow and receives answers a few minutes later, in K. H.'s handwriting and his usual paper and from my Boss too. Now they will say that it is Damodar the third *humourist* an "Oriental" one this once. Olcott saw K. H. at last and so will Brown at Jammu—D. K. says. Now ask Brown to write down what he sees for if you have not seen K. H. there then you will have one English witness at least that he is no myth—the *lining* of two Occidental Humourists. Harrison is a fool and Ditson F.T.S.—another. They are all fools and Carlisle was right. What do you mean by saying that "their Lordships" write too much for your London Society. It is my Boss and two others you do not know. It is *against* science, not for your members that they write. And I always said it was useless and time lost for no one will believe and very few will understand, *I don't*. What do you mean by abusing Subba Row? Why read his last against Cunningham—the old man wrote to him and

has made him hundred questions *for the sake of science and archeology*—which Subba Row says *he will not answer*. Amen.

Oh Lord, what asses write in *Light!* He is a fine fellow St: Moses. Very friendly to you. Poor unfortunate, irresponsible and *vain* medium. And now see—"'Buddha' is but another name for *Lingam*, the name of an idol"—according to some English flapdoodle. (See *Light* of the 27th October—Humphreys I think). Goodbye my leg is very bad again, and I can hardly hold the pen. My love to Mrs. Sinnett and Denny.

Yours, for your sorrow,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXX[1]

ADYAR,
Nov. 26/83.

MY "DEAR SIR AND BROTHER"—
AND RESPECTED BOSS.

We are cooked, both you and I. Of course with that worldly prevision that characterises you so preeminently in the discovery of things well known and long discovered you must have had a prophetic premonition of my fuming, swearing, kicking, and plunging after the receipt of your letter of Oct. 26. Well I knew this, as I had told you, long before. In my sight she was always a selfish, vain, and *mediumistic* creature, too fond of adulation and dress and tinkling jewelry to be of the right sort. And then you, too, say that from the first you were painfully alive to her defects—whereas this is a *moutarde après diner*—for you were *fascinated* with her like all the rest, July 1881. However, it may be noble theosophist, you and I are *cooked* beyond redemption—for SHE has the best of us, it seems. Listen. Three days ago I received a letter from her; 8 pages of her beautiful clear writing, with the usual celestial young lady surrounded with the seven pigeons and pressing to her heart the illegitimate offspring of her *faux pas*—stamped on the paper. A letter reasonable and refined, concise and clear to desperation; a letter breathing the spirit of devotion to theosophy (*her* "Theo-sophia" of the pigeons, of course); of *reverence* "profound and reasoned" for the Mahatmas, of "high consideration" for poor *I*—the whole signed and concluded "with cordial and sympathetic sentiments."

Oh woman—*cunning*, besides frailty—is thy name! Now I knew and know that the whole letter is a humbug. The little "unpleasantness" between Maitland and the L.L. fellows, you write took place on the 26th I believe? Her letter is dated the

[1] M.'s comments appear in bold type.—ED.

30th of October. Evident what must have been her feelings, her true womanly spite when she wrote this reasonable *plaintive* letter against Mr. Sinnett's "unreasonableness" his "eagerness to impress us with the paramount importance of the Mahatmas," her struggles "to preserve the equilibrium of reasonableness upon this head" and her "admonitions" not being taken by any means "in good part by a considerable number of our Fellows." She "feared, of late, to see our English Branch degenerating into a kind of idolatrous feeling *towards these good and kind Adepts* (italics mine) instead of preserving towards them *an attitude of reverence* only." It "must be displeasing to the Mahatmas themselves." It is "injudicious" because in a country "where the eye of criticism and unfriendly ridicule, is kept fixed upon every new movement" and it is "manifestly unwise of our Society to present itself before the World in the guise of a *Sect* having chiefs accredited with super-human powers of greatness." All this led to the *Standard* calling "us a Society *founded on the alleged feats of certain Indian jugglers.*" (Ital. hers.) "This incident and other similar episodes have much annoyed and exercised" her. Much as she esteems Mr. Sinnett, she thinks that "he is making a mistake in carrying *in this country* the identical policy pursued by the Society in India. It will be fatally destructive to all our hopes of attracting the attention of the Leaders of Thought (Lankester and Donkin?) and Science whose cooperation would be invaluable to us" etc. etc. etc.

Now I have good reason to quote her language as you will see. Have patience then. Further she goes on saying that what she wants is, that the general public would understand "the basis of our Society to be that we are a Philosophical School, constituted on the ancient Hermetic basis, following scientific methods and exact processes of reasoning independent of any absolute authority of an extraneous kind, although accepting with reverence teaching from competent sources." Otherwise, and though our such reverse policy in India is perfectly right, for here "the position and influence of Adepts and gurus is understood"—in London your Society under such a mistaken policy as yours—"is liable to be regarded on the one hand, as evincing uncommon credulity and ignorance of scientific methods; and on the other, as a system bearing—to the protestant mind—a striking resemblance to the Catholic system of Directors and confessors, the submission required of the catechumen towards his guru or Mahatmas . . . . I hope," she concludes, "I have made my position quite clear without exposing myself to any misunderstanding. *It would be a help and support to me if you would kindly lay this letter before K. H. himself and ask his Counsel.*" She then complains that she had "endeavoured

personally to come into 'rapport' with Mahatma K. H. but have quite failed," and winds up by asking K. H. to strengthen her by his influence, for which reason thinking that "it may be an aid—magnetically or otherwise—to Mahatma K. H. to see my face (!?!?) —I send my photograph. . . . It may help him to a right analysis of my present personality . . ." etc. etc.

I believe the "analysis" is all made and long ago. At least I have rightly analysed the sweet, fascinating creature and thus I was going to answer accordingly. I prepared a long, polite and as I thought a diplomatic letter, defending you of course in one sense and blaming only for your thirst for phenomena and tests. Alas, alas! I had calculated without my host! I had no occasion to "submit it to Mahatma K. H." for the same day he helped himself to it, without saying a word. Now a digression. You say in your last—that whatever K. H. would tell you [to] do, you would do accordingly and add—"and you too." Well I say that in this case I am not sure I would. K. H. is *not my* Master however much I revere Him. But, no sooner had I finished copying my letter (English corrected by Mohini) an operation performed on my best paper and with new pen, which took me a whole forenoon to the detriment and neglect of other work, than the following occurred. My letter 8 pages—was quietly torn one page after the other by my Boss!! his great hand appearing on the table under Subba Row's nose (who wanted me to write quite differently) and *His* voice uttering a compliment in Telugu which I shall not translate though Subba Row seemed to translate it for me in great glee. "K. H. wants me to write differently" was the order. They (the Bosses) have put their heads together and decided that the "divine Anna" should be humoured. *She is necessary* to them; she is a wonderful *palliative* (whatever on earth the word means in the present case!) and they mean *to use her*. She must be made to remain the *aureolic* President, you the *nucleus* (or nucleatic?) President. Both of you have to face each other as the two poles, chance guided by *Masters* drawing finally the true meridian between you two for the Society. Now don't imagine that I laugh or chaff. I am in a state of mute and helpless despair—for this once I be hung if I understand what *they* are driving at! I simply give you the expressions of Djual Khool as he gave them to me, not to write to her but in order that I should "realize and understand their (the Masters) policy." The devil a bit I shall! Let Them make for me new brains then for I cannot for the life of me understand how after she has so irreverently abused them in her address—she can remain President! To this D. K. only laughed. "The words of a woman wounded in her physical vanity, angry at not being taken notice of by Master (K. H.) are less than

a passing breeze. She may say what she likes. The Fellows have done their duty to protest as they have, she will know better now, but she must remain, and Mr. Sinnett must become the leader and President of the *inner* ring." This is as nearly *verbatim* as I can remember D. K.'s words whatever the *inner* ring means. I suppose it is this: Mrs. K. will be the President of the *exoteric* Theos. Soc. nominally that also of the inner Society, and within the general Society will be an inner *esoteric* or circle of the Fellows who pursue the study of the esoteric doctrines like yourself. Well I had to write to her in consequence and tell her all manner of pious and lying compliments I do not feel. Let the Karma of this fall upon Boss—for I have been solely and only the weapon or irresponsible agent in all this. I suppose Mahatma K. H. played first fiddle and my Boss *second* as usual. I have as you say but to obey.

Quite so for it is the best policy.

That's all and now I wash my hands. Since the Masters take this upon themselves what have I to say? They want her to write her occult experiences in the *Theosophist*—she says—and she kindly consents.

Really I do not know how to answer your question about Mrs. Gebhard. Of course she deserves if any to receive direct instructions from the Masters. But how can K. H. go to her—a woman? Don't you know the strict prohibition? Besides Boss forbids me talking on those subjects. He blew me up several times for talking too much and telling you of things I knew nothing much myself—as about this darned "Moon" question. I was abused more than I ever was for this when the question of the moon—"dust bin" came out. It's all that wretched Wyld. His answer is so stupid that I will not even notice it. "Mr. B." indeed! Mr. B. is of course Dayanand who is referred to as Mr. B. in his silly letter in *Light*. Ah yes! "Mr. B . . . is rapidly disintegrating and become rotten and must no doubt shortly die out altogether," and "Mr. B." or Dayanand has very rapidly disintegrated and *is just dead* on Oct. 30th last as prophesied 18 months ago. Wyld may laugh. But he is disintegrating and rapidly dying out himself—the fool!

Well there's news again. Day before yesterday I received telegram from Jummar from Olcott "Damodar taken away by the Masters." Disappeared!! I thought and feared as much though it *is* strange for it is hardly four years he is chela. I send you both telegrams from Olcott and Mr. Brown's second one. Why should Brown be so favoured—is what I cannot understand. He may be a good man, but what the devil has *he* done [of] so holy and good! That's all I know about him that it seems to be K. H.'s second visit *personally* to him. He is expected here or in the

neighbourhood by two chelas who have come from Mysore to meet Him. He is going somewhere to the Buddhists of the Southern Church. Shall *we* see him? I do not know. But there's a commotion here among the chelas. Well strange things are taking place. Earthquakes, and blue and green sun; Damodar spirited away and Mahatma coming. And now what *shall* we do in the office *without* Damodar! Ye gods and powers of Heaven and Hell we didn't have work and trouble enough! Well, well THEIR Will be done not mine.

Yours ever in hot water,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Give my love to dear Mrs. Sinnett and a kiss to Denny. How is he and the Bossess? Who is Mr. Finch? A candidate for chelaship? What does Mr. Myers say to the *Replies*? *Disgusted* I suppose? I thought as much. Well that's all the Adepts will get for their trouble. Adieu!

Sinnett Sahib—you must not wonder. We have the good of the whole Movement and Society at heart. Even the wishes of the majority shall not prevail—the feelings of the less enlightened minority having also to be consulted. The day must come when *all* will know better. Meanwhile the *akhu* tries to fascinate K. H. by her portraiture!

M.

LETTER No. XXXI

ADYAR, MADRAS,
January 25th, 1884.

By order of my Boss I send you the Kingsford letters to fondly read and preserve for Olcott when he comes—he will be with you about March 15th or 20th. Subba Row's answer (by order) to the President and the Vice-President of the London Lodge T.S. is ready and I hurry on the printer to finish it this week. It was impossible to finish it as the Boss wanted the same week, for it is three times as long as the attack and wanted careful revision, Subba Row having lavished such *uncultured* words as "*stupid*," "*absurd*," "*misrepresentation*" etc. that would never do in a pamphlet destined for the refined ears of the members of the L.L. But I do believe he has settled them both the *Vice*-President and *vicious* President—whose shadow be trampled upon! It shows what fools they are with all their culture and genius and conceited idea of themselves. As Boss says she is the most foolish woman to open at once all her weakest points, and thus the fittest to be the President of most of the western would be members.

Last night when I wrote this I was so ill that I could not proceed, and now I am not much better but determined to write if it were to tell you many things. Yesterday Subba Row showed me a letter to him in Telugu from our *mutual* Boss M. (as you know) with instructions to say some more things in the *answer* to K. and M. Among other things there was a funny news. It appears that you go against my Boss's advice that there should be 14 councillors in your Lodge—7 for you and 7 for Kingsford, for it is *his* dodge. He writes the particulars now for Subba Row's information in writing the pamphlet and his words are: "I thought my Peling friend, Sinnett Sahib more perspicacious—tell him I have advised only 7 councillors on the side of the yellow haired woman because I knew that it was *four too many*. She is needed in the Society, but not as the head of it if it can be helped."

Now what does all this mean? Do *they* or do they not want Mrs. K. for je suis au bout de mon Latin, and gave it up long ago. They tell me nothing and—I ask nothing.

And now something that is sure to astonish you, then make you angry and finally cause you to blow me up but I cannot help it.

It appears that I am *mortally sick* and, as the Masters have cured me repeatedly and have no time to bother with me, and that besides what I want is constant air charged with something (some scientific flapdoodle word) that cannot be got here in India—my Boss ordered Olcott to take me to Southern France—to some secluded village, on the sea shore or to the Alps for a long and entire rest of three months at least. Well I kicked, but the Society wept and cried and asked me to remain alive with them as they did not want me dead, and therefore to go and return. Ragonath Row and Subba Row are to take charge of the *Theosophist* and Damodar and a new chela who will be sent here in my absence. So I consented with the following condition (imposed upon them moreover by my Boss) *I must not, shall not, and will not, go to London.* Do whatever you may. I will not approach it even. Had my Boss ordered it to me even—I think I would rather face his displeasure and—disobey him. With the exception of you two, whom I sincerely love, the very idea of London and your groups (Theosophical and Spiritualistic)—is loathsome to me! As soon as I think of M.A. Oxon, of C.C.M., of Wilde, Kingsford, Maitland and some others I feel a feeling of horror, of inexpressible *magnetic disgust* creep over me. In short I would not approach London to save 17 lives of mine, so, do not ask me to. I will stop at Marseilles for a fortnight or so, go to Paris to meet some cousins and then right to some secluded spot in the Mountains where I can catch hold of my Boss's astral tailcoats whenever I choose.

If I die, I will be put out of the way without fuss or scandal and —"*addio*." If I get better I will come back via the same way Italy or France and resume my work. We will sail towards the 20th of February from Bombay, for I have promised to go to . . .[1] before leaving.

Give my love to dear Mrs. Sinnett and kiss "Morsel." I hope he has not turned a Dissenter as yet. Write me to Marseilles, my name *Poste Restante*—to await arrival. When Mohini has done his work with the Colonel in London he will join me to be my Secretary—the Madras and Calcutta Societies paying his expenses.

And now goodbye. Send you my photo—the last one I will ever take. Do not speak nonsense. My *Memoirs* will NEVER appear.

Yours *Tibetanly*,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XXXII

ADYAR. 27.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I am compelled to write to you once more. My own reputation and honour I have made a sacrifice of, and for the few months I have to live yet I care little what becomes of me. But, I cannot leave the reputation of poor Olcott to be attacked as it is, by Hume and Mr. Hodgson who have become suddenly *mad* with their hypotheses of fraud more phenomenal than phenomena themselves. Others will write and explain to you *why* such a sudden revulsion of feeling. I with thousand other theosophists, protest against the manner and way the investigations are carried on by Mr. Hodgson. He examines *only* our greatest enemies—thieves and robbers like Hurrychund Chintamon who has returned here to serve the Gaïkwar, and being shown by him some new letters (!! I must have written thousands !) received by him as he assures Hodgson, 7 years ago from America. Hodgson copies some paragraphs from them that he believes the most damaging and builds on that a theory of my being a *Russian spy* besides being a fraud and hoodwinking Olcott from the first. For instance in a letter about the Arya Somaj I say, *probably* this I do not deny: Never mind Olcott and what he says (about the blending of the two Societies) I will make him do it. I can "*psychologise the old man with one look*" etc. Something of the kind in fun, of course. This is construed by Mr. Hodgson to show clearly, on *my own confession* that from the first I have bamboozled Olcott, *psychologised him* and therefore that *his* testimony is worthless. Then

[1] This word indecipherable.—ED.

Hodgson assures Oakley that he has seen a letter from me to the same Hurrychund in which the following words occur : " Find me a few members not *loyal* but *disloyal* " (to the A. I. Govt., of course).

Now these words, if ever written, could never have been written seriously. *You know* how I tried to conciliate the Hindus with the English. How I did all in my power to make them realize that their Govt. bad as it seemed to them was the best they could ever have, etc. I defy to find one respectable trustworthy Hindu who will say that I ever breathed a disloyal word to them. Let Hurrychund show to Mr. Hodgson a certain letter I wrote to him in reply to his question in his : " Dear Sister, tell me, is the Russian Govt. as bad as ours ? Are they as cruel with the conquered people as our rulers are with us ? " etc. I answered him—" May heaven protect and save you of the Russian Govt. Better for every Hindu to drown himself at once than to ever find himself under the Russian Govt." or words to this effect—but I remember perfectly the spirit I wrote them in. And yet because of this letter and of a certain paper stolen from me by Mme. Coulomb and that the missionaries have shown to him, a paper partially or wholly *written in cipher,*—he says—Mr. Hodgson has publicly proclaimed me a *Russian spy.* Read the enclosed letter that I want to send to him, and you will understand the situation. Oakley says he has gone *mad* ! At a public dinner to call one a Russian spy when these d—d countrymen of mine are playing their tricks beyond the Himalayas is enough to have me locked up by the Ang: In: on mere suspicion. Even Hume was horrified at his language and warned him that he was not in England. And now that a lawyer and Subba Row cross-examined him and Oakley and Olcott went to him demanding an explanation the whole evidence for my being a Russian spy does not amount to a crock. Coulomb stole a " queer looking paper " and gave it to the missionaries with the assurance this was a cipher used by the Russian spies (! !) They took it to the Police Commissioner, had the best experts examine it, sent it to Calcutta for five months moved heaven and earth to find out what the cipher meant and—now gave it up in despair. " It is one of your flapdoodles " says Hume. " It is one of my *Senzar MSS,*" I answer. I am perfectly confident of it, for one of the sheets of my book with numbered pages is missing. I defy any one but a Tibetan occultist to make it out, if it is this. At all events, the missionaries have done their best to prove me a Russian spy and have failed—while Mr. Hodgson has proclaimed me one publicly.

Is this fair and noble or honest ? please ask Mr. Myers. And now on the theory of Mr. Hume that there are no Mahatmas the whole Head Quart: is implicated. We are all frauds and all

forgers of Mahatma K. H.'s handwriting. Poor Olcott is ready to commit suicide. There's an end to the phenomena for ever—at least to their publicity—and you may all say good bye to teaching and Mahatmas now. Subba Row repeats that the sacred science was desecrated and swears he will never open his lips to a European about occultism. Oakley will write to you. Mrs. O. is so ill that she returns to London and Mr. O. remains here.

Well, I knew all this before I left. I felt it and said so to Mr. Stead or Stake or whatever his name is at your party.

Good bye all, London Lodge and Occultism, the P. R. S. will kill you. Let them go to Eglinton and investigate the secrets of nature on his slate.

Yours ever,
H. P. B.

Please give my love if she accepts it still to dear Mrs. Sinnett.

At this very instant, I receive a letter for you. I enclose it—pardon me but I do hope—it is the last, for I have no more strength to suffer.

LETTER No. XXXIII

NICE,
March 17.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have received the kind invitation of yourselves, of Mrs. and Miss Arundale, of Mrs. Going and several others. I am deeply touched by this proof of the desire to see my unworthy self, but see no use to kick against fate and try to make the realisable out of the *un*realisable. I am sick, and I feel worse than I felt when leaving Bombay. At sea I had felt better, and on land I feel worse. I was laid up for the whole day on my first landing at Marseilles, and am laid up now. At the former place it was I suppose the vile emanation of a European civilised first class hotel with its pigs, beef and old cats mixed with frogs; and here—well, here it is due to the kind hand of providence. Anyhow I am falling to pieces; crumbling away like an old sea biscuit and the most I will be able to do, will be to pick up and join together my voluminous fragments and gluing them together carry the ruin to Paris. What's the use asking me to go to London? What shall I, what *can* I do amidst your eternal fogs and the emanations of the highest civilisation? I left Madras *à mon corps defendant*. I did not want to go—would return this minute, if I could. Had not "father" ordered it, I would not have stirred from my rooms and old surroundings. I feel ill, miserable, cross, unhappy. My poor uncle, General Fadeyef, is just dead and I suppose I have to go in mourning. Then I expect

my sister to come and see me somewhere after 20 years of separation and perhaps the old folks—my two aunts. I would not have come to Nice but for Madame A. Hammerle, our dear Theosophist from Odessa. Lady Caithness is the embodiment of kindness. She does everything in creation to humour me, and I came for two days instead of the six weeks she wanted me to stop with her. But I had reckoned without my host—the *Mistral* of Provence and the cold winds of Nice. And now I am laid up. Mohini and Bowajee (the two *soit disant* "Secretaries") are gone to Paris yesterday—and Olcott and I came here feeling we had no right to disregard the kind invitation, expressed in 36 telegrams and letters. She is a dear good friend, she will be a *real* friend shortly—yet even for all that I feel I have no right to stop here beyond a few days, and as soon as I am better we mean (Olcott and I) to join the "Secretaries" in Paris, only to begin fidgetting as soon as I am there and wishing myself sooner in Jericho than horrid Paris. What kind of company am I to civilised beings like yourselves? It is very, *very* kind of Mrs. and Miss Arundale to invite me, I am unworthy of such a warm expression of kindness and sympathy. I would become obnoxious to them in 7 minutes and a quarter, were I to accept it and land my disagreeable bulky self in England. Distance lends its charm, and in my case my presence would surely ruin every vestige of it. The "London Lodge" is in its sharpest crisis. Olcott with his instructions from his Mahatma (father), and Mohini with his orders from Mahatma K. H. are the best calculated persons to set things right. I would do the reverse. I could not (especially in my present state of nervousness) stand by and listen calmly to the astounding news (from Gough!!) that Sankara Charya was a *theist* and Subba Row knows not what he is talking about, without kicking myself to death; or that other still more astounding declaration that Masters are evidently "Swabhavikas"! Oh sweet Jesus, and shall I begin contending against the Goughs and Hodgsons who have disfigured Buddhism and Adwaitism even in their exoteric sense, and risk bursting a blood vessel in London upon hearing these arguments reiterated? Not I. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Massey's enormous powers of "clear and unimpeachable logic" but can only wonder that such a keen metaphysician hangs his faith—after rejecting the authority of *even* Subba Row—upon the flapdoodle *dicta* of the unutterably ignorant translation and dead-letter interpretations of the Gough and Co. *Vade retro Satanas.* Let me die in peace—if I have to die, or return to my Lares and Penates in Adyar, if I am ever doomed to see them again. You shall have Olcott and Mohini—*buss.* Please do not be angry with me. Really and indeed I do

not feel like going to England. I love you all at a distance, I might *hate* some of you of the L.L. were I to go there. Don't you understand *why*? Can't you realise with all you know of me and of the *truth*, (the latter is ignored only by those who will not see it) that it would be an inexpressible suffering for me to see how the Masters and their philosophy are both misunderstood. How shall I stand there, and see *Their* teachings tested and rectified by the sublime absurdities of a Hodgson who acquaints his readers so coolly with a creature he calls "God, that is, of an absolutely immaterial being." A "being" and one *absolutely* IMMATERIAL!! (see p. 22 of C.C. M.'s new pamphlet *The Metaph. Basis* of *E. Buddhism*) Ye gods and "immaterial" nothings! I rather plunge for ever into eternal *Nirvritti* myself.

However, this will do. You *must* understand my position, otherwise I cannot say more.

Please call in a small meeting at your place of all those who have kindly remembered me by welcoming my arrival in Europe. It is really very kind of them and I will never forget the truly sympathetic feelings expressed in their letter. And tell Mrs. and Miss Arundale, Mrs. Going, Mme. Isabel Steiger, Mrs. Golindo, Mrs. E. C. Knowles, Messrs. Finch and Ed. Wade, how deeply I thank them for their invitation and welcome. Also how deeply sorry I am that I am unable, for the present, at any rate, to avail myself of all this and thus realise their desire to see me. But do also tell them all, that indeed it is rather a gain than a loss to them not to come into closer proximity with my unattractive self than they now are. Every one is not blessed with my "beloved sister's" (Patience Sinnett) disposition to overlook my many vices and shortcomings. Therefore, tell to my other would be "beloved brethren and sistern" that it is in sheer love for them and out of regard for their civilised feelings, that I refuse to show myself by "day light" little as there may be of the latter article in London.

And now—goodbye. Behave yourselves like true theosophists —children of Light and Pragna, and accept the sincere blessings and good wishes of your

fast departing, hapless friend and *brother*

H. P. Blavatsky.

Love to Morsel. *Mea culpa*. Your friend and Master sent you through me (at least I had it second hand from Djual Khool) a lock to replace the one Dennie had, (what ails the said lock, did he lose or damage it?) but I do not know where I have put it. It's somewhere in my trunk. I will find and send it to you.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XXXIV

NICE,
Friday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Every body in the house is gone to the theatre—even Olcott. Sick and ill-humoured I am sitting alone in my quiet room with that new "*Reply* to Subba Row" by the irrepressible "*Perfect Way* Twins"—lying before me. And now, I am distinctly ordered by Boss to pen for your benefit the following questions:

(1) Are you, in the presence of this literary farago, of this jungle of sleight-of-hand logic and wrangling going to remain silent?

(2) If we wait for Subba Row's Reply to this Reply—then we will have to eat *our livers* for over three months; and even then ten to one he will only laugh, and as I am not there to stand over him and *make him* write an answer—he will pay no attention to it.

(3) No one will undertake to go over again (not *I*, at all events) the whole ground of misconceptions and, as I now see, wilful misrepresentations that begun with their *Manifesto* No. 1, and now ends with this new "Reply." The ground was well covered by Subba Row; he explained the whole situation and their mistakes as clearly as one could put it in English; and yet, even now they find holes to pick in, and S.R. is made to appear inconsistent—if not worse. May be, possibly, I am not English scholar enough to take in correctly and in *every* case, the *profound logic* and the objections made by both—Messrs. Maitland and Kingsford and L.C. Massey;—but I consent to be hung if there is a fool, in this world, fool enough to fail perceiving that the whole thing is a hopeless case of the most stupid wrangling, under the garb of logic and philosophy. Besides which the latter production contains a clear misstatement of our beliefs. *When, where, how,* and *what* is there in the combined writings of the Mahatma—(may He forgive me for having thus thrown His holy Name in pasture to the 19th century Seers and *Initiates*!)—Subba Row, myself, or any one else that gives them the right to say that we believe in an actual *Satan*? (pp. 16, 17 *et seq.*). We, who reject with all our powers the absurd idea of a *personal* God, we will believe in a *personal* Satan!! Do they joke or are they in dead earnest? Do they really believe that such is our belief, or is it a mere literary *ruse*? Hang me if I know!

(4) And then, what do they mean by—"the Master has not yet attained to the highest Mysteries, and does not know the

truth on this point" (i.e. Satan). Now this, I would call simply "cheek" and "impudence" (see p. 16).

(5) And what is the implied meaning of the last para. on page 17, and the first on p. 18? Do they mean to suggest that while Mahatma K. H. may not have reached as yet "the degree of initiation to which the disclosure of such truth belongs"—he, Mr. M. and she Mrs. K. *have* reached that degree? And do you mean to tell me that there may be found even one person among your theosophists in England *fool enough* to rely more on the assumed initiation in a *preceding* life, and therefore infallible illumination in the *present* life of Mrs. K.—than on the teachings of Mahatma K. H.? Proh pudor!—my dear "Brethren and Sistern" enjoy your Karma for having elected her President. It is *your* and Mr. Massey's (*your friends*) doings. And now even he goes against you and your Master. *Vade retro Satanas*! How can I ever face a Society some of whose members harbour such insulting thoughts and express them in print? This is why I *cannot* come to London. Were I to follow the dictates of my affection for both of you and my desire to get personally acquainted with such charming members as Mrs. and Miss Arundale, Mr. Finch, Mr. Wade and others *I know the results*. I would either jump up and tear heaven and hell at the first opportunity, or have to explode like a bomb-shell. I *cannot* keep calm. I have accumulated bile and secreted gall for over six months during this Kingsford-Sinnett *embroglio*; I have held my tongue and been forced to write *civil* letters which are now represented in the light of "sympathetic and encouraging correspondence." I—well, never mind what, and how much I suffered of these *colères rentrées*; my present illness is more than partly due to them. But, I am not born for a diplomatic career. I would spoil the broth, and do no good—at any rate, not till after the whole thing is settled and the equilibre-théosophique est retabli.

But now, why should not *you* call in a meeting before Olcott's arrival? Why should not you draw the attention of every sensible man to the transparent *humbug* of the last Reply? Why should not you try and smooth his way? The worst of it is, those eternal references to Gough's translations of Sanskrit texts! Is it possible that Mr. Massey should rely upon the dead letter, disfigured renderings of Gough or even a Max Muller, of Sanskrit texts, the inner meaning of which can be understood only by *initiates*! But all this is hopeless. Lillie is "an authority" now—and Gautama Buddha shown by him *a theist*, and Gough has transfigured Sankaracharya into a believer of Iswara, a *personal* God, a Being!!!

I do not know what it is that Master ordered Olcott to do.

He keeps his own counsel and says nothing. But I feel sure that even the Chohan would not force her upon the Society *against* the will of the majority. Let her found a Society apart from yours—a distinct "Esoteric Christianity London Lodge," and you establish a Society of your own. How is it possible to accept the proposed farce of a Theos. Society alleged to draw its teachings from our Mahatmas, when, as soon as the latter will say anything *that does not quite agree with Mrs. K.'s inspiration and prophetic utterances*—their teachings will be forthwith attributed to either "a wilful misrepresentation of doctrine," or, from the fact that the *teacher* has not as yet reached the degree of initiation to which disclosure of such truth belongs." Who is to check the utterances and denials of Mrs. K.? Who can control her assumptions and assertions. She will say—"*It is not so, I know it,* for I have been initiated during the reign of Psametichus or Sesostris," and the people will have to open their mouths and hold their tongues. Impossible! Funny position. Oh how inexpressibly higher than her stands in her intuitional knowledge, kindness, and modesty my dear Lady Caithness.

Well tata.

Yours in rags,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

You may read this to our friends, to all if you like.

P.S. Another thing. She represents you as an awful fanatic, an intolerant materialist and one who will force his *Esot: Buddhism* as a *complete* system, now this is bosh—Master says. I know through him that you do nothing of the kind. You are a loyal, faithful and uncompromising friend and chela of Mahatma K. H. and you stand by him, as I now see, as true as any of his immediate chelas. But I also know that the "Celestial Gemini" correspond with A. O. H. (who has now lost his guru by death, the Almora Sage who was to expose our Masters as Dugpas) and I recognise more than one solitary stroke of his pen in their writings and gratuitous insulting assumptions about what our Masters *may be.* Why then—Boss asks, don't you write and refute all her fibs and expose the malevolent charges. "He hurts the Society and his own cause"—says Boss—"Tell him so from me." Now, my Boss wants her—since the old Chohan is in love with her vegetarianism and her love for animals—to remain President *—but not necessarily of your Society.* The Chohan wants her *in* the Society, but would not consent to force the opinion or vote of a single member of the L.L. He will *not* influence the last of them, for he then would be no better than the Pope who thinks

he can enforce implicit obedience and then avoid to take upon himself the person's *Karmas*. This is what Boss has just been telling me to write to you. Hence you better prepare and seek the opinion and advice of every member who is of your way of thinking and get ready to split yourselves in two Societies, for this is what the Colonel has to do—I am told. I believe you misunderstood Mahatma K. H.'s telegrams and letters—so Mohini tells me. For they wanted her to remain President so far as *They* were concerned and to show They did not care a rap for her implied and even expressed insults. Mahatma K. H. *had* to make it a *sinequanon* of his teaching you so long as there was but one L.L. and one Society. But since the Chohan is desirous there should be two, on the strength of Art. I (*Rules*) *i.e.* "composed solely of co-religionsts"—let her preside over her "London Lodge" and *Esoteric Christians*—and you over the "Tibetan Lodge" and *Esoteric Buddhists*. DIXIT. **Correct. M.**

Two words of myself. In Marseilles upon landing—a gastritis; in Nice upon leaving the train—a bronchitis (dragged to the French theatre where I went to sleep in a corner of the Ducal box, slept during 3 acts, and caught cold through the opened door). Now, gum boils, neuralgia, rheumatics and sciatica, with fever in my ears and diptheria in my toes. A pretty specimen of healthy humanity! On the 26th we go to Paris and on the 4th or 5th Olcott has orders to go to London. Uncle Sam has pneumonia and is laid up in Rome, he telegraphs me. *Karma*. Ever since my arrival I fell in with a colony of Russian aristocrats—the Tchelishtchof—the Demsdofs, Lvofs, Count Koshkela Dolgorouki and the *tutti quanti* of titled stars. They exasperated me, and gum boils notwithstanding, drag me to their dinners and lunches, their sumptious palaces and etc. accepting my dressing gowns and evening déshabillés, cigarettes, and compliments with a Christ like forbearance doing great honour to their patriotic feelings. They are proud of me they say; they invite me back home (I wish they may get it) and invite Babula and admire him, permitting him even to kick against the indispensable pair of white cotton gloves at dinner for the sake of admiring his flaming yellow livery and earrings. I will have an extra earring put in his nose before I go to Paris. I met here also a lady, with whom I used to play when quite little children both of us, at Saratof when Grandfather was Gov. General of the place. She knew me by name, having heard of my felicitous marriage with old father Blavatsky, and fell this morning into my arms weeping and wiping her nose on my sympathetic bosom. It was very touching —very. Thus I am—or rather Babula is—the sensation of the day here. At Marseilles he had an admiring audience of 500 men

strong, running after him to admire his gold earrings and theosophical livery. The Duchess takes him out near the coachman when driving out alone and makes much of him.

Oh Moses—sweet civilisation!

H. P. B.

As I was going to send this I found to-day (Saturday) your letter. Well I think, if not K. H. then my Boss answers your questions—Is it not the same? Its ages I did not hear from K. H.!

LETTER No. XXXV

46, Rue Notre Dame des Champs,
April 27.

My dear Mrs. Sinnett,

Yours—all right. Please convey my tenderest regards to A. P. Sinnett, Esq., your "worst" half, and tell him that 1st I am strictly forbidden by both Masters to serve henceforth as a postman. I wrote him to this effect from Adyar; and 2nd: Had I even a desire to disobey, I could not do so, since his letter to me—as Mrs. Gebhard knows—was tenantless of any other letter either to Mahatma K. H. or Mah. Morya—my Boss (and now his bit of a letter is also gone, and I can't find it to quote his words). This shows that probably my Boss was at his tricks again, for which I am mighty glad. Please *no more* letters *through* ME. Let me pass away in peace and inner beatitude. I have written to Mr. Sinnett a letter before this one; in answer to his in which he urges me, virtually to go against the order of my Master. Funny that *he* should not realise that when my Master *orders*—I have but to obey, regardless of every consequence. Nor has he shown himself very polite or anxious to do what Master asked him to do, since what he was expected to do in all friendliness, was not to advise me to do that or the other with regard to the *Secret Doctrine*—which he *dashed*—but simply to help. Well when he saw he could not do it why not say so, but go on writing 4 pages *against* Master's orders. I wrote to him perhaps a too harsh letter, for which I beg his pardon but I could not help it. He knows me and that I am neither one to conceal my feelings, nor to show that exquisite politeness and hypocrisy in personal dealings for which you of the West are so famous for, and that you are made to begin practising from your nurseries and teens.

The "Spook" business at Eglinton's does not astonish me,

for I have my serious doubts whether it was his Elementals or "spooks" alone connected with that business. That it was neither of the two Masters' *chelas* is sure. They would not be permitted to show spite or fling reproaches at no one, least of all to take part in public mediumistic performances. But there are other chelas of other Masters—"greasy Tibetans" *pur sang*—I know some of these gentlemen, to be *fine fleur* of future adeptship or--of signal *failure* as many of them may experience. And I know, that they love your "Western Metaphysicians" still less than they do Orthodox Brahmins. It is they who tried to go against the *Phœnix*—and their Masters too, for the matter of that, who are pure blooded Mongolian Buddhists. And it is they who call your Lord and Master "the three eyed Peling" and would call him worse, were they not afraid of Mahatma K. H. and my Boss. They are *chelas* after all, and there is much of the mortal man in them yet. What is it of so "admirable" that they said? Why don't you write all. If it is they whom I am thinking of—they are great friends with the native Peruvian, Mexican and Red Indian Adepts and chelas. *Par consequence*—with *Ski* (Mrs. Billing's protector—whether the *adept* or the spook he uses as his proxy). Djual Khool won't tell me of course, or I would ask. But do tell [me] what he, or they wrote.

The seal is lovely. Please order it to be stricken on note and letter paper thick and thin, and of various sizes very large or very small and on the envelopes. I want to take home with me of such paper for two or three guineas. Tell me what I have to pay and I will send you immediately the money. My foolscap has probably remained in your hall where Arthur left it, for badly as I need it I have not yet received it. Poor Miss Arundale took the trouble of buying it for me and you do not send it. Oh ye, of little faith!

The L.L. *evénement* and row is becoming "monotonous." Boss frowns at it considerable. Let me tell you so. He says that whereas it was all at first on Mrs. K.'s *Karma* now all of you try to share it and disburden her of the heaviest part. Olcott has been guilty of some flapdoodle. Master says they (Gurudeva K. H., nor he) never meant to lead any of the Societies by the hand or tied to their apron strings. You know the rules and laws and bye laws—act up to them. Now that the "Hermetic" has burst, the Chohan will be down upon you, and upon Olcott the first one, who is *too weak* says Master. "Why should not they use their own judgment" remarked last night Dj. Khool. Rather than be *men* they are like children fighting and seeking to make even of Mohini their *prop* and protection. Well Mohini cannot

stop much longer with you. He has to come here with the Colonel and be in Paris toward the 7th or 9th, I hear. They have a tremendous large *conference* at the Geographical Hall prepared for Olcott here for the day he may appoint, not later than the 15th and Mohini is wanted badly here *as* and *more* badly than you need him in London. Why you have the boy with you for over three weeks now, and had time to learn the whole Rig Veda by heart by this time. Why did you not utilise him? You let him go flapdoodling about and losing his time. His Master wanted him to go to the British Museum and frequent libraries, and even go to Oxford. And there he is catching the dogs by the tail in the streets of London instead of utilising his time with profit. Besides though he does not say a word like a true Hindoo and Chela, he yet dislikes Massey as much as Mrs. K. and M. for insulting his Master as Massey has. Massey becomes insufferably *idiotic*. Now I have said the word. Judge tells me today that he received two letters from him speaking of Mahatma K. H. as though he were a pick-pocket, and expressing suspicion *that I had read some of his letters*, which, says Judge, I have never laid my eyes upon. He is unfit for the *London Lodge* your C.C.M. not on account of what he thinks of me for I do not care a *snap of my finger* NOW what he may say and think, however much it hurt me before—but because of his attitude to the Masters. *I can never forgive him that*, and he may be told so right away, for all I care for him. A poor, weak, vacillating, ever doubting ninny he is now—judging of human nature and its weaknesses by his own weak sugar-and-castor-*oil* nature. He disgusts me, and Master says this very moment: "Tell her they can have Olcott and Mohini for the 7th but both have to be here before the 11th, and better advise her as a friendly caution from me, not to pass from one room—with the fire place blazing—into another room cold and damp. She would do well to get out of London during May, June, and July. In August she is safe." Now, it's just what He had told me before. Take care of your health for mercy's sake! When Mme. Gebh. was telling me how sorry she was you had not gone with her, Master's bell came and said Mme. Gebh. was right. It would have done you good.

Now good bye. From July 1, I am at your service of the Londoners. Before then it seems impracticable.

Yours ever truly and sincerely—for *indeed* I love you.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Love to Messrs. Finch, Hood, Wade, etc. etc.

LETTER No. XXXVI

PARIS, RUE NOTRE DAME DES CHAMPS,
April 25.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

You speak like John "the Golden Mouth"—whoever the creature be—but you speak at the same time, very selfishly. You, of the quarrelling London Lodge are not precisely the Alpha and the Omega of Theosophy, nor are you the *only* and best beloved of the Masters. You had Mohini for over three weeks and you will have him still till the 8th or the 9th of May—fortnight more.

Now there are persons here speaking well English, devoted Theosophists, and as devoted philosophers and metaphysicians going the wrong way for lack of one to put them straight. They too want Mohini, and his Master who is personified justice and has promised to them also a *chela* to explain to them many of the Mysteries is not likely to be untrue to his word. Here too he has done and has to do some more "valuable work" and stimulating *their* zeal. Most assuredly "he did not come from India to copy letters" for me; but *one* of the reasons he has come for is to help me on the Sanskrit portion of the *Secret Doctrine*. Therefore Mohini *cannot* stop in London when Colonel returns to Paris; nor can their "lordships" see the propriety of doing everything for one Society—even though it be "the London Lodge"—and nothing for another Society.

Besides you will not succeed to draw from Mohini anything new. He has *strict orders* to hold within the limits of what was already given to you and not to overstep that. It is surely no one's fault that you were occupied with the *Debates*. And I tell you truly, honestly and openly that *he will not be permitted* to give you anything that will enable to set you to work on some fresh literary work *for the public*. All that you can get from him is explanations, rectifications and a last polish to what you have attempted to give in *Esoteric Buddhism*—the theory about the moon, "dust-bin," of course severely excluded. You are, to conclude this portion of the debatable questions contained in your letter—mistaken if you think that Mohini has come from India *solely* for "being instrumental" in the work going on in your Lodge—however important—and "the establishment of the London Theos. Soc. on a firm basis." Nothing like it. I have my orders and I will abide by them. I do not know what the Mahatma K. H. may have told you, but I know what Mahatma M. tells and orders *me* and I know what I was ordered to do through Djual Khool and it is this: Mohini must come with us, (1) to

represent the Mahatma and his opinion in the important crisis of the London Theos. Soc. (2) explain and rectify the errors the mind of some "fellows" is filled with owing to their misunderstanding the doctrine hinted at in *Esot. Buddhism*—especially the misrepresentations made by Mrs. K. and M.; (3) not to permit any sort of injustice to be done, any favour shown, if unmerited etc.; (4) to disabuse the minds of *all the members in Europe* (not of the L.L. alone) as to the nature of the Mahatmas; to show them in their true light and nature, *as superior mortals* not as inferior flapdoodle *Gods*. In short, to do work, both in London, Paris and even Germany *if I go there*, for there Mohini would according to his instructions, have to follow me. Buss. Show this to Mohini and ask him whether it is so or not. Now question (2).

I thank you *for the intention* you had of writing the Preface for *Secret Doctrine*—I did not ask you to do it but the Mahatmas and Mohini here, and Subba Row *there*, are quite sufficient for the task of helping me. If you *do not* think that "the scheme is feasible as announced" I am sorry for you and your intuition. Since the Guru thinks it otherwise I will take my chance of following rather his order and advice than yours. This, in sincere friendship, but in as great a determination. To say that I "would do *wisely* to direct the repayment of subscriptions and withdraw the announcement" is to talk sheer flapdoodle. I did not undertake to rewrite and bother myself with that infernal book for my own sweet pleasure. Could I annihilate it by hurling the accursed work into the 8th sphere I would. But my own predilictions or wishes have naught to do with my duty. MASTER orders and wills it be rewritten and rewrite it I *will*; so much the better for those who will help me on the tedious task, and *so much the worse for those* who do not and will not. Who knows but with God's blessing and help the thing may turn out "a splendid piece of work" anyhow. Nor will I ever, with your permission and begging your pardon, of course, agree with you that "it is madness to try and write such a book for monthly parts" *once that the Guru so ordains it.* For, notwithstanding the remarkable respect I feel for your western wisdom and business like talents, I would never say of anything my Master (in particular) and *the* Masters (in general) tell me to do—that it is sheer *madness* to do their bidding. One chapter at any rate, "on the Gods and Pitris, the Devas and the Daïmonia, Elementaries and Elementals, and other like spooks" is finished. I have found and followed a very easy method given me, and chapter after chapter and part after part will be rewritten very easily. Your suggestion that it must not "look like a mere reprint of Isis"

is nowhere in the face of the announcement (which please see in the *Theosophist* last page). Since it promises only "to bring the matter contained in Isis" within the reach of all; and to explain and show that the "later revelations" i.e. *Esot. Buddhism* for one, and other things in the *Theosophist* are not contradictory to the outlines of the doctrine given—however *hazy* the latter is in that *Isis*; and to give in the *Secret Doctrine* all that is *important* in "Isis" grouping together the materials relating to any given subject instead of leaving them scattered throughout the 2 vol. as they are now—then it follows that I bound to give *whole pages* from "Isis" only amplifying and giving additional information. And unless I do give numerous reprints from *Isis*, it will become *Osiris* or *Horus*—never what it was originally promised in the "Publisher's Notice" which—please read.

And now having opened one of the safety valves in my steam engine—I beg to subscribe myself ever your friend and well wisher

WIDOW BLAVATSKY.

Take care what you do by keeping your wife in the dampness and fogs of London. You ought to have sent her away with Mad. Gebhard. Remember, *she needs sunlight and complete rest* if you would have her on her legs this day six months. Take this as a *very serious* warning.

LETTER No. XXXVII

PARIS, 46, RUE NOTRE DAME DES CHAMPS.

MY DEAR BOSS,

I find I am a fool—most decidedly so, since beginning a letter to you with the appalling sentence "My Boss M. wants me to tell you so and so," I trusted so much in your intuition as to imagine that without a dash or something to indicate where the Boss's suggestions ended, and my own flapdoodle began; I went on speculating and advising and thus lead you into the natural error of taking my own words for those of Master! Now, having read your letter, and seeing at once how important it is that we should not allow the divine Whistle-breeches to have such a strong handle as she would otherwise have—if she were to remain Pres^{t}. of the London Lodge (even though it were composed only of four members), I see all the absurdity and danger of my careless writing. The words of the Master were—(and I now copy them *verbatim* from the astral records helped in it by his senior chela)—"She has to remain President" . . . (since it is the Chohan's desire she should not quit the Society if it can be

helped)—" of a Society, even though the two groups had to change their names." The suggestion about the " London Lodge " and " Tibetan Lodge " names was wholly mine ; and even having written it, and hardly posted the letter, I repented, for I remembered what Master said, and Mah. K. H.'s letter to Subba Row—about this. See page 44 of Subba Row's Reply about the " proposal." Besides which the " Tibetan Lodge " was a proposal of Maitland and I was very angry at the time. I do not know what possessed me to write the thing ! I felt so disgusted that any change, anything that would pitch her out of your Society seemed preferable to her still being in it. As always—Master had come, his voice said " you will write to him so and so "—and he went away. And I, having delivered myself of his chief message—namely that it was time that you should *emphatically* deny, and expose her lies—made a mess of the rest by writing in His spirit and not in His words ; and as I see now it is the *words* precisely that were important. You are right, perfectly right, and I say again *I am a fool,* a poor broken down idiot in this weakness of my body that weakens my brain also.

Ye gods ! why is it that the Chohan *wants her at all !* Is it for our or your sins ? I know that all the rest (K. H. and Boss and chelas *in* and *out* of Tibet) do not want her. But it seems a fatality that the old venerable gentleman who *never* meddles in anything theosophical least of all European, should have thrown his eye upon her ! Djual Khool told me in Madras that he never saw his " Master " so embarrassed. Is it that the Chohan Rimbochy wants to disgust you all, with all such contradictions, inconsistencies and counter-orders ? I asked D. K. and he only looked at me and said nothing. Well so far, I know that Master has given Olcott nothing to do that would contradict your desires. Quite the contrary. I know that his mission is to *rid* you of her without separating her entirely of the Society. I *know* that *Their* desire is to have *you* President of the Society of the " Occultists " of London—and no one else, and that They are *forced* to tolerate her on account of and out of deference for the wishes of the Chohan—His name be blessed. Well Sinnett, my dear, all this is *not* natural. Broken down, enfeebled as I am physically and intuitionally, I have yet *unforgettable* knowledge enough to *feel* that there is somewhere in all this—" une anguille sous roche."

The notes " by proxy " hold good among the Fellows of your Society not among those of other Branches. The Duchess has *no right* to vote in your L.L. ; and Master ordered me to tell her so when she mentioned that she had sent Mrs. K. her vote, and Master told so to Olcott. See Rule VIII—" no branch has the right to exercise jurisdiction outside its chartered limits." As to

Mme. de Morsier she is now dead against Mrs. K. and will not vote for her—neither has she the right to. She is all for Mohini and Mohini is " the Master's ambassador " as she calls him. Thus it is settled.[1] . . . . . .

LETTER No. XXXVIII

MR. SINNETT,

I perform my last duty, and am obliged to do so. Mrs. Holloway asked me whether she could go to Windsor and I said I saw no reason why she should not take rest—that the only *order I had received* and which I know was in my Master's letter to you was that she should *sleep* at Mrs. Arundale *every night*, that she should come, in short *to live* at their house if she wanted to write her book. Now if she contravenes the Master's orders which are those of Mahatma K. H. I wash my hands of all. But I must tell you plainly that Mrs. H. having been sent from America here by the Master's wish who had a purpose in view—*if you make her go astray* and force her unwittingly into a path that does not run in the direction of the Master's desire—then all communication *between you and Master K. H. will stop*. I am ordered to tell you so.

You do not know what you are doing! You are ruining the L.L. Theos. Soc. and playing into the hands of Mrs. Kingsford and your enemies.

Remember I never was more serious than I am now. Were the Society to fall; *I must* do my duty.

Yours,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

I verily believe you want to run to your ruin.

LETTER No. XXXIX

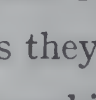
Saturday morning.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Mrs. Holloway is just gone, and left me a few parting words for you, in the presence of Miss Arundale. " Do me the justice," she said—" to tell Mr. Sinnett, that to the last I was living here on two planes—the physical and the spiritual. Judging me from the physical he could not, of course, understand me, for I was living on the spiritual. To the last *I have been acting under the direct orders of Master*, and could not therefore, do as he (Mr. Sinnett) would have liked me to. This he would never consent to fully realise."

[1] The remainder of the letter is missing.—ED.

And, as a corroboration on my side, (which of course will not go far with you, but I have promised her and must do it) let me tell you my dear Mr. Sinnett, that apart from what I may have told her, and letters of Master to me about her, *she had* direct orders from Him, and acted upon. She tells me that you said that I told you otherwise; namely that the injunction ended when you came to Elberfeld. I can only say that I have never told you so and that you again misunderstood me. I said that personally, it was a matter of *perfect indifference* to me whether she would stay at your house or not; but that I knew it was Master's express wish she should not; that it was she herself, who, determined to carry out His orders, refused to do so; and had made several appeals to me to support her in this statement. This I did several times but you would never believe me. She was greatly disturbed (mentally) all the time, and her development has suffered thereby. But I hope she will be calmer now and rest.

May be I will not see you again; therefore let me tell you once more about the planets, rings, and rounds. You may copy this and send it on to Hubbe Schleiden and Frank. I said there were no such garlands of sausages  as they thought of planets; that this representation was not even graphical but rather allegorical; that our seven planets were scattered about; that Rounds meant what you said, though the explanation was very incomplete, but that the *rings* what you call *i.e.* the seven root races and the evolution of man in his eternal septenary geration *was misunderstood*, not only by you but could not be understood clearly by any one *uninitiated*; and that, even that which *might* have been told by you, you had not told it for you have misunderstood one of Master's letters. This Subba Row and Mohini will prove to you any day on the authority of one of Master's letters. Now follow what you will find in Mrs. Holloway's "Man"—and you will see yourself. It is a difficult subject, Mr. Sinnett, and one can give it out fully only under two conditions. *Either to hear Master's voice* as she does; or to be an initiate oneself. Master (my Master) and the Mahatma gave you only what is permitted, and even that will be found difficult to express unless the idea is thoroughly impressed on one's mind. And now, goodbye. My real, sincere love to Mrs. Sinnett and my best wishes for yourself. I still hope that some day you will understand "things occult" and myself better than you do now.

Yours faithfully,

H. P. Blavatsky.

LETTER No. XL

On board.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I write a few words first for the sake of the Cause generally and all of us in particular. As I thought this day was one of revelation and retribution all over and round: the great test as a Cause is at an end, now we have but to wait for *results*. The first one is a letter from Mr. Finch and a confession from Mohini that the "Apocalypsis" that had to supersede *Esoteric Buddhism* and crush it out, not only out of market but out of existence is—*good for nothing*. Mr. Finch says that this is a work which "can only lower the Masters." The four chapters written entirely by Mohini are of course good, but wherever the spring of inspiration has let loose its waters, it is rough, unsystematic, reads like a meaningless jibbering of a schoolboy—makes ugly patches in the work and will certainly do no credit to the "two chelas" supposed to have written under the direct inspiration of a student. Well—the probation is at an end it seems—at least Act I. Master wants it to be issued before Christmas and we have to do it. Only poor Mohini will have to rewrite the whole chapter and remodel all the places where his *collaborator* gave original ideas. I wish you would see Mohini and have a talk with him about this work. *He* will tell you HOW it was written for he is now free to speak.

My Master whose voice I have just heard orders me to tell you that as Mohini is likely to stop in London till January, you better profit by his presence to complete your literary work that sleeps for want of materials but ought not. Seriously you ought to have him as often as you can to explain and teach you upon the subjects touched in your new book for now Master *will give him orders* to that effect. Hitherto he could not come to you, give or explain the least thing—for reasons your intuition may explain to you. Now he *can* and *will do so*. Dispose of me, for you I will consent now even to serve again as a postman. But for you alone and will beg you to keep me the *secret*. I will write from either Algiers or Malta and explain. Do answer me. Love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours truly again,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLI

Copy of the letter to be sent through Olcott. I want you to correct it. I am determined to sue the Coulombs *for this.*

— Hodgson Esq.

Sir,

I have always laboured under the impression that in English law so long as one was not proven "guilty" legally, one was held innocent; and that a one sided testimony—especially that of recognised enemies could be put aside even in a Court of Justice. You seem to act on different principles. You are welcome to do so. In the matter of phenomena I have come to care very little whether I will be proclaimed in your Report to the P.R.S. a humbug and a fraud twenty times over, or not; though I doubt the propriety and good taste of your proclaiming me all this beforehand among your Madras acquaintances. However, even to this I am indifferent.

But you went further. At Mr. Garstin's dinner the other night you spoke of me as a "Russian Spy." You have supported this assertion against Mr. Hume's laugh and denial, and that of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. so seriously and with such emphasis that it becomes a matter of the gravest importance for me to have it proved publicly whether I am a "Spy" or not. As I defy any mortal man to bring valid proof that I have ever written one line or received one from the Russian Govt. for the last 15 years during which period I became an American citizen, and that I am as loyal to the British Govt. that now gives me hospitality as you can be—I would have been perfectly justified in taking out summonses and have you arrested, for the vile and dangerous calumny but for three considerations:

(1) You are the friend of the Oakleys whom I love and respect and would avoid dragging as unwilling witnesses;

(2) Only a fortnight ago I had an affectionate regard for yourself whom I believed impartial and just;

(3) People might, and would say that it was a revenge for your having "found me out" and shown "a consummate fraud" as you express it.

And pray do not think for a moment that any one has repeated to me your conversations and accusations at Mr. Garstin's. I know every word that was said at table by means that even your P.R.S. recognise and could not deny in me. I thank you also for your additional fling at an innocent and absent woman who has never done *you* any harm, in saying that you believed her *a woman capable of every and any crime.* You may believe

me personally what you like, but you have no right to express your slanders publicly.

However it may be, I expect from you a written statement over your signature of all you heard from the Coulombs about my being a *spy* that led you to form such a conclusion. I will also beg of you a description of the paper or papers she showed you, for this time I mean to sue her and put an end to such an infamy. This is a serious affair Mr. Hodgson and it is yourself who have forced me into this course of action.

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLII

June 16th.

DEAR MRS. AND MISS ARUNDALE,

If we had two dozen like *you two* and a dozen like Sinnett —Masters would be with you and the Society long ago. *I mean* what I say and what more is—*I know it.*

Listen: *try to disconnect the L.L. as much as you can* from the H.Q. You may be at heart—*one*. Try to become *two* in the management. Karma is taking its course. We cannot help it. But the innocent and the true should not suffer for the guilty and the *untrue*. And oh, dear, how many traitors and Judases of all colours and shades we have in the very heart of the Society. *Ambition* is a terrible adviser! Show this to Mr. Sinnett. Let him be truly "keener" in his work, not only in his interest for the Society. Let *him not hesitate* to sacrifice if needed—friends, *myself* included. Olcott is becoming a wind-bag full of vanity. But do not blame him. He has fallen under the influence of *one* who has become to him what I used to be in the days of old. He is a terrible *sensitive* nothwithstanding his big beard. I pity and love him as of old. But he is throwing the blame upon me alone—forgetting his exhibition of Buddha, his flapdoodle cramming with phenomena the *psychists* and so on. Master will never spurn him, for no one in this world will work as devotedly and unselfishly as he has. But why should the L.L.—the *head and brains* of the T.S. suffer and risk disintegration for the wild beatings of its heart—the Adyar H. Quarters? Such as Subba Row—uncompromising *initiated* Brahmins, will never reveal—even that which they are permitted to. They hate too much Europeans for it. Has he not gravely given out to Mr. and Mrs. C.O. that I was henceforth "a shell deserted and abandoned by the Masters?" When I took him for it to task, he answered: "You have been guilty of the

most terrible of crimes. You have given out secrets of Occultism—the most sacred and the most hidden. Rather *that you should be sacrificed* than that which was never meant for European minds. People *had too much faith in you.* It was time to throw doubt into their minds. Otherwise they should have pumped *out of you all that you know.*" And he is now acting on that principle.

Please let Mr. S. know this,

Yours for ever the same,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XLIII

TORRE DEL GRECO,
Sunday, 17 May.

MY DEAREST MOHINI,

You may show this, or simply tell Mr. Sinnett about the following. Gaboriau had intensely begged me to offer him as a chela to Mahatma K. H. or my Master, and the former had accepted him on a trial. Thus *he was a chela* and no lie can be implied to me in saying to Mr. Sinnett that "Masters had chelas everywhere." At the time, as many a time before and after that I had determined not to mix myself any more in the transmission of letters from Mahatmas. Had MASTER permitted me to carry out this resolution I would not, perhaps, be now here an exile and dying far away from India! But He did not so permit, telling me however I could send the Mahatma K. H.'s letters through some other chela if I was so cowardly. D. K. was then trying an experiment on Mr. Sinnett to see whether he could succeed in suggesting the idea into his head to go through France and had said: "I want to see if I can bring the two together, (meaning S. and G.) Gaboriau is extremely sensitive and mediumistic and I may succeed in training him for something, though I am afraid he is a fool."

This gave me the idea (1) that Mr. Sinnett might be induced by suggestion to stop at Nantes, and (2) that anyhow I would ask him to forward the letter to London and so find myself *clear* of at least one letter, and I sent it on through Gaboriau.

The experiment failed. Mr. Sinnett is not very sensitive and went through some other road. *I have not tried to mislead him,* neither *then,* nor at any time. I simply kept silent, as I have in many other cases phenomenal and semi-phenomenal, with regard to letters received by him. But he, measuring occultism upon the standard of daily life and rules makes no difference between a

deliberate lie and the desire or rather sad necessity of concealing things. When he told me that he had received a letter from Nantes (this laughing) I felt very much embarrassed, and understood that D. Khool had failed, which he had not told me. I simply said "Have you?" and the words he correctly stated to you, about chelas everywhere, unless I wrote them using them in a letter of which I am not certain. The proof that I had no desire to *mislead* him is found in the fact that I have never asked Gaboriau to make *a secret* of it. He *was* a "chela" and dropped only when preparing to sail for Adyar and prevented from going there as he had been found a perfect fool. If Mr. Sinnett will see guilt and *dishonesty* in every such circumstance, then, since I now tell him plainly that there are a hundred things I have had to conceal from him, he is at liberty to drop me and even my existence from his life altogether. I have *never deceived him*, never tried to *mislead*, never *lied* to him. I have tried my best to serve him and my present misfortune and the quasi-ruin of the T.S. are due primarily to his independent way of thinking, of thrusting occultism, and its mysteries into the teeth of a prejudiced unprepared public by publishing his two books. Had phenomena and the *Masters* been sacredly preserved among and only for Theosophists, all this would not have happened. But it is my own fault as much as his. In my zeal and devotion to the Cause I have permitted publicity and as Subba Row truly says "committed *the crime* of divulging things most sacred and holy that had never been known to the profane before" and now comes my Karma. I had always seen in Mr. Sinnett the most devoted and useful member of our Society, I have told to him things I never said even to Olcott, but I could not divulge *all* even to him. Since Mahatma K. H. tells him that he has not *dropped* him and has the same regard for him as ever, what more does he want? *They* can, if They like, find other channels of communication with him besides myself. Let him drop me out of his life like a bad penny, and give me up like so many others have, now that I am dying from the *effects* of the Simla *causes*. I have done my best, I can serve him no longer, and I ask and pray but for one thing, to be left to die like a mangy dog, quietly and alone in my corner. May the Masters bless and protect you all—and may my martyrdom and sufferings known perhaps to the Masters alone—do some good to the Society and help it turning a new leaf. But if even those sufferings will prove to have been sent and accepted in vain, then is the T.S. doomed and it has indeed been started *prematurely*.

Yours to the last

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLIV

TORRE DEL GRECO,
HOTEL DEL VESUVIO,
June 21.

MY DEAR MRS. SINNETT,

The sight of your familiar hand-writing was a welcome one, indeed, and the contents of your letter still more so.

No, dear Mrs. Sinnett, I never thought that *you* could have ever believed that I played the tricks I am now accused of; neither you or any one of those who have Masters in their *hearts*, not on their brains. Nevertheless, here I am, and stand accused, without any means to prove the contrary—of the most dirty, *villainous* deceptions, ever practiced by a half starved medium.

What can I, and what shall I do? Useless to either write, to persuade, or try to argue with people who are bound to believe me guilty, to change their opinion. Let it be. The fuel in my heart is burnt to the last atom. Henceforth nothing is to be found in it but cold ashes. I have so suffered that I can suffer no more—I simply laugh at every new accusation.

"Notwithstanding the expertise" you say. Ah, they must be famous those experts, who found the Coulomb's letters genuine. The whole world may bow before their decision and acuteness; but there is one person, at least, in this wide world, whom they can never convince that those stupid letters were written by me, and it is—H. P. Blavatsky. Were the God of Israel and Moses, Mahomet and all the prophets, with Jesus and the Virgin Mary to boot, come and tell me that I have written one line of the infamous instructions to Coulomb—I would say then to their faces—"fiddle-stick—*I have not.*"

Now, look here, I want you to know these facts. *To this day* I have never been allowed to see one single of those letters. Why could not Mr. Hodgson come and show me one of them at least. I suspect he has brought some of them to London—otherwise how could the expertise have been made? Why has he never showed me one, at least, at Adyar. And now, strong in their impunity the enemy has come out with still more letters and still more wonderful. I leave it to you and all of you to judge. There's a letter shown, it seems, which they have not yet dared to publish, but the contents of which are summarised by Patterson in the April No. of the "C.C.M." I am charged in it, and orally, of *having written in* 1880 *a letter to the Coulomb*, then at Ceylon, in which what I say to her *shows plainly that from* 1852 *till* 1872 *for twenty odd years I have been otherwise occupied than with occult studies.* Now who will ever believe—though even

my *fraud* in phenomena were to be believed by the whole creation, that in 1880, I, who was then at Bombay, bent upon *proving* the existence of Masters and with my *plans of imposture*—if I had any—well matured already, that I should have written such a letter to one whom I had hardly known 8 years before, who was no friend of mine, only a casual acquaintance with whom since I left Cairo in 1871 I had never had any correspondence, and whose very name I had forgotten! In that infamous letter I am made, nevertheless, to say that I had left my husband, *loved and lived with* a man (whose wife was my dearest friend and who died in 1870—a man who died too a year after his wife, and was buried by me at Alexandria) HAD *three children by him and others!!!* (*sic*) and etc. etc., winding the whole confession by asking her not to speak of me as she knew me, and so on: sentences strung together, to show that I *had never known the Masters, never was in Tibet,* was in fact an impostor.

It is only wasting time to argue upon all this. Those who believe the published letters genuine, have no reason to disbelieve in that one, and if there are such fools in this world—or people so cunning as to play the part of a fool—who can believe me capable of writing *such a suicidal confession,* to such a woman, a perfect stranger to me with the exception of a few weeks I had known her at Cairo—well those people are welcome to do so. The Masters being involved in this also, and I, determined to RATHER DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS than pronounce Their names, or answer questions about Them in a Court of law—what can I do? Ah, Mrs. Sinnett, the plotters proved too cunning, too crafty for the T.S. and especially for myself. *She*—that female fiend—knew well, I *would and could not* defend myself in a Court because of the accusations, of myself and friends, and the whole of my life being so intimately connected with the Mahatmas. And to think that I should have been such a fool as to have imagined, at one time, that in India it was as in Russia—that I could refuse to answer questions that were matters too sacred for me to discuss about in public. I never knew that the judge could, if he chose, *sentence me to prison for contempt of Court,* unless I answered all the blackguardly questions about the Masters, the *padris* had prepared. Well and I kicked and clamoured to be allowed to go into Court to punish the villians and prove them liars. And now, I know better. I have learned, at my expense, that there is neither justice nor truth, nor charity for those who refuse to follow in the old tracks. I have learned the whole extent and magnitude of the conspiracy *against the belief in the Mahatmas*; it was a question of life or death to the Missions in India, and they thought that by killing *me* they would kill Theosophy. They

very nearly succeeded. At any rate they have succeeded in fooling Hume and the S.P.R. Poor Myers! and still more poor Hodgson! How terribly they will be laughed at some day. *En attendant*, they are busy crucifying me, it seems. *Psychic* research indeed. "Hodgson's" research, rather! But pray tell me. Is it the legal thing in England, to accuse publicly even a street sweeper *in his absence*?; without giving him the chance of saying *one single word* in his defence?; without letting him know even of *what* he is precisely accused of, *or who* it is who accuses him and is brought forward as chief evidence. For I do not know the first word of all this. Hodgson came to Adyar; was received as a friend; examined and cross-examined all whom he wanted to; the "boys"—(the Hindus) at Adyar gave him all the information he needed. If he now finds discrepancies and contradictions in *their statements*, it only shows that feeling as they all did, that it was (in their sight) pure tomfoolery to doubt the phenomena and the Masters, they had not *prepared themselves* for the *scientific* cross-examination, may have forgotten many of the circumstances; in short, that not feeling *guilty* and having never either been my confederates or my dupes, they had not *rehearsed* among themselves what they had to say, and thus, may very well have created suspicions in a *prejudiced mind*. But the whole trouble with us is, that we have never looked at Mr. Hodgson at first, as a *prejudiced judge*. Quite the reverse. Well I was the first one to be punished for my confidence in his fairness. To think that while I was laid up on *my death-bed*, he came daily as a friend of the C. Oakleys, dined at the H.Q., abused and vilified, and betrayed me daily, in their presence—and that I never knew the truth till the end! Ask him—has he ever confronted me with my accusers? Has he ever tried to learn anything from me, or given me a chance of defence and explanation? NEVER. He acted from the first day as though I was *proven guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt*. He played *traitor* with me; and acted not like any *honest enquirer* would have done, but as a *Govt. prosecutor*, an attorney general or whatever his legal names. And now behold the results. It is disgusting, SICKENING to see how he played into the hands of the *padris* and the *padris* in his. Oh for my *prophetic soul*! I did foresee all this, in London.

Enough. It is all dead and gone. *Consummatum est.*

Here I am. Where I shall go next, I know no more than the man in the moon. The only friend I have in life and death is poor little exiled Bowajee D. Nath in Europe; and poor dear Damodar—in Tibet. D. Nath keeps at the foot of my bed, awake for whole nights, mesmerising me, as prescribed by his Master. Why They should want to keep me still in life is some-

thing too strange for me to comprehend; but Their ways *are* and always have been—incomprehensible. What good am I now for the Cause? Besmeared with mud, spat upon, doubted and suspected by the whole creation except a few—would I not do more good to the T.S. by dying than by living? Their will be done not mine.

Yours in life and always,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLV

TORRE DEL GRECO,
July 23rd.

MY DEAR MRS. SINNETT,

Do not tremble at the sight of this table-cloth. Lately my sight has become very weak and my hand so unsteady that I fancy somehow I can write more easily on large paper.

I hope you will forgive me for delaying my answer for more than a week; but I had work to finish for the papers, and *had* to do it for vile cash and lucre, as the burden of poor Mary Flynn and Babajee is now upon me also, and I have to work for my living, or rather for *ours*. And I write so slow now! One hour pen in hand, two hours in bed, my sight getting dim, heart faint (physically) and fingers stiff. Ah, well, it's my Karma; and I have nothing to say. No dear, I have not—speaking of *Karma*—seen your husband's new book, I see nothing now-a-days, but I asked Bowajee to send for it to London.

I was rather astonished to hear you say my letter made such an *impression* on yourself and your uncle, and I was agreeably surprised too; still it was *real* surprise; for, though I do not remember a word I said in it, still I could not have written to you anything more or less than what I had written dozens of times to others, and said in so many words—a hundred. But what you say, only made me sadder. Do not fight for me, my kind, dear Mrs. Sinnett, do not defend me; you will lose your time and only be called a confederate, if not worse. You would hurt yourself, perhaps the *Cause*, and do *me* no good. The mud has entered too deeply into the hapless individual known as H. P. B., the chemicals used for the dye of slander were, or rather are, too strong, and death herself, I am afraid, shall never wash away in the eyes of those who do not know me, the dirt that has been thrown at, and has stuck on the personality of the "dear old lady." Ah, yes; the "old lady" is a *clean* thing to look at now; an honour to her friends, and an ornament to the Society, if anything. Alone the "Occult World" has the key to the situation and *the* truth.

But the *Occult World* is at a discount now, even at the Head-quarters. The poor Colonel has it securely locked up for the present under a triple key, at the very bottom of his poor, weak heart, and dares not for the time being, have it on his tongue. A reaction, and an exaggeration with him, as usual. He has stuffed the S.P.R. with what could not but appear to the majority *cock and bull* stories, and had fights with me for asking him not to take *them* as arbiters, not to have anything to do with the *Dons*; and now when their arbitration had such a glorious end for us, he got frightened out of his wits and has become a Brahmin, a regular Subba Row for secrecy. He forgets the "they who shall deny me before men, I shall deny them before my (Tibetan) father." He does not deny the Masters, of course, but he is mortally afraid to pronounce even their names, except in strict privacy. Ah! If he had but half that reticence and discretion, when he thrust the Lord Buddha on His wheels, before the *intuitional* gathering at the Psychic Research Meeting! But it is too late. *Consummatum est.*

Well, really and indeed I would not have cared one brass pin for my *personal* reputation, only that every bullet of mud shot at, and passing *through* me, splatters the unfortunate T. S. with odoriferous ingredients.

You "cannot imagine how anyone knowing you (me) can believe you (me) guilty"—guilty of the *asinine* actions charged upon me? Nor could I—*six months ago*, but now I can. When was truth accepted and remembered, or *lies* and *slander* fail to be accepted and treasured in people's brains? The world is divided into the millions *who do not know me*, who have never seen or heard me, but who have heard *of* me; and what they did hear, even in the palmy days of Theosophy, when it was nearly becoming a fashion, could never prepossess them *in my favour*; and among those millions—a few hundreds—say thousands—who have seen me personally, i.e. the very rough personality in her "black bag," and of unrefined talk. Those who *do* know me and have had a glimpse of the *inner* creature—are a few dozens. But if you divide these into those who *do* believe, but are afraid of losing caste; those *who know* but whose interest it is to appear uncertain; and again those whom *our* phenomena kicked out of saddle—like the spiritualists—and broke the head of their own hobbies—what remains? A dozen or two of individuals who like yourself have the COURAGE of being *honest with themselves* and the still greater one of showing they *do* have it, under the nose and in the face of the idiots and the selfish of the age! Of *course*, you all who believe in, and respect the Masters cannot without losing every belief in Them, think *me* guilty. Those who feel no discrepancy

in the idea (Hume was one of such) of filthy lying and fraud even for *the good of the cause*—being associated with work done for the Masters—are congenital *Jesuits*. One capable of believing that such pure and holy hands can touch and handle with no sense of squeamishness such a *filthy* instrument, as I am now represented to be—are natural born fools, or capable themselves of working on the principle that "the end justifies the means." Therefore, while thanking you, and appreciating fully the great kindness of your heart that dictated you such words as—"were I convinced tomorrow that you had written those wretched letters I *should love you still*"—I answer—I *hope you would not*, and this for your own sake. Had I written *even one* of those idiotic and at bottom *infamous* interpolations now made to appear in the said letters; had I been guilty *once only*—of a deliberate, purposely concocted fraud, especially when those deceived were my best, my *truest* friends—no "love" for such one as I! At best—*pity* or eternal contempt. Pity, if proved that I was an irresponsible lunatic, a hallucinated *medium* made to trick by my "guides" whom I was representing as *Mahatmas*; contempt—*if* a conscious fraud—but then where would be *the Masters*? Ah! dear child of my old heart, I was, I *really was* guilty, of but one *crime* from the natural standpoint of human conception. Many are the things I have been obliged *to conceal* by holding my tongue; many—though fewer—those I have allowed to go *uncorrected* before the world's criterion and the belief of my friends; but these were *no phenomena of ours*, but only the mistakes and hallucinations, the *exaggerations* of other people, quite sincere too. And if I did so it was only because I was ever afraid of injuring the Cause; and that had I "revised and corrected" those first editions, I might have been called to task to explain the remainder, *which I could never do, without betraying things I was not permitted to divulge*. Never, never, shall you, or even could you, realise with all your earnestness and sympathy for me, and your natural keen perceptions—all I had to suffer for the last ten years! What could people know of me? The exterior carcase fattened on the life-blood of the *interior* wretched prisoner, and people perceived only the first, never suspecting the existence of the latter. And that "first" was charged with ambition, love of cheap fame, mercenary objects; with fraud and deceit, cunning and unscrupulousness, lying and cheating—by the average outsider; with insincerity and untruthfulness, suspected even of passing off deliberately *bogus* phenomena—by my best, my dearest friends. Bound up, as I was, from head to foot by my pledge, an oath involving my future life—aye, even *lives*—what could I do since I was forbidden to explain *all*, but insist on the truth of the little

I was permitted to give out, and deny simply the unfair charges? But as I hope redress in my future existence, when this terrible period of *Karma* wans away; as I venerate the Masters, and worship MY MASTER—the sole creator of my inner Self which but for His calling it out, awakening it from its slumber, would have never come to conscious being—not in *this* life, at all events; as I value all this—I swear I never was guilty of any *dishonest action*. I may have *appeared* often heartless for allowing occasionally people to sacrifice themselves as I did, while knowing they had none of my chances, in this life of theirs, to progress very far; but then, it was for their good, not mine. Whether they progressed or not, reward for the good intention was stored for them by their Karma; while, in my case, the more I progressed in occult matters, the less I had any chances of happiness in this life, for it became more and more my duty to sacrifice myself for the good of others and to my own personal detriment. Such is *the* law. Ah, if they only knew, some of my "friends," who, if they do not go publicly against me, still entertain very serious doubts as to my honesty—if they only knew *now* what they are sure to learn some day—when I am dead and gone, with my memory soiled from head to foot—the real good I have done to them! I do not pretend to say, that I have done so for *their own sake*; for generally I was not even thinking of their personal *selves*. But since, they have happened to come within the circle where the poor old pelican's blood was being shed, and had *their share* of its fruition, why should some of them prove *so cruel*, if not ungrateful!

My dearest Mrs. Sinnett—*my heart is broken*—physically and *morally*. For the first I do not care; Master shall take care it shall not burst, so long as I am needed; in the second case there is no help. Master can, and shall *not* interfere with Karma. My heart is broken not for what my *true, open* enemies have done—them, I despise; but for the selfishness, the weak-heartedness in my defence, the readiness shown to accept and even *to force me* to all manner of sacrifices—when Masters are my witnesses, I was ready to shed the last drop of life in me, give up every hope, for the last shred of—I shall not say happiness—but rest and comfort in this life of torture, for the cause I serve and [as] for every *true* Theosophist. The treachery—that atmosphere of soft and sympathetic words, expressive of the utmost selfishness at the bottom of them, whether due to weakness, or ambition—was something terrible. I shall not mention names. With some, with most of them, I shall remain on good terms to my dying day. Nor shall I allow them to suspect I read through them from the first. But I shall never—nor could I if I would, forget that for-

ever-memorable night during the crisis of my illness, when Master, before exacting from me a certain promise, revealed to me things that He thought I ought to know, before pledging my word to Him for the work He *asked me* (not *ordered* as He had a right to) to do. On that night when Mrs. Oakley and Hartman and everyone *except Bowajee* (D. N.), expected me every minute to breathe my last—I learned all. I was shown *who was* right and who wrong (unwittingly) and who was entirely treacherous; and a general sketch of what I had to expect outlined before me. Ah, I tell you, I *have* learnt things on that night—things that stamped themselves for-ever on my Soul; black treachery, assumed friendship for selfish ends, *belief in my guilt*, and yet a *determination to lie in my defence*, since I was a convenient step to rise upon, and what not! Human nature I saw in all its hideousness in that short hour, when I felt one of Master's hands upon *my heart, forbidding it cease beating*, and saw the other calling out *sweet future* before me. With all that, when He had shown me *all, all*, and asked "Are you willing?"—I said "Yes," and thus signed my wretched doom, for *the sake of the few* who *were entitled to His thanks*. Shall you believe me if I say, that among those few your two names stood prominent? You may disbelieve, or perhaps doubt—yet it was so. Death was so welcome at that hour, rest so needed, so desired; life like the one that stared me in the face, and that is realised now—so miserable; yet how could I say *No* to Him who wanted me to live! But all this is perhaps incomprehensible to you, though I do hope it is not quite so.[1] . . . . . him, and I have already . . . . . Würzburg—about 4 or 5 hours from Munich. I do not want to live in any of the large centres of Europe. But I must have a warm and dry room, however cold outside, since I never leave my rooms, and here healthy people catch cold and rheumatics unless they have palaces. I like Würzburg. It is near Heidleberg and Nürenberg, and all the centres one of the Masters lived in, and it is He who advised my Master to send me there. Fortunately I have received from Russia a few thousand francs, and some benefactors "sent me Rs. 500 and 400 from India". I feel rich and wealthy enough to live in a quiet German place, and my poor old aunt is coming to see me there. I intend to take a nice set of rooms and happy will be the day I see you at my *samovar*, if you intend really to come down (or up?) to see me. From Elberfeld it is not very far, less than a day's journey, I believe. Then I shall live, at my Master's bidding and pleasure, or rather

[1] The letter has been mutilated at this point, and half of two lines are missing.—Ed.

vegetate during day and live *only* during night, and write for the rest of my (un)natural life. The Coulombs I hear, have left India and are coming to London, where I suppose they, or rather she, will pay you a visit. They will leave no stones unturned, so long as there remains one person in the world to believe in me, and the missionaries have promised them Rs. 5000 yearly, if they go on ceaselessly with their work of H. P. B. destruction. They are welcome to do and say what they like.

My sincere love and regard to all. How is dear little Dennie ?

Yours ever the same,[1]

LETTER No. XLVI

6, Ludwig Strasse,
Würzburg,
19th Aug., 1885.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

While at Luzern, a week ago, I was strongly impressed to write to you. Why didn't I ? I do not know. Perhaps, because for months I had not heard from you, and somehow I could not fit myself in again to letter-writing, which is now a torture to me, for reasons there's little need of explaining.

But hardly arrived to this little quiet town which I have chosen for my new abode I received your letter of Aug. 1st. It touched me more than I can tell. My dear Mr. Sinnett, if there ever was a man in this wide world that I have misunderstood—because perhaps, I have never paid a strict attention but to one side of him—*it is you.* I never doubted your great devotion to the Mahatma, your real interest for the *cause*, though with you the latter always rested independent of, more than within, and blended with the T.S. But one could remain for ever faithful to both the movement and its chief motors, and yet shrink from any further contact, with one so dishonoured, so seemingly vile as I now stand. But your personal kindness shows to me that, as usual, I was an ass on this plane of existence, and that what the Mahatmas alone do is well done, and what they know and say is alone just and truthful, as may be always found out in the long run by him who knows to wait. However, I shall not waste time and try your patience by personal disquisitions. I mean to answer your letter, one question after the other.

You are right—I have not seen *Karma* to that day that you sent it to me, for which—many thanks. I have read it without stopping from the first to the last line. I was afraid it would

[1] The portion with the signature has been cut out.—Ed.

resemble "Affinities"—in which bits of real palpitating flesh, torn out of as living and real individuals are stuck into *mannequins* born out of the author's fancy and made to pass off as heroes "copied from nature." I was pleased to find the contrary in your "Karma." In "Affinities" the heroes are either caricatures, or ideals very grossly exaggerated in beauty and importance, as for inst. Colquhoun—(Oscar Wild, I fancy). In *Karma* the original of Mrs. Lakesby is neither flattered nor her defects exaggerated. You have taken but the real existing features as though from life, passing all the very prominent defects in *charitable* silence. But, is it only "charitable silence," my dear Mr. Sinnett? I am afraid you are still somewhat under the spell. Well, it is better that one should stick to his friends even with all their defects, than alter opinion of them and abandon or turn one's back upon them, at the first change of scenery. It is not for me to take you to task for constancy, when it is to that feature in you, perhaps, that I owe now the kind letter received, when I *know* how impossible it is for you to think me wholly blameless *in the matter of fraud*—let alone my own natural defects and perhaps—vices.

Yes; I know how hard it was for you to talk of me in London and especially in Paris. The Mahatma said always—"it is as it should be, and he cannot act otherwise" and I have come to see that He was right, and I—wrong as usual. I might speak to you of "Karma" till tomorrow—I like it so much; but I have other things more important for us to speak of; yet I may add one word more.

D. N. *has* asked Mohini for *Karma*; but Mohini is now a great character—and has not perhaps time to attend to all he is asked to do. Anyhow I have it now, and thank you for it once more. You will do more good by fancy novels in which truth and *such truths* are found in apparent fiction, than by works as the *Occult World* in which every word is now regarded by all except theosophists—as hallucination and the cock and bull stories of confederates.

I am "the subject of constant thought and conversation" in your circles. I wish I were not; for trust and friendship, or distrust and resentment—neither friends nor foes will ever realise the whole truth. So what's the use? Put your hand on your heart, my dear Mr. Sinnett and tell me: has any of my enemies uttered since May last (1884), one thing, or the smallest charge that had not been broached previously by them whether in private talk or newspaper gossip and hints? The only difference between Coulomb—Patterson—Hodgson charges now, and those previous to the Adyar scandal—is this: then the newspapers only *hinted*, now—they *affirm*. *Then* they were restricted (however feebly)

by fear of law and a sense of decency; *now* they have become fearless, and have lost all and every manner of decency. Look at Prof. Sidgwick. He is evidently a gentleman, and an honourable man by nature, fair minded as most Englishmen are. And now tell me, can any outsider (the opinion of the "Fathers of S.P.R." is of course valueless) presume to say that *his printed opinion* of me is either *fair, legal,* or *honest*? If instead of *bogus* phenomena, I were charged with picking the pockets of my so called victims, or of "bogus" something else, *the charging with which when unproved is punishable by law* if not wholly demonstrated, would Prof. Sidgwick, you think, have a leg to stand upon in a court of justice? Assuredly not. There is *not one* phenomenon that can be proven wholly false from beginning to end—*legally,* were phenomena something accepted in law. Then what right has he to speak publicly (and have his opinion *printed*) of my *deceptions, fraud, dishonesty* and tricks? Shall you maintain that it is fair of him, or honest or even *legal,* to take advantage of his exceptional position, and the nature of the question involved, to slander me, or, if you prefer—I shall say to *charge* me thus and dishonour my name—on such wretched evidence as they have through Hodgson? The only right that the S.P.R. has—is to proclaim that all their investigations notwithstanding, they got no evidence to show that the phenomena *were all* genuine; that there is a strong presumption from the scientific and logical, if *not legal* stand-point, to suspect that there *may have been* exaggerations in the reports, suspicious circumstances attached to their production, etc.—never *deliberate fraud,* deception and so on. Their July *Report* sets them all—from Myers and Sidgwick down to their last admirer—as donkeys. They show themselves absurdly, most ridiculously unfair in it. Can you blame after this, Solovioff and other Russian theosophists for saying that the chief motor of their wrath against me is—that I am a Russian? I know it is not so; but they, the Russians like Solovioff and the Odessa theosophists, cannot be made to see the cause of such a glaring injustice in any other light. Between the two horns of the dilemma they have no choice. Every fair minded man with brains in his head, must say after reading the *Report* and comparing what is said on page 452 and page 453—that those who said and edited it, are either moved by a blind, wild, personal hatred and prejudice; or that they are—DONKEYS.

Please read—and if you have, owing to some unaccountable reason, failed to remark this before—judge now. On page 452 Prof. Sidgwick read the following statement (See para. 5th) about their disclaiming "any intention of imputing wilful deception to Col. Olcott." Following this—there comes the question of

envelopes in which Mahatmas writing was found—which *might* have been previously opened by me or others. Letters from the Masters received at Adyar when I was in Europe "*might*" have been "in all cases" arranged by Damodar, etc. etc. The disappearance of the *Vega* packet "can be easily accounted for" by the fact of a venetiated door *near* Babula's room—a door by the bye, which was hermetically covered and nailed over—(walls and door) with my large carpet, if you remember, etc. etc. But we shall suppose, that the *Vega* packet *was* made "to evaporate" *fraudulently* at Bombay. How then shall Mr. Hodgson, Myers and Co. account for its immediate, instantaneous reappearance at Howrah Calcutta, in the presence of Mrs. and Col. Gordon—(Captain and Mrs. Miller of *Karma*?) and of our Colonel, if the said Colonel is so obviously *immaculate* that the Dons of S.P.R. felt bound to offer him public excuses? One thing is obvious: either Colonel Gordon, or Mrs. Gordon or Col. Olcott was one of them at that time my confederate, or they, the gods of S.P.R. are making fools of themselves. Surely no sane man with sound reasoning, acquainted with the circumstances of the "Vega case," or the broken plaster portrait case, or Hübbe Schleiden's letter received in the German railway while I was in London and so many other cases—shall ever dare to write himself down such an ass as to say that while *I am a full blown fraud and all my phenomena tricks*, that the Colonel is to be charged simply with "credulity and inaccuracy in observation and inference"!!

How is this, as a sample of the value of the scientific researches of the great S.P.R. which sits in *Areopagus* over the humble theosophists? Ah—gentlemen of the theosophical jury, you of London, and especially of Adyar, how easily you could have knocked up into an *omeletie* your Cambridge *dons* had you felt yourselves as full of contempt for the *learned* society of "scientific" investigators as I did from the beginning, instead of looking up to it as to a 19th cent. oracle in psychic matters! Mohini must have lost his head not to have *flattened* the Psychists on the spot. These two pages alone contain the full condemnation of the S.P.R.; and they are sufficient in themselves to show them before any human jury as prejudiced, unfair judges, unfit for the position they have arrogated to themselves. They are worthy of their "caligraphic expert" Mr. Netherclift or whatever his scientific name. "Barkis is willing," dear scientific friends, to assume that *Isis Unveiled*, and all the best articles in the *Theosophist*, as every letter from both Mahatmas—whether in English, French, Telugu, Sanskrit or Hindi, were written by Madame H. P. Blavatsky. She is willing to have it believed that for more than 20 years "without being so much even as a medium," she has

bamboozled the most intellectual men of the century, in Russia, America, India, and *especially in England.* Why *genuine* phenomena, when the author herself, of the 1000 *bogus* manifestations on record before the world—is such a living, incarnated phenomenon, as to do all that and much more? Why, it needed only a Mad. Coulomb, and a dozen of unwashed bad-smelling Scotch and American *padris,* backed by such clever experts and investigators as the Cambridge *Dons,* to upset the whole machinery. Let Mr. Hodgson find me out one *single case* revealed to him by Mad. Coulomb, that had not been already planned and hinted at by Indian and American newspapers before, and then I shall bow my diminished head. The poor wretches have not even had the difficulty of inventing something new. The "brooch" incident at Simla has been discussed *ad nauseam* four years ago, by the Lahore and Bombay papers which became their prophets—*unconsciously.* She studied and kept the papers for years. She began building her plan of treachery in 1880, from the first day she landed at Bombay with her husband, both shoeless, penniless and starving. She offered to sell *my secrets* to the Rev. Bowen of the *Bombay Guardian,* in July 1880, and she sold them actually to the Rev. Patterson in May 1885. But those secrets were "open letters" for years. Why should I complain? Has not Master left it to my choice, to either follow the dictates of Lord Buddha, who enjoins us not to fail to feed *even a starving serpent,* scorning all fear lest it should turn round and bite the hand that feeds it—or to face *Karma* which is sure to punish him, who turns away from the sight of sin and misery, or fails to relieve the sinner and the sufferer. I knew her and tried my best not to hate her, and since I always failed in the latter, I tried to make it up by sheltering and feeding the vile snake. I have what I deserve, not for the sins *I am charged with* but for those which *no one*—save Master and myself know of. Am I greater, or in any way better, than were St. Germain, and Cagliostro, Giordono Bruno and Paracelsus, and so many many other martyrs whose names appear in the Encyclopedias of the 19th cent. over the meritorious titles of *charlatans* and *impostors*? It shall be the *Karma* of the blind and wicked judges—not mine. In Rome, Darbargiri Nath went to the prison of Cagliostro at the Fort *Sant Angelo,* and remained in the terrible hole for more than an hour. What he did there, would give Mr. Hodgson the ground work for another *scientific* Report if he could only investigate the fact.

No; it is not "the Brothers' policy of covering up such evidence . . . of their existence"—but that of the MAHA CHOHAN, and it is Mahatma K. H.'s *Karma.* If you have never given a thought to what may be His suffering during the *human* intervals

of His Mahatmaship—then you have something yet to learn. "You were warned"—says His Chohan—and He answers—"I was." Still He says He is glad He is yet no Mejnoor, no dried up plant, and that had He to suffer over and over again—He would still do the same for He knows that real good for humanity has come out from all this suffering, and that such books as "Esoteric Buddhism" and "Karma" would not have been written for years to come had He not communicated with you, and had not orders been given to me to do what I have done—stupidly sometimes as I may have carried them out. These are Mahatma K. H.'s own words. No; He is not "right away in Nirvana"—except during the hours of His Mahatmaship. His "devachan"—is far off yet, and people may hear of Him when they expect it the least. I never see or hear of Him, lately—D. N. *does*. But I know what I say, though I have no orders to tell it to anyone. Remember only that He suffers more, perhaps, than any one of us. And you do not know how right you are in saying that "Well as He loved, He will love me truly—Yea even better than I love Him"—for even *you* can never love Him as well as He loves you—*that particle of Humanity which did its best to help on and benefit Humanity*—"the great orphan" He speaks of in one of His letters.

What you say of the respective situations in which are placed the European and Indian Theo. Societies—is quite true. Olcott with all his grand qualities has become—especially of late and under *new influences* of which I shall not talk—a perfect bag of conceit and silliness. This he does *unconsciously*. He will be led by no one except the Master he says—and Master refuses to lead him except on very important business having nought to do with his personal or the Society's—*Karma*. Result—complete *flapdoodle*.—Il pose pour le martyr! The—poor man. So blinded is he, that honestly believing he is thereby *saving* the Society, the CAUSE—as he expresses it—he adopted of late the policy of propitiating the Moloch of public opinion by cautiously admitting that I *might* have supplemented at times *bogus* for *real* phenomena!; that I am suffering at times from *mental aberration*—and so on. He is stupid enough in his real and immaculate, though ever unwise honesty, to forget that by admitting even so much, and *that which he knows for a certainty to be false*—he thereby confesses himself the first and chief confederate in the alleged bogus phenomena. But it is too long to write about. When I see you—and I hope to goodness I will—I shall tell you many a strange thing. Only remember, that so early as at Elberfeld I told you already what Master had said to me. He is unfit to lead on the Society except nominally because *the Society has outgrown him*. Let him remain a nominal President—but let us

active Presidents—one in India, the other in Europe—the *third* in America, begin working with that object. You alone ought to become the President *in chief* of all the European Societies, *and for life*—who ever else may be the year President of the L.L., or the Paris, or German Th. Societies. Such is the desire of my Master—I know it. For myself—I am resolved to remain *sub rosa*. I can do far more by remaining in the shadow than by becoming prominent once more in the movement. Let me hide in unknown places and write, write, write, and teach whoever wants to learn. Since Master forced me to live, let me live and die now in relative peace. It is evident He wants me still to work for the T.S. since He does not allow me to make a contract with Katkoff—one that would put yearly 40,000 francs at least in my pocket—to write exclusively for his journal and paper. He would not permit me to sign such a contract last year in Paris when proposed, and does not sanction it now for—He says—my time "shall have to be occupied otherwise." Ah, the cruel, wicked injustice that has been done to me all round! Fancy, the horrid calumny of the "C. C. M." and Patterson whose statement that I *sought to defraud* Mr. Jacob Sasoon of Rs. 10,000, in that Poona business, has been allowed to go uncontradicted even by Khandalowalla and Ezekiel, who know as well as they are sure of their existences that this special charge, at any rate, is the most abominable, lying calumny; whatever the value of the Rama Singa's phenomenon! Why should my best friends allow me to be so vilified! Why should the Report of the *Defence Committee* have been suppressed and *declared by Olcott in print* to have been stopped? Is it not, as Patterson says—a direct confession that the Committee had committed a mistake, found me after all *guilty*—and thus stopped the defence? Who of the public knows, that after having worked for, and given my life to the progress of the Society for over ten years, I have been forced to leave India—*a beggar*, literally a beggar depending on the bounty of the *Theosophist*—(my own journal, founded and created with my own money!!) for my daily support. I—made out to be a *mercenary* impostor, a *fraud* for the sake of money when I never asked or received one pie for my phenomena, when thousands of my own money earned by my Russian articles have been given away, when for five years I have abandoned the price of *Isis* and the income of the *Theosophist* to support the Society. And now—I am generously allowed Rs. 200 monthly from that income to save me from starvation in Europe, and reproached for it by Olcott in *nearly every letter*. Such are *facts*, my dear Mr. Sinnett. Had not the poorest Society in India—or rather four members of that poorest Society in the N.W.P.—hearing I was cold and penniless,

and without any means landed at Naples, sent me each of them *two months of their pay* (in all Rs. 500)—I could not have come here. None of the Hindu Societies are allowed to know my true position. Truth and facts are concealed from them, lest they should revolt, and show angry feelings for the Colonel. When they begin to clamour too loudly for me, they are told that it is *I* who refuse to come back!! It is only now that they begin suspecting the truth. Luckily Katkoff sent me 4,000 fs. he owed me, and now I am all right for a time, and I shall now send back the 500 rupees, for they are all four, poor men. Pardon me for saying all this and showing myself so selfish. But it is a direct answer to the vile calumny and it is but right that the theosophists in London should know of it, to enable them to put in a word of defence for me. Solovioff is so indignant that he sent in his resignation to the S.P.R. He wrote a long letter to Myers and now the latter answers him, supplicates and begs of him not to be *so severe* on them, not to resign, and asks him whether he still maintains that what he saw at Elberfeld was not a hallucination or a fraud; and finally begs of him to come and meet him at Nancy—where he shall prove to him my *guilt*! Solovioff says that since he is placed by their *Report* as so many others, between choosing to confess himself either a lunatic or a confederate—he considers it as a *slap on the face*, a direct insult to him and answers Myers, *demanding* that his letter should be published and resignation made known. He intends stopping here at Würzburg with me for a month or so, with his wife and child. There are others too in Paris and Petersburg who intend to withdraw from membership of the S.P.R.

Yes; it is Olcott's cramming of the Cambridge Psychists with *his* experiences; and his wretched, cheeky appearance with his Buddha on the wheels, at that meeting of the S.P.R.—that brought on us all the misery. Yet *he denies it*. He actually maintains in India, and to my face, that it is *I* the only cause of it; that it is *my* visit to Europe that caused it all! Well—be it so.

No; you are mistaken, if you think, that it is the Masters who want people to believe me guilty. On the contrary; though unable to help me directly for they dare not meddle with my Karma, they are too just not to desire to see me defended by all those who feel honestly that I am innocent. Those who do, only help *their* Karma, those who do not—put a stain on it. Believe me every such defence is recorded by Them. What They want is, only to show that phenomena without the comprehension of the philosophical and logical conditions that bring them about—are fatal and will ever turn disastrous. But why should I tell you all this, when your "Baron Friedrich" speaks, as though

he was repeating words pronounced by the Masters! *You* know—or *ought to know* what they really want, and even to comprehend the real nature of the *Laws*. It is but right and just that I, or any other single individual devoted to the cause, should gladly and willingly sacrifice himself, and allow himself in every case to be sacrificed for the good of the many. But this is in a general way, and has or rather can have no reference to details. It is right that I should be ready to become the goat of atonement for the good and progress of the Theos. Society by withdrawing from the movement, in order not to irritate too much the wild Bull. But what good can I do the cause by permitting myself to be considered a mercenary, vile wretch, by allowing Patterson and Hodgson slanders to go uncontradicted? I do it positive harm. And that is what Olcott and many others do, by half-measures, by pretending to confess that I *may be* guilty and that it is quite possible, by even withholding from the *Theosophist* the *addresses of sympathy* and condemnation of my slanderers sent to me by the Paris and Odessa theosophists and also the German branch. What right have they to suppress those Addresses that were sent to Adyar to be published in our journal by Drummond and Mad. de Morsier, by General Kogen and Zorn, by Hübbe Schleiden and others? While my enemies tear me to pieces the Adyar people play at "hide and seek"—they pretend to be dead—Oh! the poor miserable cowards!! Mind—it is *not* the Hindus whatever you may have been told. I shall prove to you by dozens of letters that they are the first deceived. I tell you I suffer more from theosophical *traitors* than from the Coulomb, Patterson, or even the S.P.R. Had all the Societies held together as one man; had there been unity instead of personal ambitions and passions awakened, the whole world, Heaven and Hell themselves could not have prevailed against us. Sacrifice *me* I am willing, but do not ruin the Society—love it and the Cause. How is it possible that none of you should have pounced upon the glaring, evident unfairness, and I shall say *stupid* idiotic way, the Psychic investigations have been conducted. When or where have you heard of a *defendant* sentenced, without being given the chance of putting in a word? What right have they to accept the Coulomb letters as *genuine*, when I have never been allowed to even look at one? Hodgson had them in Madras. He came daily to dine and eat and drink at Adyar, he had them in his pocket. Has he ever shown to me one of them? It is fair that taking advantage of my dying condition, then of my being unable to quit my room, he should come daily to the C.O.'s, and while going up to see me several times, that he should *never* try to give me a chance. It is an untruth to say that Hodgson has

not "fished in troubled waters" or "collected in secret" his evidence—for he has done both. True, his "unfavourable view of the evidence was communicated to the leading theosophists"—i.e. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Oakley, and a few others *never to me.* It is I myself who found it out at a time when no one dreamt yet at Adyar that he had turned against us. And had I not found it out (told by Master who showed me Hodgson at Bombay, and allowed me to read his thoughts while I was motionless and dying on my sick-bed) Hodgson's proceedings would have remained "secret." Ask Mrs. C. O. whether it was not so; and she, laughing at me, calling me a goose and so on when I told them suddenly that Mr. Hodgson had turned against us. Ask her, and even Hodgson himself knows it.

Of course without seeing the *letters* I cannot help you to any clue to the mystery. I *know* how it was done; but since I cannot prove it any more than I can show how my handwriting appeared on my own visiting card at Eglinton's seance at "Uncle Sam's"—what's the use in saying it? Was not that *my identical* handwriting on that card? And yet you know it was not done by me. Alexis Coulomb's handwriting is naturally like mine. We know all how Damodar was once deceived by an order written *in my handwriting* to go upstairs and seek for me in my bedroom in Bombay when I was at Allahabad. It was a trick of M. Coulomb, who thought it good fun to deceive him, "a chela"—and had prepared a semblance of myself lying on my bed, and having startled Damodar—laughed at him for three days. Unfortunately that bit of a note was not preserved. It was not intended for any phenomenon but simply a "good farce" (*une bonne farce*) by Coulomb, who indulged in many. And if he could imitate so well my handwriting in a note why could he not copy (he had four years to study and do it) every scrap and note of mine to Mme. Coulomb on identical paper and make any interpolations he liked? The fact that she was preparing for Treachery ever since 1880 is a proof of it. That other fact that when Subba Row wrote to me to Paris to collect my recollections well, to remember and tell him whether I had ever written to her any compromising letters for if so it was better to buy them of her at any price, than to allow her to ruin my character and perhaps the T.S.—I answered him (May 1884) that I *had never written her anything* that I should fear to see published; that *she lied*, and could do what she pleased. All this is a good proof, I believe, to show that I had never written any such thing. Otherwise, and indeed if I could have forgotten that *hardly three months before* I had given her *written instructions* to deceive Mr. Jacob Sassoon at Poona—then would Olcott be justified in saying that I suffer from "mental aberrations" that I am an insane

lunatic! Subba Row has my letter written to him in answer to his from Paris. This is "the authoritative statement" (for me, of course not for the Psychists) that *I have*. I have seen Coulomb copying one of such scraps of mine, at his table, in a scene shown to me by Master in the Astral light. Shall my statement be believed, you think? Then what's the use! The Coulombs and Patterson were afraid to let me see these letters and *handle* them, for *they believe and know what Masters can do*; they *fear the powers of those, whom they pretend to have been invented by me*. Otherwise why should they have extracted from Hodgson the promise not to allow the few letters he got from them, into my hands? Ask him, ascertain why he has never shown them to me? Why he never told me even that he got them? This is a *serious* fact, more *serious* than it appears on the surface.

I authorise you to do with the MS. (a kind of my phenomenal biography) entitled "Madame Blavatsky"—whatever you like. Mrs. Holloway made a row with me (ask Miss Arundale and Mohini) for asking you to look it over, correct and publish it. She chaffed me and called me a fool, saying that I voluntarily gave you up that which would bring me fame and money; that once you got it into your hands *you would never give it me back*, but use it and publish it in *some new book of yours*. Ah, she did say of you complimentary things on that day—a few days before her departure. I was disgusted but held my tongue. Please keep it and accept it as a present if you can ever use it. I shall never have anything to do with it—so I give it to you, for ever and to the end, to either use it or give it to Mrs. Sinnett to make paper curls of it.

I do not think Olcott shall ever visit America—no fear of that, for he is too afraid of his horrid wife and her new husband. Your idea is very good. I hope I shall see you before you start.

Well I believe I have written a volume. Please excuse, but you know I cannot condense my thoughts as you do.

1,000 salaams and good wishes to Mrs. Sinnett and all the friends. Do not forget the old—

"Exile of Würzburg,'

Yours ever and for ever,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XLVII

6, LUDWIG STRASSE,
WÜRZBURG,
Friday.

YOUR letter from Elberfeld requires more than a postal card and a short telegram. Have you received both, or one, or none?

For, if not *dugpas*, then there seems to be fatality all round me, which interferes with letters, knocks every one off his feet and plays generally the deuce with those who have not yet quite turned away from me.

Last week I had written to you a letter of 24 or more pages. There was important information in it. On Thursday, Aug. 20 I received a letter from Mrs. Sinnett, written—Grand Hotel, Brussels, in which she tells me—it is before me—that if I answer her immediately the letter will find her at Antwerp where you will stop at *Grand Hotel* until Saturday. As my letter was ready I sent it off without delay addressed A. P. Sinnett, Esq., Grand Hotel, Antwerp (Belgique). You ought to have received it on the following day. Where is it? No wonder you should feel *surprised* at my not answering you "a line or two," when all my letters get lost! Why, Solovioff went with Darbagiri N. to the post office when it was taken.

I do not see why my aunt should delay your coming. She sleeps during the day and talks with me all night. You shall play at the Sun and Moon with her as everybody else and she may be useful to you in some things. The same with Solovioff. He wrote a long letter to Myers and sent in his resignation to the S.P.R. as every man who is given by them the choice of confessing himself either a hallucinated fool or a confederate should do. There are two more Russians who will resign, I hear, from that scientific body. Now Myers writes a long letter to Solovioff begging of him *not to resign* and asking him whether he still maintains that he saw Master at Elberfeld, Miss Glinka *ditto* and others *idem*. Solovioff answers *he does* and insists upon his resignation and having his letter of protest published. I tell you what Mr. Sinnett. You may say what you please but your Cambridge Dons do not act as honest people should. When I see you I shall explain much more and Solovioff has to tell you a good deal. I cannot go over the 24 pages of my letter to you again. I hope you shall get it and then you will know. Thanks for *Karma*; opinion of it expressed in the same letter. Rügmer's Hotel is near by, and very cheap and food good. The Solovioffs are there. They will remain with me for a month longer. We see each other very little though for we have both of us work to do.

Much love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours truly and forever,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLVIII

6, Ludwig Strasse,
Würzburg,
Sept. 2, 1885.

My dearest Mrs. Sinnett,
Mr. Sinnet, & Co.

No, my dear *pessimist*, I can assure you, that your visit *shall not* be "spoiled" in any way, for I shall neither be "cross or busy," nor shall I be *ill*, at any rate, no worse than I generally am; not even "surrounded" by my *court*; for, to be so surrounded, requires a court, and when a friend or two turns up, and that I am forced to acknowledge that I have *some friends* left in this world, it is all I can expect from Fate and *Karma* which have found such *amateur* hangmen and executioners to volunteer doing their dirty work as—Myers, Hodgson & Co. Rest assured then that nothing and no one is likely to spoil the "pleasure" you have been, as you kindly say, looking forward to, if any one in this world of *maya* can yet find any in the company of such an old ruin as I now am.

On the 29th, if it was Saturday last I was sitting with Solovioff over my *samovar*, and he was asking me when I had heard last from Mrs. Gebhard or any one of the family. I told him I had heard from Mr. Gebhard in November last at Cairo, and we had a conversation *not very pleasant* for me in which I was assured that I had been *given up* by our dear Elberfeld friends, and I simply answered that if I was—that it was my own fault combined with Karma again. Yet, knowing what *I do know* (and you shall know it when I see you) I kept my own counsel, and said nothing; only I could not help feeling very sad, and remained silent, when suddenly I saw also very faint shadows, my remembrances carried me back to the "occult room" upstairs, and my sick room, and I was told by Master (I did not see Him, only heard His voice) that I was very *ungrateful* and a *dzin-dzin*. *Whose* shadows they were I could not say—for I recognised none it was so rapid, but there was a strong feeling in me of affection and regret about Mrs. G. and thought of Elberfeld. He perhaps who spoke the words, either peeped in Himself astrally or sent one of His people. That's all I know.

Miss Arundale is going to resign and some other members too she says.

Poor Hartmann. He *is* a bad lot, but he would give his life for the Masters and Occultism, though he would do far more progress with the *dugpas* than with our people. He is like the tortoise—one step forward and two back; with me now he seems

very friendly. But *I cannot* trust him. Before going away he said about Mrs. C. Oakley "*pire qui pendre*" to all of us—and now he writes to her a letter eight pages long. No man is more quick at catching occult ideas, no one less apt to comprehend them spiritually. What he says of Olcott and the Society is true enough, but why should he be so *spiteful* in the opinions expressed! Speaking of O.—I can only say—poor, *poor* Olcott; I can never cease loving him, one who was my devoted friend and defender for ten years, my *chum*, as he expresses it. But I can only pity one so dull, as not to comprehend instinctively, that if we were *theosophical twins* during our days of glory, in such a time of universal persecution, of false charges and public accusations the "twins" have to fall together as they have risen together, and that if I am called—at all events half confessed a *fraud by him*, then must he be one also. Had I not known him still watched by the Masters, and protected to a certain extent by MASTER, I would have sworn he was possessed by Dugpas. Fancy him writing to Miss Arundale, Baron Hoffmann, and many others I could name that I was *mad* (in the real sense of the word) and had been mad many years; that I may have been guilty of *bogus* phenomena at times, in my moments of mental aberration and whatnot!—*Guilty in one, guilty in all.* Ah poor, poor fool, who digs an abyss under the Theosophical Society with his own hands!

Well, au revoir. Give my love to all, who can accept it and to you two foremost. Bowajee is *supremely* happy, Mohini and he wept for joy. There is peace and quiet, and the Kingdom of Heaven in my long suffering heart since yesterday, seeing round me my poor old aunt, Miss A., Mohini. Best wishes and love.

Ever yours,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XLIX

Wednesday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

De mieux en mieux! Enclose you Olcott's letter with a copy of L. Fox's[1]—whom may his "Karma" bury under its ruins! It is Hume's inventions. "Sell" my *Theosophist*? Why not *sell* myself and Society at once, if we have become such a saleable article. I immediately telegraphed—"I absolutely refuse to sell *Theosophist*"—to Adyar and spent forthwith the famous £3 10s., or nearly so. And now I mean to fight tooth and nail

[1] See pages 324–5.—ED.

and I adjure you *by Master's name* to help me with good articles from time to time for my poor journal—*the child of my heart.* Hume being now in London is sure to *intrigue* and plot with some of the London Lodge—with Mrs. Kingsford with whom he's in *passionate* correspondence being in love with, without having seen her; with our friend Mrs. C. O. who is under obligation to him for her passage money here; with this one, that one, and the other. I *do* think it would be more diplomatic in you and better policy to see him, if he can. But then he said he "*despised* you for your *credulity*"—at Adyar. Well the cloud is very black on that part of the horizon where he is—for he is unscrupulous, bargains very cheap for a lie when it suits his purposes and he is a good deal of a Jesuit—when needed. Our *Karma*—save us!

Got Mrs. Sinnett's letter from the 12th saying I had not written to her. Why, I sent an enormous letter to her and you, a *joint* one, after receiving stamps and your books, and one for you. Now I am very anxious to know whether Mrs. Sinnett received that letter of mine in a *large blue envelope* about *secret* matters. Please let me know by return of post. I would not have it lost for the world.

Poor Padshah! All his efforts, struggles, his sacred vows—all, all gone because his *fifth* principle is so developed and drags him to Cambridge, while his *sixth* is dormant, half blind and is unable to FEEL the Master. Poor Boy! why can't people separate wretched me from the Masters, why not despise, spurn me, spew *me* out from their mouth but remain true and loyal to TRUTH incarnate. I do feel sad for those who *are* good and yet fall off.

I have sent you francs 20—10 Tedesco gave me—the other 10 for *Five Years of Theosophy* which please ask Mohini to buy and send me, as Hartman took away his *bound* (five vol.) of *Theosophist* and I am verily *theosophiless* now.

Well, to end, I had a pretty attack of palpitation of the heart which nearly carried me away the other night—the karma of talking for a week with six or seven people visiting me from morn to night. Hübbe Schleiden brought the doctor at midnight and by morphine and digitalis, hook and crook, the terrible knockings of the heart which seemed to have gone mad were stopped. But I am happy to say there is an enormous enlargement (or expansion?) of the heart which must, and *shall* carry me away.

In this sweet hope,

Ever yours,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. L

Lud. St. 6,
Würzberg,
Oct. 9th.

My dearest Mrs. Sinnett,

First of all—thousand thanks to your tyrant for his four books—and 10 thousand thanks for the stamps. It *will* please old aunt. The bright side of life being disposed of, and Providence in your two stately shapes duly thanked, I have to return to the dark side of my life. In this direction "abundance of wealth" becomes indeed embarrassing, for I know not with what to begin. However, you have heard I suppose of the first slap in the face I have received at Adyar? Without asking me, they have, it appears, disposed of my *Theosophist* and kicked my name off even from its title page. *If* so—and Nivaran's news proves a fact, I have done with them indeed. Never shall one line from my pen appear in a journal, *my own blood-property* of which I am deprived in such an impudent way—and as suicidal moreover, and more so, than the suppression of the *Defence* pamphlet. Now the public and enemy shall say—"Mme. B. is *indeed* kicked out of the Society—even the editorship and proprietorship of her paper was taken away from her. *Her guilt is fully recognised at Adyar.*" Amen.

Ever since D. N.'s return home, a dark cloud has settled upon me, and it did not clear off from the additional fact that for five or six days I could not have one half an hour's conversation with him. The arrival of Dr. H. was the signal for the arrival of Profes. Selin, Hübbe Schleiden, my dear two Schmiechens, and that for a whole week I had a *fair* in my rooms. It made me positively sick. I had to give up to Hartmann my (own) room, and slept for six nights on the sofa in my writing room. The magnetism of that man is sickening; his *lying* beastly; his slander of Hübbe Schleiden, his intrigues unaccountable but on the ground that he is either a maniac—utterly irresponsible for the most part, or allowed to be possessed by his own *dugpa* Spirit. He is *exceedingly friendly* with me—and was trying all the time to put me up to every kind of mischief. He told me he was in correspondence with the S.P.R.—people *who had offered him membership* (!!); and that though he refused it he was ready to accept, if I said so, for then he could *protect* me and defend before the public for he could say *anything I told him.* I answered I wanted no lies told, there were enough of those in S.P.R.—without his help—what I wanted was—truth and justice. I wonder whether it is true that

he was offered membership—or is it only another fib? Try to know if possible. Now—

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL *only for you two.*

I have ascertained *most positively* that D. N. has nothing personal against you. He feels the greatest affection and respect for both of you and gratitude to Mr. Sinnett. He had heard from some one in Paris *whom he won't name but whom I suspect*, that Mr. Sinnett had said while in Paris that all the Hindus at H^d. Q^tr. were *liars*; and that made him desperate, for he then thought that every word he said to Mr. Sinnett would be regarded as a lie. Now I feel sure Mr. Sinnett said nothing of the kind and if he has, he did not mean to include in that category our friend D. N. He is fearfully sensitive, quite in an abnormal, unhealthy way. He who was so frank, merry, good natured, has become gloomy, secretive, so easily irritated for the smallest thing, that one is afraid to talk to him, especially before other people. I have learned so much at least now from him—that his return to his Master depends upon the restoration of the T.S.'s previous *status*: unless the Society begins again to run smoothly, at least in appearance, he has *to remain exiled*—as he says—for it appears that his Master—Mahatma K. H. holds him, Damodar, and Subba Row responsible for the two thirds of Mr. Hodgson's "mayas"—he says. It is *they*, who, irritated and insulted at his appearance at Adyar, regarding his (Hodgson's) cross-examination and talk about the *Masters*—degrading to themselves and blasphemous with regard to Masters; instead of being frank with H. and telling him openly that there were many things they could not tell him—went on to work to augment his perplexity, allowed him to suggest things without contradicting them, and threw him out of the saddle altogether. You see, Hodgson counted without his host: he had no idea of the character of the true Hindu—especially of a chela—of his ferocious veneration for things sacred, of his reserve and exclusiveness in *religious* matters; and they (our Hindus) whom even *I* had never heard pronounce or mention one of the Masters *by name*—were goaded into fury in hearing Hodgson make so cheap of those names—speaking laughingly of "K. H." and "M."—etc. with the Oakleys. And it is unfortunate *me* who now pays for all!

There is another thing, and this is absolutely *ghastly*. D. N. showed me an order from his Master, written in Telugu, to go with Miss A. and Mohini to Paris and London and try to save the Society from another scandal ten times worse than the present one. He has saved the situation and all glory to him, poor boy! but he has made himself fearful enemies at Paris, oh, for the horror, the sickening disgusting horror of the whole thing. Speak

of the *inner* Circle, of the *Oriental* Group! The "Roman" group it ought to be called, with all those Messalines in it! My dear, dear friend, I *cannot* trust to paper names, it is too disgusting. But if you have ever murmured in the bottom of your heart and the solitude of your own room, at the injustice done (I *have*—I am sure!); at so many efforts remaining unnoticed and unhelped; at the sight of so many devoted theosophists *ready to sacrifice their lives as they said, for the Cause and Masters*—neglected, unnoticed by the latter—then do so no more! If Sodom was justly punished, then so would the *Oriental* Group be—if Masters were men to punish instead of allowing things to go on naturally and break down under their own weight—and you and Mr. Sinnett would be the only Loth and his wife saved—I verily believe. So do not risk to be changed into a pillar of salt, as Mrs. Loth—do not ask me more than I can say—but watch and see for yourself. I have been already punished for my curiosity and for forcing poor little D. N. to tell me the truth—*my heart has changed into a pillar* of ice cold marble—with horror. I wish I had never heard what I have. But know one thing: the Anglo-French messaline who, inveigling Mohini into the Barbyan wood, suddenly, and seeing that her overtures *in words* were left without effect—slipped down her loose garment to the waist leaving her entirely *nude* before the boy—is not the worse one in the *Oriental* group. Of all those *pure* "Vestals" she is only the most *frankly* dissolute, but not either the most lustful or sinful. She had no sacred duty entrusted to her to fulfil. She must be a *cocotte* by nature and temperament—she is neither hypocritical, nor does she aim at public saintliness. There *are others in the group*, and not one but *four in number* who burn with a scandalous ferocious passion for Mohini—with that craving of old *gourmands* for *unnatural* food, for rotten Limburg cheese with worms in it to tickle their satiated palates—or of the "Pall Mall" iniquitous old men for *forbidden fruit*—ten year old virgins! Oh, the filthy beasts!! the sacrilegious, hypocritical *harlots*!; do forgive me, dear, to use such words but I shall *never* be able to do justice to my feelings. And let not Mr. Sinnett or yourself say "nonsense" to this. I have all the proofs in hand: letters, notes, and even *confessions*, AUTOGRAPH CONFESSIONS to little D. N.—imploring him—what do you think—to forgive them? Oh no; *but to help them* to satisfy their unholy lust, to influence Mohini *to yield to them* "once—*only once*!" Let us all bow before the purity of the poor Hindu boy. I tell you *no* European would have withstood the pressure. So foolish he was, so little vain, that to the time D. N. came with his Master's instructions to open his eyes and protect him, *he had never understood* what those females were driving at. In secret

—one of them is X——Y——; the two others I can never, *shall not* name. The golden haired *amanuensis* of —— went so far as to write *in a trance* an "order" from some unknown great adept "Lorenzo," ordering Mohini in cunningly couched expressions to make of "X . . . ." his *alter ego*, his *own body* to do *with her body as he pleased*—but that such a union was *absolutely necessary* for the development of both, the *psychical* having to be helped by the *physiological* and *vice versa*. Mohini did "as he pleased." He tore the epistle like a fool, but luckily D. N. found the bits and has them. One of these days one or the other of the London Potiphars shall turn round in her fury and act like Mrs. Potiphar of the Pharaohs, shall father her own iniquities upon Mohini and—ruin the Society and his reputation. D. N. got from him all these epistles to keep; and added to what he got personally—it makes a nice collection. And to believe, with such a state of things, that Masters shall approach the *Oriental* group at even a 100 miles off!

But what shall you think of a woman who, realising the *impossibility* that Mohini should ever accept her *in such a* light, knowing he is pure and is determined to preserve his "chela-purity" and chastity, that in short she can never hope to become the means of his down fall *at first hand*; who in order to facilitate for herself the thing, and willing even, in her first ferocious passion for him, to accept *the rests of another—favorises and helps that other* (B——) *to seduce Mohini*!! All this in the confession No. 2 (for there are two, from *two* parties—and now say Master does not help!). This hapless woman suffers fearfully. She, at least, as I fervently hope, gave up the idea altogether, and feels a *horror* for herself. But repentance cannot obliterate the action. And oh Lord—even "daggers" and "killing," such like threats are brought into play! The last epistle of B—— sent to Babajee D. N. is an *apocalyptic vision* on 8 pages of foolscap—in which Masters name is blasphemously used and words put in His mouth—Babula would feel ashamed of. She sees herself in that vision *killing* Mohini with a dagger bought "Passage Jouffroi." Now what *shall* we do!

"I guess" you understand now why poor D. N.'s "moral tone" was falling down, and his "sympathy" in high demand at London. The little fellow is a *brick*. He used no sweet manners, no equivocations, to tell the "fiery" ladies the four truths. He showed them all his great scorn and contempt for them, frightened them with his Masters indignation to death; called all the Tibetan thunders and lightning upon their immoral heads, promised them for their next incarnation that they would be buried alive up to the throat in the frozen earth and that the vultures would peck

their eyes out and peck their heads to death for daring to seduce a chela. "Never shall I forget," writes one of them—"your just and holy anger—but, oh—pity, pity me, poor weak woman! And ask your friend (Mohini) *not to be so hard for me*!"—Oh, Dyhan Chohans and devas of purity, veil your sad faces and save the hapless T. Society! Where are we going to, at this rate?

For mercy sake keep all this, you and Mr. Sinnett in the most inaccessible recesses of your hearts. For the sake of the Cause, spat upon, trampled under the feet—be silent but watch as keenly as you can do, lest something else should turn up. One of those four Messalines would be sufficient to kill the Cause for ever. And Adyar! See how those *Theosophists* love each other! Now Leadbeater is accused of having turned from a thoroughly good man into a bad Anglo-Indian, under the influence of Cooper Oakley! He is accused of saying *bad* things of me, and what not!

Good-bye. Dark is the horizon and not one light spot do I see in those thick black clouds. Hübbe Schleiden is sorry he came too late; he wanted to see you and explain the situation. Dr. H., intrigues fearfully, sets everyone against him, laughs and shows him unfit to be a President; trying to be elected President himself, etc. All as it should be.

Yours for ever and seriously in *profound* gloomy despair,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Approximately true copy of one 8th of the whole truth.

M.

LETTER No. LI

Nov. 28/85.

TO MRS. AND MR. SINNETT,

In days of my youth—when I had a reputation to lose as all other women have—a young lady, I mean an unmarried woman, was, for the slightest *petit scandale d'amour*—where she was the pursued victim, not the Messaline or Mrs. Potiphar, hooted out of respectable society and seen no more. No one would marry her, no respectable family receive her; no social gatherings would tolerate her, until the day of her marriage—if a fool could be found. Nowadays it appears different. Unmarried spinsters pursue men into their bedrooms; strip themselves naked before a man they have sworn to *seduce*—in full day light, in woods, and—because that man *won't have* them, they swear revenge; and it is the amazed spectators who had no hand in those little *passe temps* copied from scenes in the *lupanars* of Rome and Pompei—it is they who tremble before such revenge -not the acting and active modern Messalinas!

There are actions in our lives that to the day of death we are unable to account for. Such was the impulse that prompted Mr. Sinnett to introduce his "Roman" character in the trance-scene in *Karma*; the thought that had pursued him for nearly 3 years in relation to something said in one of K. H.'s letters; and finally that led him to get acquainted and dance with, and then initiate that reincarnation of a Stabian *Hetera*, once called the "Tepidarium Damsel"—into the wretched and doomed Theos. Society.

And now—behold Karma!!

Ladies and Gentlemen of the L.L. We are right in the hornet's nest and no mistake about it. The enclosed letter from Mme. de Morsier—who knows perhaps once upon a time the step-mother who sold the Stabian beauty to the *Tepidarium*—may explain much, and it also may explain nothing. It is in answer to mine written to her on a "half-shell" order. It appears that Mr. S. was anxious not on account of the presence of such a "bijou" in the Theosophical family but simply feared she might disgrace the O. L. still more—(as though it was possible!) by charging her with opening Mohini's letter, one addressed to him at any rate. Well I suppose by this time you have read a copy of the letter forwarded by me to the Emilie de Morsier and sent to Mohini by D. N.? As soon as I had learnt that Mr. Sinnett was required to give his *word of honour* that I had not opened one of her (B——'s) letters—I, whose name is H. P. B. in this unwelcome incarnation wrote to ask the Emilie to tell the "Stabian" re-incarnation that I *had* read the letter—though I had *never opened it*. But all this is immaterial since I might have opened it and still no harm done, for it was one to Mohini between whom and me no secrets are possible as he may, or may not tell you. Having disburdened my heart, on the day following I wrote another letter. I asked her to keep it *confidential*. Told her what she had been doing; how she had fallen under the influence of Mad. B——, the *Avitchean* powers (beautifully natural in her case) and propensities, and therefore what were the influences that surrounded her. Ended by telling her, that with her highly nervous temperament, her sensitiveness, etc.—if she went on as she did, I was commissioned to tell her (and that I *was*) that it might lead her to a dangerous illness and perhaps—*worse*. The enclosed is her answer.

The work of Karma in every line. It *bursts* through!

The handwriting is so bad that those words that I could make out, I have tried to make them more legible. Please note the sentences marked with blue.

Yes; she is right. This time if the *scandal bursts* it shall [be]

hundred times worse and more terrible than the Coulomb tricks. These touch but myself—one of mighty little consequence. The future "stranger" shall be born but to sweep off like a cyclone from the face of the earth the *London Lodge*, if not the Theos. Society in India. It shall carry it off in a tornado of *ridicule* not of *indignation*, against the shameless old spinster who is destined to become its mother—oh no!; the *ridicule* will be for Mohini and the blasphemous laugh for the MASTERS of *such* a chela. In India where they care for the former and pay little attention to the failings of the latter—the scandal shall do no harm—except perhaps to the extent of strengthening the contempt of the Hindus for European *ladies*. In London it shall be the end of the Lodge. In England it is those who dare to *unveil vice* and try to suppress [it] who, like Stead, are tried and imprisoned. The B—— shall become the heroine of the day and Mohini shall be hooted out. For if, I say, she succeeded in convincing Mme. de Morsier of her innocence and of Mohini's infamy and lust—so much so that de Morsier is preparing to play the *Nemesis* at the risk of death "pourvu *que je fasse mon devoir*"—why shall she not succeed in persuading all the London people she knows of the same? A voice whispers in my ear "It is Mr. Sinnett, I believe, who introduced B. to de Morsier and brought the two ardent creatures together?" Karma, karma, my good friends!

Mohini is pure and innocent and that's just the reason why he shall be made out *guilty*. Take my advice and send for him, and have a good consultation. There remains one thing for the boy to do, the measure is violent and requires moral courage or—the full force of innocence: let Mohini go to Paris face the B—— before Mme. de Morsier and force her to confess her vile lie and calumny of the Potiphar she is.—*I shall not sign*—

LETTER No. LII

DEAR "couple of God"—only do not speak even to Mohini of my two *private* letters to Mrs. S. It is useless and would only frighten him. All depends—the future success, I mean, of the L.L. on our *strict silence* in reference to this unfortunate business—especially the *latter named*—or third party. For, whereas in the B—— and X—— Y—— cases, there's pure animal lust in the last named, it is simply the working, if I may say so, of the "Dweller on the Threshold"; it was a *trial*, bitter terrible and the more ferocious, since it was the last outburst in her life—the "last rose of summer." Poor, poor, dear girl—but she *has* withstood it bravely. I have written her a long letter as *ordered* to show to

her that I know all and knew much last year already in reference to some other things only never opened my lips to any one in this world. Without precising things I have made her understand the truth and assured her of my still greater respect for her now—for *no one can help* being *tempted* who crosses the threshold. There are more chances for her now than ever—as I explained. But I tremble lest vanity and womanly pride should prove stronger in her than devotion to the Society and Cause. She will not mind *me* knowing—but if she ever suspected that *you* know it she would throw overboard all—and turn perhaps a bitter enemy.

We *cannot* afford to lose her especially now it would be the Society's death.

Tell me please have you a copy of the *Defence* Committee or shall I have to send you the only one I have with notes. But except notes for the first pages of the Coulomb pamphlet, I do not see what I can do? Why it's *lies* from beginning to end.

Yours
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LIII

6 Ludwig Strasse,
Würzburg,
Thursday.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Yours just received. It is not of my *personal vindication* you have to think, but of that of the *cause*, of our Holy Mahatmas, reduced by the *moutons de Panurge* of Mr. Myers into soap-bubbles and creations of my over-heated fancy. Had the outside public one atom of sound, fair judgment in their brains—and this can be only *made to be* by such theosophists as yourself—there are two or three points that would kill them outright. One of these is—Hodgson said that he could not forgive me, for *sacrilegiously* debasing some of the highest truths of human nature to *serve the political interests of Russia*!!! The brass-clad donkey! Now *you* know if there is one sane man in India who, with the exception of padris and the Coulombs, could find *one item of truth* in this stupid accusation—I, who for five years kept harping on the same phrase before every dissatisfied Hindu: "Better put a millstone on your necks and drown yourselves all you Hindus, and Mussulmans, before the crazy notion of a change for the better if ever the Russians got hold of you—could ever enter your heads." This sentence was written by me even so long ago as from New York to Hurrychund Chintamon to Bombay and his answer was seen by Hodgson, for Olcott found several of his replies to me and he could infer my statement by the answer made by Chintamon.

"If Russia *is all you say* then Heaven save and preserve us from such a Government!" Hodgson saw it, I say, and therefore *he lies* when he still persists in seeing in me a Russian *spy* or even a well-wisher of the Russian Govt. But that is a *personal* matter, now, between himself and his conscience—if he has any. Myers has done great harm in Paris last week, and he boasted of it in his letter to Solovioff. "I have seen your friend Doctor Richet and some other theosophists and made them to accept *my views*," he says.

It is not to Leadbeter, dear Mr. Sinnett, that you ought to have written about the suppression of everything in the *Theosophist* relating to me and my defence, but to the Executive Council at Adyar. Why they act so, is because Col. Olcott made them believe (under influence only not of a very *occult* character) all, that the L. L. found me guilty, that all the European theosophists had given me up and had turned away from me, that in a word I had become a *pariah* in your eyes—while Europ. theosophists were told that it is *the Hindu who had lost confidence* in me. Could the double untruth be cleared up, could *you* only write to the Executive Council an official letter denying the statement, then would you do the Cause a favour as well as to myself.

Yes; many are the things we shall have to talk over and foremost of all the Mahatma's desire that the Branches of the T.S. especially the L.L. and the European, should be made all autonomous under one President. A sudden and efficient stop must be made to "President's Camps," Poona, and "President's Camp, Lahore" and "Special orders" and all that sort of thing. Ah well, who loves *the Cause*—has to sacrifice himself, and I am ever ready.

Au revoir.

Yours ever faulty,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LIV

Saturday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have just read Mohini's arguments against answering anything of a serious *detailed* kind to the S.P.R. I think *he is right*. Since no human power—can prove to me that I wrote the Coulomb letter, and no amount of denying shall ever prove to them that I have *not* written them—all the rest became useless. The new trick of Hodgson about some diagrams being traced by Coulomb—is splendid! Of course some were, and by Wimbridge

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too, and Olcott who tried and failed. I have a number of diagrams with reference to the evolution of the septenary globes and Cosmogony of Esoteric Buddhism, made by Djual Khool and Sarma for me to explain to you, and Hume during the first year of the *Simla* teaching; and several of them I had copied by a Parsee, a good draughtsman of the School of Arts at Bombay, who could not do them well—and then, I copied them from D. Kh.'s with Tibetan signs and names, translating them and doing it the best I could—since I did not want to give the originals out to a stranger and you could not have understood them—and gave them to Olcott to be copied and one of them—the one I sent to Hume I believe—*was* copied by Coulomb who is a very good draughtsman—*too* good unfortunately. I remember how well he *copied* the few lines in English, a remark by D. K. on the cosmogony—in a way that I was astonished: it was a *perfect* copy of D. K.'s writing, grammatical mistakes, and all. Neither Olcott, nor I, nor Damodar, ever made a secret of such copies. Olcott nearly lost his head over *rings* and *rounds* and kept Coulomb days at trying, and so the wretch, if he has preserved such bits and scraps may well bamboozle the S.P.R. donkeys into making them believe it was *he* who evoluted the whole theory out of his French head. That's splendid! I wish I could get at my papers at Adyar to find some of D. K.'s originals, then you would see that it is the same, only with Tibetan names. But I shall do *nothing* of the kind to oblige the S.P.R. I shall not move one finger in the matter any more. If on the lines of *exact* science, exact (?) experts, and the asinine world's judgment I am a FRAUD—let it stand. I begin to feel rather proud of such capacities, than otherwise. I ask you, as a friend not to satisfy the S.P.R. in one single thing more, not to allow their profane hands to touch one scrap of paper coming from Mahatma K. H. or my Master, NOTHING, NOTHING. Unless you do so, I shall never be able to give you anything more and I was preparing to resume the teachings under Master's guidance. Poor, poor Padshah—he is lost! There's a trial for him! What next? Why if those are their proofs, then they are worthy indeed of being noticed!

Finally the diagram sent to you by Mahatma K. H. *cannot be* an *original* copy by C. from mine made after D. K.'s, though *to Hume* I know I sent one of such copies or I am greatly mistaken. Yours must be (and if I see it I can tell so to a certainty) a precipitation done from the clean one brought by Olcott from downstairs for *I see the scene now before me.* No one except me could make head or tail of some diagrams sent by D. K.; then Mah. K. H. said—"You copy it and translate the terms." I did. Then I gave it to Olcott to give to the School of Arts—after that

I do not remember, all *is hazy*. But then either a day or two after I had *two* of such diagrams made between Olcott and Coulomb, and he brought them to me (Olcott) and then they were *precipitated* not in my room or Bombay but taken away and brought back in the evening.

I write all these particulars that you should not *deny* any such charge. Simply say—*you know* how it was done, without lowering yourself to an explanation, to give them the satisfaction of finding fault with your evidence and contradictions between "15 and 40 seconds". Only write to poor Padshah a kind letter. Tell him he is ruining all his prospects—his young life for ever; by not withstanding and having the best of his probationary trial. He has cut his hair and now he is cutting the last blade of grass under his feet. I do feel such a pity for the poor good boy. He is *so honest*—so earnest!

And now, dear Mr. Sinnett, my last decision. I shall have *no more* to do with anything coming from the S.P.R. I shall stoop *to no explanations* except to you and a few friends. I have with *Masters'* help even—but a short time to live and the work I have on hand is enormous. I have to save the *Theosophist*, to write and finish the *Secret Doctrine*. What good shall I do the cause and any of you who believe in me, by convincing at the cost of superhuman efforts a dozen or two, and having the outsiders disbelieving in me as they ever have. The Coulombs and Missionaries have sworn to ruin the Society: they have failed to do so by ruining me—why should I to save my reputation with the few—*help myself to ruin* the Society by depriving it of the S.D. and its members of what I can teach them? And I will be doing so if I lose my time over the filthy lies, intrigues and ever and daily arising new complications. Those who believe in me, let them remain quiet, oppose a passive and negative resistance to the enemy and no more. The others if we pay no attention to them shall soon tire out, for it takes two to quarrel. Write in this spirit simply and tell them in your cultured quiet and clear English to go to their grandfather—Old Nick. I told you I had become callous—so do not mind me. If *you* believe, if a few dozen devoted students believe in the Masters and that I am only their humble *factotum*—and ALL India does—then what does it matter. If nothing can take out of their heads the expert's opinion that the letters are genuine—let them go. Master said last night only—"By showing them that you are as firm as a rock; by showing contempt or even indifference to their opinions—proceeding with your work and duty harder than before—you shall kill and silence them more surely than anything you may say and do to disabuse their minds. *The cycle is not over yet*—the

Karma not expended—". And I shall do so. I am forwarding you back the *vile* pamphlet explaining but the first few pages, I shall no more keep it in the house; it burns my hands, and sickens me and fills the house with the atmosphere of that female fiend. I SHALL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. Mohini was right, I—wrong. He has intuitions I have not. Dear Mr. Sinnett you can turn the laugh on them—do so. But do not touch occult things thinking you can explain them on a physical or even psychological plane—if it is of the Spiritualistic domain. LET THEM GO. As for Mr. Hodgson he may yet write one day with his own hand the following, now precipitated by me as far as I can put myself in rapport with him.

In India I was a *fool*—in the West I have become a *donkey*. Theosophy is alone true—and S.P.R. is an old monkey.[1]

Now this is a first attempt. But I swear had I *dugpa* proclivities I could forge by precipitation a letter which declared by experts as his own hand writing would lead him to the gallows. And I have spoilt it by passing the pencil over it. I had some respect for them for their earnestness, truthfulness, and *honesty* at first; I have now nothing but *contempt* for their *asinine wickedness and conceit.*

Goodbye, my *only* friend in England—the "only" for you have those *qualities* in you that none else has. *I shall yet prove grateful.*[2]

With kindest remembrances to you both from—D.N.[3]

LETTER No. LV[4]

Monday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I protest *and refuse most emphatically* any such thing as subscription or purses made up in my favour, and the reasons for it are several, which I am sure you must appreciate.

(1) I do not want to *sell* for a consideration any *occult* work; S. D. least of all.

(2) I cannot *engage or bind* myself. Once I accept money for it, that work must be done well and satisfy the subscribers (of the fund or pension I mean). Suppose it does not? Then to all my crimes—*dishonesty in money matters* shall be added.

[1] An imitation of Hodgson's writing precipitated in blue pencil by H. P. B. —ED.

[2] The whole of this letter is in H. P. B.'s writing, but it is unsigned.—ED.

[3] This note is in Babajee's writing.—ED.

[4] The remainder of this letter is missing.—ED

(3) I cannot *bind* myself to a promise of working *only* on the S. D.—or working on it at all to its end. I may be sick, I may die—I may have the *blues*, and once I am *hired* I should feel like a *thief* had I to give up my work for any of the reasons above named.

Finally it is not the " British " only, who shall never be *slaves*. My father's daughter is against the Biblical institution and I—DECLINE with thanks.

Besides all this, if Hodgson's new calumny, if his villainous *lie* is not shown up and disproved *publicly* (I mean the " spy " business which is a melody from quite a different opera) I shall never publish the S. D. What I said to you I would do, I will do it—I shall leave Europe and India.

LETTER No. LVI

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Yesterday I sent a letter to Mrs. Sinnett meant for you also—that will explain many a thing. I beg *to refute* the new accusation—of my having been " the unintentional cause of D. N.'s reluctance " to meet you. I had myself at one time the idea that my remark, a casual one and which was never repeated—that if he went on *before you* using his arms *à la Napolitaine* and like a wind mill, you would feel very shocked—had something to do with his extraordinary reluctance, but I have dropped the idea since. The ease with which all those ladies and gentlemen (chelas included) in cases they are unwilling, or forbidden, or simply unable to explain—solve the difficulty by corking it with my much ill-used self, is simply delightful. Now in this case it can be proved in two lines. When I had passed the above remark—there was no Miss Arundale or Mohini on the horizon yet to carry Babajee away. My remark had so little impressed him, that had these two never come, he would have quietly stopped at Würzburg and met you. But *you had* to be given some explanation, and the L.L. fellows had to be offered one—earlier as to his extraordinary reluctance—what easier than to stop the hole through which the truth leaked by using *me* as a plug. I say again—my remark was perhaps 5 per cent; another remark at Paris of which I knew through somebody else and he confessed, another 5 per cent—*total* 10 p.c. and the 90 parts of the mystery are still in his pocket; and if Mohini may suspect—Miss A. on the other hand has not the slightest conception of it. I show Dharbagiri my letter, let him decide and say whether *it is* so, *or not*.

Yes—I had so many visitors, had to talk so much, got so tired out and completely exhausted that the result was—a doctor needed

at 11 o'clock at night, yesterday. Such palpitations and cramps in the heart that I thought they were the last! I am now ordered to hold my tongue, hence I have more time to hold my pen—*sans vil calembourg*.

I shall try to make the annotations but it makes me sick to touch the woman's pamphlet.

Love to all—*Mrs. Sinnett* representing the sum total with yourself and Dennie.

I manage to-day to send you 20 f. or £1. 10 francs of what I owe you from Tedesco and the rest for things I want—or one thing rather—"Five years of Theosophy," something proposed by Mrs. L. C. H. *for the benefit of the Society*, made up by her and Mohini, published and *copyrighted by herself*; and now if "the Society" needs it it can either whistle, or do as I do—*pay for it*, i.e. pay for what was taken bodily from my own journal and is composed of a number of my own articles! Lovely. Please send me a copy of it. Mohini won't—forgetting all I ask him to do.

Of course got the £3. 16. 0.—but also got unexpectedly £40 from Adyar for two months and another £20 for a third month. So that now we are *square*. I have no claim on them—except for the future—and about the matter of the *Theosophist*. I do not care to have my name paraded—I rather it would be Subba Row's *if a name at all*. But if I see on the cover Oakley's name replacing mine—I shall kick, and hard—you may bet.

Hübbe Schleiden *here*; stopped for a week longer to Hartmann's great disgust—and told him of it only when the other had to catch the train. He is a dear man; good, spiritual, nice all round, morally and mentally. He sends his regards.

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LVII

1st January, 1886.

New Year's Reflections

My dear Mr. Sinnett—

Last evening as we were at tea Professor Selin made his appearance with the famous and long expected report of S.P.R. under his arm. I read it, accepting the whole as my Karmic New Year's present—or perhaps as the *coup de grâce* of 1885—the most delightful year of the short Theosophical Society's life.

Well—I found positively nothing *new* as concerns my humble self. A good deal concerning yourself and others. More than ever I have recognised the *hand*—that guides the whole thing;

that hand which, having grasped the learned members of Cambridge tightly by their noses leads them on—where? Were you Americans, Germans, Italians, Russians—anything but what you are, reserved, haughty, Society fearing Englishmen—would have surely led Mr. Hodgson, for one, the expert Detective and Agent of the Indian padris, right to the Bow Street Court of Law, and after that *beyond*—DAHIN. Now please do not imagine for one moment, that I am approaching anything like a question of any of you, or all of you defending me. Les beaux jours d'Aranjues sont passés. I am an old, squeezed-out lemon, physically and morally, good only for cleaning old Nick's nails with, and perhaps to be made to write 12 or 13 hours a day the *Secret Doctrine* under dictation, to be fathered, when (*if*) published, with its authorship and ideas in which my literary style and gallicisms will be detected. That I am called in it "publicly and in print" *forger* about 25 times, trickster, fraud etc. and a *Russian spy* to boot—all this, *c'est de l'histoire ancienne*. But there are quite new features in it. Allow me to enumerate.

Babula is quite the hero in this voluminous Report.

(1) All my Master's letters have been written by him—*Babula*, a boy *who does not know one single English letter*.

(2) I am accused of having worked for five years on the feelings of the Hindus to incite them to, and develop in them *intense hatred for you English*. THIS SHUTS THE DOOR TO INDIA.

(3) Mr. Hume believes in Mahatma K. H.'s existence, (how kind!) only he is an adept "of limited powers."

(4) After the lapse of five years our Joot-Sing found out from his Mahomedan servants that the packet from Government House (in which was the Mahatma's letter) had been, thanks to the same precious Babula, tampered with by me.

(5) Mrs. Sidgwick has succeeded in some work of Penelope on a *stitched* letter—*ergo* I must have done the same with Smith's letter (that flapdoodle, however).

(6) Mohini, Bowajee, Bawani Row, Damodar, etc. etc., are all liars and confederates.

(7) Pardon me—but it appears that you also are a *semi-confederate* if not a whole one. What is it about *60* alterations you have made in Mah. K. H.'s letters, after having said that you had not changed one word? Is he going to incriminate you too? Well it seems so. There are dozens of phenomena *that cannot be explained*. Some of the most important have taken place in *your house* when I was not there. They were very awkward, and so long as *your trustworthiness* could not be impeached no great triumph could be achieved by Myers, Hodgson & Co. It was *absolutely necessary* that *you should be shown untrustworthy*. You

are in, and they got you. They never could, had you refused point blank to let them have the Mahatma's letters. Your Karma, dear friend.

Now will you *take once in your life* the advice of a fool. *Do not say one word in my defence,* with regard to phenomena. Try to become *a Frenchman* . . . . . ; *Kill them with ridicule* and show them . . . . . have so richly illuminated [1] . . . . .

brought forward by the Theosophists, the most important as the most unanswerable are silently skipped over. Only, and in case they should be some day placed before the public as a counter-proof—the witnesses to such are pelted with mud before hand, and an attempt is made to show them *untrustworthy*.

The said Hodgson had come to India as a friend; he was received as one, lived in the greatest intimacy with those he now accuses of confederacy and lying. None, during the time he lived at Adyar regarded by all as a perfectly honourable man, had the remotest conception that much that was said by him in private conversations, every idle word that no one thought at the time of weighing, would be later on made public, another sense given to it, and that his words would be made use of against the Society. Every facility was given to him for investigation—nothing concealed from him, as everyone felt and knew himself quite innocent of the absurd charges made. All this is now taken advantage of, and presented in an unfavourable light before the public.

CONSIDERING ALL THIS, and that the said Hodgson and whoever may have sanctioned his indelicate proceedings and urged, or helped him on, has—

(1) Given out in his Report nought but the evidence of malevolently disposed witnesses—bitter enemies for years; gossips, and long standing falsehoods invented by the Coulombs and his own personal inferences and made up theories; and that on the other hand he has unjustly suppressed every tittle of evidence in my favour and where he could not make away with such testimony he has invariably tried to represent my witnesses and defenders as either *dupes* or *confederates*.

(2) That besides the Coulomb letters, the full authorship of which I deny as I did on the day of their appearance, not one of which, moreover, was I permitted to see in the original; that besides these I say—(*a*) a number of *private* letters or passages therefrom, isolated, and therefore liable to any construction—are published, such publication being actionable by law;

(3) That a slip from a MS page, *confessedly stolen, by the woman Coulomb from my writing desk* years ago; evidently the translation from some passage in a Russian Daily, a number of articles from which I have been translating for the *Pioneer*, asked to do so by Mr. Sinnett in 1881-2-3. That again, that isolated fragment (not *my* composition evidently, as the quotation mark at the end of it *happily left*—shows) is reproduced *with the manifest intention of throwing a vile suspicion upon me as being a "Russian Spy."*

(4) That the said Hodgson and his employers know the position I am in, (having been repeatedly told the reasons *why* I could not

prosecute the Coulombs, reasons known as well to every theosophist and that I am not ashamed to confess) ; and that knowing this—i.e. that I am utterly helpless and defenceless in England and India as *a hated Russian* and as a hated theosophist—they did not hesitate to take advantage of their position to dishonour with the utmost impunity a woman by branding her *as a spy* and *a forger*.

(5) Considering also, that if I am unable to prove the *reality* of the phenomena produced in any Court of law, no more can Hodgson & Co. prove their *unreality* otherwise than on circumstantial evidence and their own pre-judged ideas ; but that the charge of my ever being a *Spy* could, on the other hand, be easily shown groundless, false and libellous; they still support their malicious allegations—just *because they can do so with perfect impunity* and *that it suits them at the present moment*, when all England rises against and suspects Russia—as nothing can ruin me more efficiently in public opinion ; this special charge, moreover, being the only one that could prove an anchor of salvation for their Report, *as a motive had to be given* for a series of frauds and deception covering ten years of incessant labour, poverty, struggles at the expense of health and the last money we had. Considering all this, and much more, what is the conclusion an honest man can arrive at, who, acquainted with the *real facts* reads their Report ? Assuredly the following : the accusations, all Mr. Hodgson's cleverness notwithstanding, *could not stand* unless a logical motive could be found for such disgusting dishonourable course as the one I am charged with. The true motive—publicly and openly professed gave the lie to all such accusations ; it weakened thoroughly if it did not destroy utterly the filthy charges. Why not present those charges in a light the best calculated to have them accepted without one word of protest by the public in general ? This could be perpetrated with impunity and it only ruins *me* for life alone. It only shuts the doors before me, back to my home where I thought of dying in peace knowing I had done my duty the best I could. What does it matter to the *Honourable* professors at Cambridge that an old Russian woman has now but one course opened to her : *to die a disgraced beggar*, far from all she loves and cares for in this life, so long as they can satisfy their spite and punish those who refused to recognise in Mr. Hodgson *an infallible* expert and in themselves as infallible leaders in things psychic and phenomenal. Well they have probably done all this : let them triumph in *their iniquity*.

This is an action that every honest man or woman *must* and *will* regard as simply *infamous*.

Thus, considering finally, that if the *Report* is an alleged expression of the writer's great integrity, of his mistaken, yet sincere

and honest views (which *I now deny*), that it might have been published *in toto* in order to set off his extraordinary acuteness and still lose nothing in strength of deduction and inferences if the direct charge of *forgery* and *spying*—(the terms "forger" and "spy") had been even laid aside; but that it was not done for reasons above given, and the libellous and incriminating terms are there published for the whole world to see and accept; considering all this I, the undersigned, now call upon every truth and justice loving Englishman and Englishwoman in the United Kingdom of Great Britain—whose righteous laws command to regard as innocent even a criminal before he is found by that law "guilty" —to show to me reasons why the said Hodgson and his employers should not be proclaimed publicly and in print by me as having been guilty of a *mean, cowardly, base* and a *brutal action*; one to stoop to which no *gentleman*, no honest man of even an average honourability would ever stoop to, in view of the existing circumstances.

In view of all the above I pray the London Lodge Theosophical Society to permit the undersigned, putting the present in a more grammatical and documentary form, to print and publish it and send it to every theosophist throughout the world; also to have the same published in the *Theosophist.*

So long as I have not broken altogether from the Theosophical Society and am connected with it; so long as any of my actions can by reacting upon it hurt the Cause or one of the Societies, I shall take no action that is not sanctioned by all the Councils. But if this is refused to me and I have to go about to the end of my life with the triple brand of *Fraud, Forger* and *Spy* upon me like a female Cain, helpless and powerless to even prove that the latter accusation is an infamous, uncalled for lie and a calumny, then it will remain for me but to take another course from which there will be no more return possible.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LIX

9th January.

THE Countess has returned and among her news is one that shows on what hang the accusations of Hodgson. For instance the German Theosophists cannot understand or justify the phenomenon with the Japanese vases received by Olcott. "How can Mahatmas (exalted beings) condescend to present Olcott with vases bought previously at a shop and by placing there vases from a shop," etc. etc. This is the hypothesis, the following—the facts.

Colonel Olcott had just returned home from some journey.

He was upstairs in my "occult" room also my writing room. We had been talking and he examined a new cupboard for books with a mirror door to it on a wall in front of my writing table, whereas the shrine was on the wall on the right side of the table. It had been just built in the wall and could have no traps or holes in the wall at the back of it, for that wall gives on the passage from the staircase. The cupboard had one plain board at its back. Who wanted the phenomenon, what was said, I do not remember. But Olcott after examining some books in the cupboard received a letter from the Mahatma and was going away when I recognised that there was something else going on in the cupboard. So I said—"stop, let us see what it is." Mme. Coulomb was in the room. Then he opened the cupboard door and found two vases there with flowers in them. He made a great fuss over it. When I saw the vases I said, or thought at the time, they are very much like those that I had just bought for the drawing room. It is Mme. Coulomb who bought them in one of her journeys to town after furniture and provisions. But these vases were a great deal larger and mine stood where they were in the adjoining room on a corner table. It appeared to me at the time that Mme. Coulomb looked very embarrassed. *Now I know why.* She had brought me two vases, and now there are *found* marked in the entries of the book where they had been bought. My opinion is that she bought these additional two, with the intention of sending them as a present to one of her Bombay friends, as she traded with Mrs. Dudley, buying things at Madras and sending them to Mr. D. Dudley who sold them to sea captains and on the steamers and shared with Mme. C. the profits. These two (Olcott's) vases were evidently in Mme. C.'s rooms in another house and were brought from their hiding place. Otherwise, why would she have kept back from me the knowledge that she had bought *four* and not two vases only for myself as I thought? Anyhow, this is what *I have* to say to the phenomenon of the vases:—

(1) It is not *on the vases* that it rested. Every *apport* whether performed through the will of an adept, or mediumship and "Spirits" is supposed to have pre-existed as an object. Such things as big vases that can be bought by the dozen, that *are known* to stand in various shops—are not to be *materialised*. Generally an object to be brought phenomenally is *bought* by the one who wants to perform it, or is chosen in the house of another person, and then made to pass either through closed doors, or a closed lid, or something of the sort. Therefore,—

(2) The "phenomenon of the vases" rests on the fact of their being brought from *wherever they were* into a closed cupboard,

that Olcott had locked himself and before which he stood waiting for what would come next. If the wall at the back of the cupboard *was solid*—it was *a phenomenon*. If there was some trap or hole in it, some contrivance which would make it possible to pass an object from behind it, then it *was fraud*, by whomsoever perpetrated. The question then lies: was or was there not at that time a false or a double back to the cupboard? I say *there was not*. It was later I suppose that Monsieur Coulomb fabricated it for his special plans. It is sufficiently proved in Dr. Hartmann's pamphlet.

Now, it was *not the Mahatmas* who performed it. Colonel Olcott had enough phenomena and daily during ten years and believed enough without phenomena that one should go to the trouble of buying vases and preparing *tricks for him*. It was done by a chela and for a *certain reason* I need not explain. I told Hodgson that I had two vases (which disappeared as well as Colonel Olcott's) and all that I say here. Let Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett be asked how a doll or a toy was brought to their child at Simla. Had Mr. Hodgson gone to a certain toy-shop at Simla he would have learned by the entry books that a doll of that description *had been bought by a young man on that same night* and paid for it. And no doubt he would have placed the trick in his *Report* as an evidence against me. And Mr. Sinnett might have answered that the fact was known to him too on that same night, for I had explained to them then and there *how* it was done. No doubt phenomena-hunters would have preferred that the toy and vases should have disappeared from a shop or a private house *without having been paid for*, or that every nonsensical *apport* should be materialised like the Universe—*ex-nihil*?

Even the Coulombs knew this well. They had lived enough with us and heard of phenomenal *apports* to understand that the phenomenon rested on the appearance of objects *within* closed doors and recesses, hence the very easy task to show to a *scientific* man—that it *was a trick* because the vases had been bought at a certain shop and were marked on the sale books! And the scientific Mr. Hodgson swallowed the *new proof* and published it. To close: An undergarment was shown to Hodgson (a chemise in plain words) with stains from metal on its right side. The *dobi* (washer) can testify and Babula and perhaps Miss Arundale, and I can show all my old chemises so stained and eaten by the rust to holes. In India where I wore no dresses with pockets, but light muslin wrappers, I used to stick my keys on the right side between my chemise and petticoat. Many a time Mme. Coulomb, who had charge of my linen told me I was ruining my clothes with that habit. But I went on and now she shows to Mr. Hodgson an "undergarment" with such stains and explains to him the stains

as having been caused by a *metallic musical-box* which *rung when pressed with the elbow* producing the "astral bells." And Mr. Hodgson, the scientific expert, swallows it and publishes it!!

AMEN. H. P. BLAVATSKY.

P.S. I made Subba Row's acquaintance on the day I first arrived to Madras, May, 1882. Saw him for a week and then when we left Bombay for Madras to live, in January, 1883 had exchanged with him a few letters till then. How could I write *Isis* with his help, I in New York, he at Madras and perfect strangers to each other? (*Query*)

LETTER No. LX

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I will try to do what I can to enliven the narrative in the *Memoirs*, because I promised I would, and mean to keep to my promise, however disagreeable it may be for me personally. I will not disappoint you; I mean to ransack my brain in the pigeon-holes of the past and make it at least interesting in its Russian character of occult reminiscences—since it is in no way interesting now, as the Countess and Hartmann both tell me. Of course, as they now stand—those unfortunate *Memoirs* do remind one of a Harlequin's costume sown out of different patches. This is not *your* fault for you have done the best you could under the circumstances. Yet, on the whole as Illarion well expressed it, it *does* leave one the impression of a timid, scared beggar, determined to shove herself amid a fine Society of ladies and gentlemen and putting on the outside all her poor little finery, trying to conceal with it her inward nakedness. "Look at me gents—I too, I have interesting things to brag of, and show to you. Only don't look *under*—pray." This is the real impression it leaves. Something, broken, unfinished, chaotic and not even romantic. LYING—brilliant lively fiction would answer better than such bits and snaps from one's long, miserable, eventful and ever slandered life, as mine was.

Now you labour under the impression that only such *Memoirs* of "Mme. B.'s" life, could, at this juncture produce a reaction—one of thrilling interest, if not of vindication and full justification. I make bold to say that nothing of the kind can or will. One thing in the whole world could do it if I ever could consent to it; and it is *the truth* and nothing but the truth—the WHOLE of it. This would, indeed, make all Europe jump from its seat and produce a revolution. But you see, I am an Occultist; a *pucka* not a *sham* one, in truth. I am one at heart, whatever I may

seem else in the eyes of even the inner group, the "O. G." I will not give back in the same coin as I receive, however much mine may differ from theirs—as the latter is *false* and mine is *true*. I look at all those people barking and spitting venom around me now, as a disembodied spirit may at the dogs baying at his shadow. I have suffered out the whole material of suffering I had in my earthly nature and there's no more fuel. I will struggle and fight on so long as I last; and then one fine day, the fatal puncture in the heart will make itself felt and I will be a "lovely corpse" five or six minutes after that, if not earlier. This is the programme. Until then—well, let things go.

Therefore, since there is a very serious proposition made in your last letter to me, one that necessitates this long answer, I have to tell you my determination for the last time and at the same time to give you reasons for it, as I have too much esteem and affection for you to let you labour under the false impression that "it is one more whim of the 'O. L.'" It is *not*; and you have to be assured of, and made to see it. Hence—this preliminary and my asking you to forgive the necessity of the long epistle. I do not know English enough to be brief.

You say, "Thus, for example, we must bring in the whole of that Metrovitch incident." I say *we must not*. These *Memoirs* will not bring *my vindication*. This I know as well as I knew that *The Times* would not notice my letter against Hodgson's Report. Not only will they fail to do so, "if they are made sufficiently complete," but if they appeared in six volumes and ten times as interesting—they will never vindicate me; simply because "Metrovitch" is only one of the many incidents that the enemy throws at my head. If I touch this "incident" and vindicate myself fully, a Solovioff, or some other blackguard will bring out the Meyendorf and "the three children *incident*." And if I were to publish his letters (in Olcott's possession) addressed to his "darling Nathalie" in which he speaks of her raven black hair "Longs comme un beau manteau de roi,"—as de Musset expresses it of his Marquesa d'Amedi's hair—then I would be simply dealing a slap on the face of a dead martyr, and call forth the convenient shadow of someone else from the long gallery of my supposed lovers. Now, why should I bring out Metrovitch? Suppose I said the *whole* truth about him? What is it? Well, I knew the man in 1850, over whose apparently dead corpse I stumbled over in Pera, at Constantinople, as I was returning home one night from Bougakdira to Missire's hotel. He had received three good stabs in his back from one, or two, or more Maltese ruffians, and a Corsican, who were paid for it by the Jesuits. I had him picked up, after standing over his still breathing corpse

for about four hours, before my guide could get *mouches* to pick him up. The only Turkish policeman meanwhile who chanced to come up asking for a *baksheesh* and offering to roll the supposed corpse into a neighbouring ditch, then showing a decided attraction to my own rings and bolting only when he saw my revolver pointing at him. Remember, it was in 1850, and in Turkey. Then I had the man carried to a Greek hotel over the way, where he was recognised and taken sufficiently care of, to come back to life. On the next day he asked me to write to his wife and *Sophie Cruvelli* (the Duchess's dear friend now *Vicomtesse* de Vigier at Nice and Paris, and at the time his mistress; No. 1 scandal). I wrote to his wife and did not to the Cruvelli. The former arrived from Smyrna where she was, and we became friends. I lost sight of them after that for several years and met him again at Florence, where he was singing at the Pergola, *with his wife*. He was a *Carbonaro*, a revolutionist of the worst kind, a fanatical rebel, a Hungarian, from *Metrovitz*, the name of which town he took as a *nom de guerre*. He was the natural son of the Duke of Lucea, as I believe, who brought him up. He hated the priests, fought in all the rebellions, and escaped hanging by the Austrians, only because—well, it's something I need not be talking about. Then I found him again in Tiflis in 1861, again with his wife, who died after I had left in 1865 I believe; then my relatives knew him well and he was friends with my cousins Witte. Then, when I took the poor child to Bologna to see if I could save him I met him again in Italy and he did all he could for me, more than a brother. Then the child died; and as it had no papers, nor documents and I did not care to give my name in food to the kind gossips, it was he, Metrovitch who undertook all the job, who buried the *aristocratic Baron's* child—*under his, Metrovitch's* name saying "he did not care," in a small town of Southern Russia in 1867. After this, without notifying my relatives of my having returned to Russia to bring back the unfortunate little boy whom I did not succeed to bring back alive to the governess chosen for him by the Baron, I simply wrote to the child's father to notify him of this pleasant occurrence for him and returned to Italy with the same passport. Then comes Venice, Florence, Mentana. The Garibaldis (the sons) are alone to know the whole truth; and a few more Garibaldians with them. What I did, you know partially; you do not know all. My relatives *do*, my sister does not, and therefore and very luckily Solovioff does not.

Now, shall I, in the illusive hope of justifying myself, begin by exhuming these several corpses—the child's mother, Metrovitch, his wife, the poor child himself, and all the rest? NEVER. It would be as mean, and sacrilegious as it would be useless. *Let*

the dead sleep, I say. We have enough avenging shadows around us—Walter Gebhard, the last. Touch them not, for you would only make them share the slaps in the face and the insults I am receiving, but you would not succeed to screen me in any way. I do not want to lie, and I am not permitted to tell the truth. What shall we, what can we, do? The whole of my life except the weeks and months I passed with the Masters, in Egypt or in Tibet, is so inextricably full of events with whose secrets and real actuality the dead and the living are concerned, and I made only responsible for their outward appearance, that to vindicate myself, I would have to step on a hecatomb of the dead and cover with dirt the living. *I will not do so.* For, *firstly*, it will do me no good except adding to other epithets I am graced with, that of a slanderer of *post mortem* reputation, and accused, perhaps, of *chantage* and blackmail; and secondly I am an Occultist, as I told you. You speak of my "susceptibilities" with regard to my relatives, I say it is *occultism*, not susceptibilities. I KNOW the effect it would have on the dead, and want to forget the living. This is my last and final decision: I WILL NOT TOUCH THEM.

And now, to another aspect of the thing.

I am repeatedly reminded of the fact, that, as a public character, a woman, who, instead of pursuing her womanly duties, sleeping with her husband, breeding children, wiping their noses, minding her kitchen and consoling herself with matrimonial assistants on the sly and behind her husband's back, I have chosen a path that has led me to notoriety and fame; and that therefore I had to expect all that befell me. Very well, I admit it, and agree. But I say at the same time to the world: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am in your hands and subject and subordinate to the world's jury, *only since I founded the T.S.* Between H. P. Blavatsky from 1875 and H. P. B. from 1830 to that date, is a veil drawn and you are in no way concerned with what took place behind it, before I appeared as a public character. It was my PRIVATE LIFE holy and sacred, to all but the slanderous and venomous mad-dogs who poke their noses under cover of the night into every family's and every individual's private lives. To those hyenas who will unearth every tomb by night to get at the corpses and devour them, I owe no explanations. If I am prevented by circumstances from killing them, I have to suffer, but no one can expect me to stand on Trafalgar Square and to be taking into my confidence all the city roughs and cabmen that pass. And even these, have more my respect and confidence than your reading and literary public, your "drawing room" and Parliament ladies and gentlemen. I would rather trust an honest, half drunk cabman than I would the former. I have lived little in the world even in my own country,

but I know it—especially for the last decade—better than *you know* them perhaps, though you have been moving in the midst of that cultured and refined lot for the last 25 years of your life. Well, humbled down as I am, slandered, vilified and covered with mud, I say that it would be beneath my dignity to throw myself on their mercy and judgement. Had I even been all they accuse me of; had I had lovers and children by the bushels; who among all that lot is *pure enough to throw at me openly and publicly* the first stone? A Bibiche who was caught, is in company with hundreds of others who have not been so exposed, but—they are no better than she is. The higher spheres of Society, from Grand Duchesses and Princesses of blood down to their *cameristes*—are all honey combed with secret sensuality, licentiousness and prostitution. Out of ten women married and unmarried if you find one who is pure—I am ready to proclaim the present world comparatively holy, yet, with very few exceptions all the women are liars to themselves as to others. Men are all no better than animals and brutes in their lower natures. And it is *they*, such *a lot*, that I am going to ask to sit in judgement over me; to address them tacitly and virtually, by describing certain events in my life in the *Memoirs* to "please give me the benefit of the doubt." "Dear ladies and gentlemen, you, who have never failed to sin behind a shut door, you, who are all tainted with the embraces of other women's husbands and other men's wives, you, not one of whom is exempt from the pleasure of keeping a skeleton or two in your family closets—please take my defence." No Sir, I die rather than do it! As Hartmann truly remarked, it is far more important what I myself think of me, than what the world does. It is that which I *know* of myself that will be my judge hereafter, not what a reader who buys for a few shillings my life, "a *made up* one" as he will always think—believes of me. If I had daughters whose reputations I might damage by failing to justify my behaviour I would perhaps resort to such an indignity. As I have none and that three days after my death all the world save a few theosophists and friends will have forgotten my name—let all go, I say.

The moral of the above and conclusion: you are welcome to stun the public with the recital of my life day after day ever since the T. S. was founded, and the public is entitled to it. I dare say you could do hundred times more good by laying it bare before the readers, than by initiating them into the life of a Russian, one of thousands and with whom they are by no means concerned, (at any rate I am not concerned with them). Then you have fourteen or fifteen volumes of Scrap Books, to furnish you with material enough for 100 volumes—"The History of the Theos.

Soc. and its Fellows, of Their Tribulations and Triumphs, their *ups* and *Downs*." This would be *legitimate* work every word of which could be verified and this not easily gainsaid by the enemy. The *Memoirs* have just arrived at that point (in the proofs I have). Show systematically the unheard of persecutions, conspiracies, even the mistakes made and that will be our justification. "We hate and persecute only that which we fear." You might make the movement immortal if you would undertake to describe it. Leave Part I as it is, with many additions I have made and will make. Do not hurry with the publication and leave me time to see you personally at Ostende. Believe me it will be better. Write to Olcott to ask him to copy for you some portions of Prince Emil Wittgenstein's letter to him about me; and from others who knew and met me at various times. Hartmann seems to have plenty of material he has collected from letters received by him and he seems willing to give them up. Anything from others, however erroneous for which neither you or I will stand responsible. What I add is not mine but from several letters I received from my aunt. I deliver myself into your hands and ask you only to remember that the *Memoirs* are sure to throw out like a volcano some fresh mud and flames. Do not awake the sleeping dogs more than necessary. That I never was Mme. Metrovitch or even Mme. Blavatsky is something, the proofs of which I will carry to my grave—and its no one's business. If I had a husband to screen and protect me I might have been a Messalina to my heart's pleasure and no one would dare, save in under breath, to say a word against me. When I think that I stand open to prosecution for *defamation* because I wrote in a *private* letter that a woman who wrote such a letter to Mohini must be a Potiphar; and that every one in England seems to have a legal right to accuse me openly and publicly of bigamy, trigamy and prostitution without my being able to say one word in my defence in a Court of Law—I am inclined to send for a dose of peppermint—I feel *sick with disgust*. The contempt and scorn I feel for your *free* country with its boasted justice and equity, is unutterable and beyond words. I feel like asking the Russian Govt. to permit me to return to die in some corner where I will be left quiet. The sense of my duty to the Masters is the only thing that prevents me from doing it. He who does not meddle with politics is safe in Russia and libel is severely punished there. What is my future? What have I before me thanks to your missionaries, to the English fiend called Coulomb, to the Bibiche tongues that soil one as soon as they touch one, to the Hindus made Gods in Europe and kicked in their own country, to all the ding and clash around me? *I cannot* return to India, so long as

the Coulomb is at Bombay and the *Padris* around us, I would only ruin the Society. No sooner will I have landed than some one of them will find some pretext to bring me into Court and then—goodbye Society. Your Cambridge Dons have ruined me, thanks to the handles they got in the shape of Olcott's idiotic braying, people's cowardice and various other things. I am a thing of the Past—and a sorry looking *thing*, dirtied beyond words. There is no help and no salvation for me. Try to screen yourselves, and leave me to my present fate. And thus—

I WILL NOT WRITE ANYTHING about the "Metrovitch incident" nor any other *incident* of the sort, where politics and secrets of dead people are mixed up. This is my last and final determination. If you can make the *Memoirs* interesting in some other way, do so, and I will help you. Anything you like after 1875. My life was a public and an opened life since then, and except during my hours of sleep *I was never alone.* I defy the whole world to *prove* any of the accusations brought against me during that time. As for phenomena—had I been the immaculate Virgin Mary to that day—it would have been the same thing. This is all our fault. Mine, Olcott's, yours, Damodar's, everyone, even the Masters who looked on and—permitted it. We cannot expect to be ever waving a scarlet rag before the bull and then complain of his goading us. And, as in this case it is the worst kind of a bull—your "John Bull." Of course we came out of it second best.

Pray excuse my frankness and the long letter.

Yours faithfully,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LXI

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Last night received your letter to which I answered and sent, moreover, a telegram to you giving you *carte blanche* for anything you may do. But now to your questions I am compelled to say much. Even in this my vindication, and a *full one* it could be, Myers & Co. have built a wall between me and this last possibility at any rate as regards my aunt.

Last year from Elberfeld she sent the preface to these *Memoirs* signed with her name to Myers. In it, she put a distinct condition that her *full name should never be published* but only her initials. It was said in it as far as I remember, "this (the name) is *for Mr. Myers only* who is expected as a gentleman never to use it," or something like this. Now the "gentleman," the first thing

he does is to permit Hodgson to connect my aunt's full name in print with my fraud and political motive. There is a full note in the *Report* I read it—where it is said that Madame Fadeef being *an aunt of mine* and *a Russian*, no reliance can be placed on what she says. K. H.'s letter to her *was forged by me*, the wise detective says, etc. How it is I do not know. But my aunt seems to have learnt it earlier than I did. Whether it is through Solovioff the infernal gossip, or someone else, but last night I had a letter from her reproaching me mildly but firmly and as I see in great agony, (I will tell you why). "I told you," she says, "at Elberfeld not to give my name and you answered that Myers was a theosophist and a gentleman, a man of honour, and now I hear that I am also mixed in the phenomena business—phenomena that were your curse during your childhood and youth and which have now led you to public dishonour." And she goes on saying that it was and is all from the devil, and asks me not to be angry with her but that my Masters do seem *to be uncanny*, so uncanny that she *as a Christian* dare not even think of them! This is what Myers has done, and this, after talking with Miss Arundale and Mohini who remember what she wrote (perhaps it is still there on the MSS but she wrote in French on a slip of paper *to Mr. Myers* independently); this dishonourable action you ought to bring to light. You ought to expose him before every honourable man, and this action he will not be able to deny, and will stand as a blackguard before many. If you do not do this, then you shall have lost the best opportunity of showing the Cambridge *clique* in its true light.

Well, I will send her your letter. I added to it four pages of supplications, and saying *why* it was so necessary now she should help me. I am sure that ready as she is to do anything for me, she will refuse permission to publish her name after it has been so disgraced by Hodgson, the more so as no one will believe her after this. Of this I feel sure. Remains my sister, she is in Petersburg. She has four big daughters to marry. She may send you what she has written. "The truth about Mme. Blavatsky," and add a few things. Though now, owing again to Solovioff's gossip her daughters, my nieces—are furious against me for some remarks I have made as to their *désinvolture*—and my sister is her daughter's humble tool and victim. My aunt adored and reverenced her only brother, my uncle who died lately, General Fadeyeff. Had she been married she would have given her name and not cared for it; but she told me that to see *his name* in print, his name in the mouth of sceptics laughing at and *desecrating* it as she thinks—is more [than] she could bear. That's one. Let us wait for her reply.

Now your questions:

1. My childhood? Spoilt and petted on one side, punished

and hardened on the other. Sick and ever dying till seven or eight, sleep-walker; possessed by the devil. Governesses two—Mme. Peigneux, a French woman and Miss Augusta Sophia Jeffries a Yorkshire spinster. Nurses—any number. No *Kurd* nurse. One was half a Tartar. Father's soldiers taking care of me. Mother died when I was a baby. Born at Ekaterinoslow. Travelled with Father from place to place with his artillery regiment till eight or nine, taken occasionally to visit grandparents. When 11 my grandmother took me to live with her altogether. Lived in Saratow when Grandfather was civil Governor, before that in Astrachan, where he had many thousands (some 80, or 100,000) Kalmuck Buddhists under him.

2. Visit to London? I was in London and France with Father in '44 not 1851. This latter year I was alone and lived in Cecil St. in furnished rooms at one time, then at Mivart's Hotel, but as I was with old Countess Bagration, and when she went away remained with her Jezebel demoiselle de compagnie, no one knows *my* name there. Lived also in a big hotel somewhere between City and Strand or in the Strand, but as to names or numbers you might just as well ask me to tell you what was the number of the house you lived in during your last incarnation. In 1845 father brought me to London to take a few lessons of music. Took a few later also—from old Moscheles. Lived with him somewhere near Pimlico—but even to this I would not swear. Went to Bath with him, remained a whole week, heard nothing but bell-ringing in the churches all day. Wanted to go on horseback astride in my Cossack way; he would not let me and I made a row I remember and got sick with a fit of hysterics. He blessed his stars when we went home; travelled two or three months through France, Germany and Russia. In Russia our own carriage and horses making 25 miles a day. To tell you about America! Why goodness me I may as well try to tell you about a series of dreams I had in my childhood. Ask me to tell you now, under danger and peril of being immediately hung if I gave incorrect information—what I was doing and where I went from 1873 July when I arrived to America, to the moment we formed T.S., and I am sure to forget the half and tell you wrong the other half. What's the use asking or expecting anything like that from a brain like mine! Everything is hazy, everything confused and mixed. I can hardly remember where I have been or where I have not been in India since 1880. I saw Master in my visions ever since my childhood. In the year of the first Nepaul Embassy (when?) saw and recognised him. Saw him twice. Once he came out of the crowd, then He ordered me to meet Him in Hyde Park. I *cannot*, I *must not* speak of this. I would not publish it for the

world. See the harm the *Occult World* has done to me with all your kind, good intention. Had you not named my relatives, my *inner* life, my visit to Tibet, no one would have believed me more of a fraud than they do now. So you see. Let us leave my poor aunts and my relatives names out of the book, I implore you. Enough dirt accumulated on *one* of the family, do let us not drag holy names and names I respect into the book and thus sentence them beforehand to mangling.

3. Went to India in 1856—just because I was longing for Master. Travelled from place to place, never said I was Russian, people taking me for what I liked. Met Külwein and his friend at Lahore somewhere. Were I to describe my visit to India only in that year that would make a whole book, but how can I NOW say the truth. Suppose I were to tell that *I was in man's clothes* (for I was very thin then) which is solemn truth, what would people say? So I was in Egypt with the old Countess who liked to see me dressed as a *man student*, "gentleman student" she said. Now you understand my difficulties? That which would pass with any other as eccentricity, oddity, would serve now only to *incriminate* me in the eyes of the world. Went with Dutch vessel because there was no other, I think. Master ordered [me] to go to Java for a certain business. There were two whom I suspected always of being chelas there. I saw one of them in 1869 at the Mahatma's house, and recognised him, but he denied.

4. "The incident of the adoption of the child!" I better be hung than mention it. Do you know if even withholding *names* what it would lead to? To a hurricane of dirt thrown at me. When I told you that even my own father suspected me, and had it not been for the doctor's certificate would have never forgiven me, perhaps. After, he pitied and loved that poor cripple child. On reading this book Home, the medium, would be the first one to gather the remnant of his strength and denounce me, giving out names and things and what not. Well my dear Mr. Sinnett if you would ruin me (though it is hardly possible now) we shall mention this "incident." Do not mention any, this is my advice and prayer. I have done too much toward proving and swearing it was mine—and have overdone the thing. The doctor's certificate will go for nothing. People will say we bought or bribed the doctor that's all.

5. Yes, returned to relations in Jan. 1860.

6. Yes, about '62 went with my sister to Tiflis, left it about '64 and went to Servia, travelled about in Karpat all as I explain in my story about the Double. The Hospodar was killed in the beginning of 1868 I think (see Encylopaedia), when I was in Florence after Mentana and on my way to India with Master

from Constantinople. If you take as your ground to stand upon, my novel the "Double murder" then you are wrong. I knew the Gospoja and Frosya and the Princess Katinka and even the Gospoda Michel Obrenovitz far earlier. The paragraph in some Temeswar paper was given to me in 1872 (I believe) when I went from Odessa to Bukharest to visit my friend Mme. Popesco, and what had happened in Vienna was told to me after my incident with Gospoja using Frosya for it. Why every detail is true—so far as I am concerned and the actors in it. But I told you at Simla yet that though the details were true, I had made up these details and true personages into a story for the *Sun* (N.Y.) under the *nom de plume* of "Hadji Mora." Every day people write really fictitious stories, beginning with "In 1800 so and so I was there or at another place" and invent the whole. I simply wrote *facts*, about personages known to me personally, and only instead of Frosya Popesco (another Frosya) who told me what had happened after I had seen the evocation, I put the author in her place and now Sellin comes out and cross examines me; and I tell him that I know the story to be true, he asks me—were you there? I say *no*, for I was on my way to India, but it was told to me and I made a story out of it. And now Sellin comes out and says "if you invented the story about 'Double murder' then you may have invented the Mahatmas." I never gave my series of sensational stories in the N.Y. *Sun*—for infallible and *Gospel* truths. I wrote *stories*, on facts that happened hither and thither, with living persons, only changing names (not in the "Double Murder" though where I was fool enough to put real personages); and this was put up for me and arranged by Illarion and he says, and said again only that day I quarrelled with Sellin—"As every word of the evocation of Frosya by *Gospoja* is true, so the scenes in Vienna and double murder *are true*, as Madame Popesco told you." I thought you knew it? Why you knew from the first that Mentana was Oct. 1867. I was in Florence about Christmas, perhaps a month before, when the poor Michael Obrenovitch was killed. Then I went from Florence to Antemari and toward Belgrad where in the mountains I had to wait (as ordered by Master)—to Constantinople passing through Serbia and the Karpat mountains waiting for a certain he sent after me; and it is there that I met the Gospoja with Frosya about a month or two after the murder, I believe. All is true, except that I read the account of the "double murder" four years later from Madame Popesco, and in the story for sensation sake I put it a few days later at Temesvar—that's all. And now Olcott pitches into me because he says "Oxley exposed the whole story as *untrue*, he applied to some British ambassador at Vienna, etc." Well I wish both Olcott and Oxley

joy. The story *is* true. Only I was not going to publish the name of Madame Popesco who gave to me the last act and who had read it in some Vienna number *immediately suppressed*—and the name of Karageorgevitch's relative whose attendants those two men were, to have a law suit on my back. That's why I said I read it in a Temeswar coffee house, and even that was dangerous as I had named Karageorgevitch, whose son is now married to Zorka the Montenegrian Princess. Was I writing my diary or confessions, to be honour-bound to give the facts as they happened, years and names? Funny pretensions. It is like my *Russian Letters* from India, where while describing a fictitious journey or tour through India with Thornton's *Gazeteer* as my guide, I yet give there true *facts* and true personages only bringing in together within three or four months time, facts and events scattered all throughout years, as some of Master's phenomena. Is it a crime that? Because Scott thought so. Why, if having been in Calcutta and Allahabad I have to write upon their antiquities —*which I have seen* myself—why shouldn't I resort to *Asiatic Researches* and even Thornton's *Gazeteer* for historical facts and details I could never remember myself. Is it considered a literary theft to refer to Encyclopaedias and guide books? I do not copy or plagiarise, I simply take them as my guides, *safer than my memory*. Please tell me also in the case of that "Double Murder" story of mine, am I a criminal for writing under "Hadji-Mora's" name—a story, and then adding the only fictitious particular—namely that I read the paper myself, instead of what was true that Mad. Popesco gave it me to read in her diary into which she had copied that event, which putting dates together I considered as having happened on that same night? What do you think? It must be the Elementaries of Obrenovitch and Princess Katinka who bring me this trouble for using their names in such a story at all. *Karma* again. But I digress from your questions.

Please do not speak of Mentana and do not speak of MASTER I implore you. I did come back from India in one of early steamers. But I first went to Greece and saw Illarion, in *what place* I cannot and must not say. Then to Pirrée and from that port to Speggia in view of which we were blown up. Then I went to Egypt, first to Alexandria, where I had no money and won a few thousand francs on the No. 27 —(don't put this) and—then went to Cairo where I stopped from Oct. or Nov. 1871 to April 1872, only four or five months, and returned to Odessa in July as I went to Syria and Constantinople first and some other places. I had sent Mad. Sebin with the monkeys before hand, for Odessa is only four or five days from Alexandria.

Went March 1873 from Odessa to Paris—stopped with my

cousin Nicolas Hahn (son of my uncle Gustave Hahn, father's brother and the Countess Adlerberg his mother) at Rue de L'Université 11, I believe; then in July the same year went as ordered to New York. From that time let the public know all. It's *all opened*.

Oh—the Countess Kisseleff? Thanks. She is dead as a door nail for over 20 years I believe. Died at Rome with the Pope's pardon and remittance of sins, for a pillow. Left millions and all her medium apparatuses, writing tables and *tarots* to the Church of Rome.

Well that's all. Resumons.

It is *simply impossible* that the plain undisguised truth should be said about my life. Impossible to even touch upon the child. There's the Baron Meyendorffs and all Russian aristocracy that would rise against me if in the course of contradictions (which are sure to follow) the Baron's name should be mentioned. I gave my *word of honour* and shall not break it—TO THE DEAD.

Then from 17 to 40 I took care during my travels to sweep away all traces of myself wherever I went. When I was at Barri in Italy studying with a local witch—I sent my letters to Paris to post them from there to my relatives. The only letter they received from me from India was when I was leaving it, the first time. Then from Madras in 1857;—when I was in South America I wrote to them through, and posted *in London*. I never allowed people to know *where* I was and *what* I was doing. Had I been a common p—— they would have preferred it to my studying occultism. It is only when I returned home that I told my aunt that the letter received from K. H. by her was no letter from *a Spirit* as she thought. When she got the proofs that they were living men she regarded them as devils or *sold to Satan*. Now you have seen her. She is the shyest, the kindest, the meekest individual. All her life her money and all is for others. Touch her religion and she becomes like a fury. I never speak with her about Masters.

Now they want to make out I never was in India even before 1879. In a work published some time ago—my sister's *Memoirs*, in which every word is a *fact* she says on pp. 41–42: (I translate verbatim from the book before me)—"The following autumn I returned with two baby sons (in 1859 to Russia) from Caucasus . . . I went to Pskoff. That winter I became witness to many most marvellous facts of a spiritualistic nature; but I shall not mention these since they are all given in the *Rebus* in my articles 'Truth about H. P. Blavatsky.' In those pages the author had forgotten to add, that though everyone considered the manifestations taking place in my sister's presence as caused by the

Spirits and through her mediumistic power, she herself *has constantly denied it.* My sister, H. P. Blavatsky, had passed most of her ten years of travelling (from 1850 to 1860) *and absence from Russia in India,* where, as it seems, spiritual theories are in great contempt; and the mediumistic manifestations, so called by us, are explained in that country as proceeding from a source, to drink from (or *feed* at which) my sister regards as lowering her human dignity, hence does not wish to recognise her powers as coming from such a source.[1] However it may be, and whatever the nature of that force which helps her to produce her manifestations, only during her stay with me at the T— (Tahontoff) these phenomena took place constantly under the eyes of all, of those who believed and who disbelieved in them, leaving all and every one in the greatest amazement."

Now this short para. and foot-note prove two things; that I was in India at some time between 1850 and 1860; and that even so far back as in 1860 and 1864—I had always maintained that it was no *spirit* power that moved and helped me, but our Masters and their chelas. This is shown from the conversations quoted in her "Truth" about me which you have, and what I now give is called "The Inexplicable and the Unexplained" *from the personal and family Reminiscences* by V. Jelihovsky. Now suppose I send you this little pamphlet, and that you should take it to Mme. Novikoff and kindly ask her to translate for you the marked paras. on pp. 41 and 42 with the foot-note. And having done so, that you should write to my sister in English a long letter (she speaks English better than I do), explaining to her the awful disgusting Hodgson's pamphlet telling her how absolutely necessary it is that there should come out *a defence.* Mind you, you have (*if* you do write) [to] tell her how completely Hodgson denies all powers in me—and that he attributes as my motive for the vile ten-year long travesty and deception to political motives, my being a *Russian spy.* If you do write to her she can give you far more than my poor aunt who hates writing and feels sick at the whole thing already. But my sister is very combative, and fearless. If you tell her that Hodgson seeks to ruin my honour and reputation, etc. etc. she is capable of finding for you a whole array of eye witnesses of the highest names in Petersburg and

[1] My sister, H. P. Blavatsky, as I see from letters received from her is very dissatisfied with me for not having explained in the "Truth about Mme. Blavatsky" the whole truth. She asserts *now as then* that quite another power influenced her then as it does now, namely the power acquired by the Hindu sages—the Raj-Yogis. She assures me that even the shadows, she used to see and saw during her whole life, were no ghosts or spirits of deceased persons but simply the astral bodies of her all-powerful Hindu friends.—V. JELIHOVSKY.

Pskoff, who will testify to the phenomena they have seen between 1860 and '62. This would be something. Ask her what she knows or heard of my powers when I was in Imeretia and Mingrelia in the virgin forests of Abhasia and the Black Sea Coast—whether people, independent princes and archbishops and nobility, did not flock from every where to ask me to heal and protect them, do this and the other. Only you must show her plainly that you of the L. L. the English Theosophists are and mean to remain true to me and defend me, but that she must help you by furnishing you with materials against the enemy. I can assure you *she can*. She is very vain and conceited and the opposite of me as Mohini can tell you. But she is very proud and if you only show her in what horrible position I am and appeal to her family pride and honour she will do anything. Otherwise, they (in Russia) are as bitter against you English as you are against them—now.

That's all I can say. She was very angry with my aunt for giving out that letter of Mahatama K. H. and was furious with me for telling that story about the ancestor which she says is a family secret, "a skeleton in the family cupboard" or how is it, the expression? So you are warned. Simply tell her, that I have pointed out to you the passage from her latest pamphlet and that you would like her to tell you all she knows about me. *She* won't make many compliments to me, I can assure you—unless your letter finds her in one of her gushing fits. If you want the pamphlet I will send it to you and you send it back, unless Mme. Novikoff (you could do it through Schmiechen or Mohini) could translate for you some of the wonderful occurrences in our family that I will mark. The Countess just returned from Munich. Goodbye. Answer,

Yours ever,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

My sincerest love to Mrs. Sinnett.

LETTER No. LXII

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I send you the translation of these few pages from my sister's pamphlet or book—as described on the pages that follow. Whether they will be of any use or not, they are still an addition to what you have. You will see there that (*a*) as early as 1860 I maintained that the shadows (or astral bodies) that came daily and constantly and walked about the house so unceremoniously as to be seen by every one (my father, whoever knew *him*—at any rate—cannot be taken for a *credulous* fool, and this is why I

translated that portion of her work that relates to him)—were not sweet " spirits " but astral forms ; (*b*) that it was *no* mediumship ; (*c*) that I could have *no confederates* in my father's house, where there was no one to *help* me, except my sister a *bigot* now with her St. Nicholas, her two babies, the governess of our younger sister, the latter, a child of ten years and myself. The rest—*all serfs*, trembling before my father who was very strict, and who certainly would not have consented to deceive and bamboozle their master. And there, no " Russian spy " theory, *no motive* can be found to explain facts at that time. There are hundreds of witnesses to these facts yet living—in Petersburg and Pskoff. I tell you, write to my sister and ask her to give some details as far as she remembers about my childhood.

Details about *my marriage* ? Well now they say that I wanted to marry the old whistlebreeches *myself*. Let it be. My father was 4,000 miles off. My grandmother was too ill. It was as I told you. I had engaged myself to spite the governess never thinking I could no longer *disengage* myself. Well—Karma followed my sin. It is *impossible* to say the truth without incriminating people that I would not accuse for the world now that they are dead and gone. Rest it all on my back. There was a row already between my sister and aunt—the former accusing me of having slandered my dead relatives in the question of my marriage and that my aunt had signed their and her own condemnation. Let this alone. I know one thing : I cannot write the *Secret Doctrine* with all ———[1] constant agony about me. I know Hübbe, psychologised by Sel . . .[1] is shaky. He is an unfortunate little nervous, weak man. Sellin made him believe that it was Olcott who cheated him with Mahatma's letter in the railway carriage ! ! Unfortunate Olcott. Where's the line of demarcation between his being a credulous fool and a *knave* ! I saw Damodar last night, and the Countess sees constantly Master. Whenever I see him or listen to what He says—she asks, with her eyes staring at Him " What does He say ? " She *is* a terrible clairvoyante. She tells me (this in strict confidence) that during her stay at the Gebhard's last year and this one, they had a number of phenomena and saw Master. But that they had kept it back from yourself and the L.L. not to create gossip and in some cases *envy*. I did *not* thank her for such discretion. There's something wrong going on at the Gebhards, *I feel it*. D. N. is terribly mad and quite likely, in order to screen his Master and the *Matham* in Tibet, to deny things and leave the same impression on them as he did on Hodgson, mixing up the dates purposely and refusing to give him correct information. It is this perpetual balancing

[1] The original is damaged here.—Ed.

on a tight rope between the abyss of *divulging that* which is not lawful, and either telling what people call lies or being accused of having *things to conceal*—that has ruined the whole situation, and given a handle to the enemy. Ah, dear Mr. Sinnett, how well it would have been had we all *never pronounced Masters' names* except in rooms with closed doors and doing as the Brahmin chelas do. You will read Hartmann's "Theosophical Fable" and *our* answer to it sent to you with a few more explanations.

I hope this *heart* will last until I finish the *Secret Doctrine*. Have you thought well over the problem of sending my protest to the *Times*. Dangerous thing! Are the papers talking of it? There's the *whole* danger. What can be done?

Yours, in blank idiotcy,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXIII

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

I send you a funny thing. Read the 3rd, 4th, & 5th & 6th lines. This is undeniably my handwriting. Kandhalavala copied it from my letter to him. When I received and saw it I was positively startled. Let me write it "***staunch* fearless friends whose devotion to Master and yourself has not wavered one hair's breath**"—I wrote it without looking at it, so as not to be impeded by the desire of copying it. Now I ask you, were such a letter a *whole* letter written in the same handwriting as these two 1/2 lines wouldn't [you] swear it was my handwriting? Please put it carefully away and keep it. Why Kandhalavala should have copied that sentence in my handwriting I do not know. Once he had written three letters copied from my own and brought them to me and I *swore* to them myself, not knowing what he meant. I wish you would write to him and ask him if he could send you a whole letter if you think that those two lines would not be sufficient to submit to an expert. I am determined to collect about half a dozen of forged and as many letters written by myself, and submit them *to the same experts*. We will see whether they are not caught. For after all *the only* damaging really *damning* proof against me for the world lies in those letters. Judge will write a few letters in my handwriting and Judge Kandhalavala the other. I tell them these lines *are* in my handwriting and I, the first, would swear to them in any Court.

D. N. *has gone mad*. Another piece of news. Wrote two three crazy letters to the Countess, finally wrote one in which he calls me a *traitor to the Masters*, says "what *Sellin is to Theosophy*

that I am to Occultism," that "H. P. B. is a dangerous woman," he won't trust me, and that if I come to him to Elberfeld he "will run away." Wants the Countess, implores her to rush to Elberfeld by the next train—that the "Dweller on the Threshold" has come—that he is mad, dying, and will commit suicide etc. etc. The Countess of course rushed to Elberfeld and here I am once more *alone*! And she telegraphs to me "Arrived safely—Bowajee *well*!!!!! Now what's this? The boy is a fanatic and driven to madness by what he calls the *desecration of the Mahatmas*. To save *Their* names he is ready to do anything—even to repudiating Them publicly I verily believe. Well, here we are and nothing to be done. Another calamity, Hartmann is writing *my defence*! He tells me he was *ordered* to defend me and now writes what I enclose. "You are perfectly innocent of any *wilful* imposture." Is he going to make of me an *irresponsible* medium? That would be a last stroke to my reputation. What has he said to you? A *third calamity*. A letter from Buck, Cincinnati. Writes a few lines that I copy. "Can you tell me anything about the Society known as 'H.B. of L.'? *For the sake of the cause of the T.S. in this country* send me anything you can on the subject. You can put it in two or three hasty lines, and I particularly desire to know whether Mrs. Kingsford is '*officially or otherwise connected with it*.' P. Davidson is its outside figurehead. Is the Society he represents old or new? false or true? etc."

Yours sincerely,

J. D. BUCK.

136, W. EIGHTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.,
U.S. AMERICA.

Now what do *I* know! Do you? It is evident there's some new treachery emanating from the fair Anna. For mercy sake get information and write him through Mohini if you do not wish to do so yourself. It is *very important*.

What next? Yes *Times*—I KNEW they would not publish my letter and really it is for the best. If they did or do, you will see what new vituperation it will bring. Outside of the Psychists, Theosophists and Spiritualists, no one will read the Report and the *Times* is universal. However, I have placed myself in *your* hands *entirely*.

1. My own sister is three years younger than I am (Mdme. Jelihovsky).

2. Sister Lisa is by father's second wife, he married in 1850 I believe a Baroness von Lange. She died two years after. Lisa was born I believe in 1852—am not sure, but think I am right. My Mother died when my brother was born 6 months after in

1840 or 1839—and this I can't tell. For mercy sake do not name her—what have the *poor dead* to do with all this vile thing called phenomena and H. P. B. !

3. Writing in French we Russians sign *de* before our names if noblemen of the "*Velvet* Book". In Russian—unless the name is German when they put *von*—the *de* is dropped. We were Mademoiselles *de* Hahn and von Hahn now—I would not put the *de* and never did to my Blavatsky name, though the old man was of a high noble family of the *Ukraine*—from the Hetmann *Blavatko*, becoming later Blavatsky in Russia and in Poland Count Blavatsky. What more? Father was a Captain of Horse Artillery when he married my mother. Left service after her death, a Colonel. Was in the 6th Brigade and came out a *Sous* Capitaine already from the *Corps des Pages Imperiaux*. Uncle Ivan Aleksievitch von Hahn was Director of the Ports of Russia in St. Petersburg. Married first to the *demoiselle d'honneur*—Countess Kontouzoff, and then en secondes noces another old maid of honour (a very stale one) Mdle. Chatoff. Uncle Gustave married first Countess Adlerberg—then the daughter of General Bronevsky etc. etc. I need not be ashamed of my family, but ***am*** of being "Mdme. Blavatsky," and if you can make me naturalised in Great Britain and become Mrs. Snookes or Tufmutton I will "kiss hands" as they say here. I do not joke. Otherwise I cannot return to India.

I am hard on S. D. What will come out of it I do not know but facts, facts and facts are heaped in it all relating to Christian robbery and theft. Yours alone and shivering,

H. P. B.

Love to Mrs. Sinnett and yourself.

LETTER No. LXIIIA[1]

See my *writing* on the 3, 4, and 5 lines.[2]

POONA,
29th December, 1885.

MY DEAR MADAME,

Yours of the 19th October reached me duly. We are all very glad indeed to hear that you have found in Europe "what you vainly searched for in India"—"***staunch, fearless* friends—whose devotion to Master and yourself has not wavered one hair's breath."**[3] It seems that we poor Indians in the eyes of yourself and the Masters, have lost all the little merit we ever possessed

[1] The letter of Kandhalavala mentioned by H. P. B. in the previous letter.—ED.

[2] This sentence is in H. P. B.'s handwriting.—ED.

[3] This is apparently a perfect replica of H. P. B.'s own writing.—ED.

and yet I believe your friends in India are the better gold for all the fault that you may find with them. It is one thing for those to profess implicit belief in you who have not to face a dire scandal, and quite a different thing to live in the midst of daily calumny and unflinchingly do our duty towards those we love without making a fuss or writing about our inner convictions to a prejudiced public, particularly when we cannot muster sufficient facts to give the lie to a scandal which only the Mahatmas could refute.

You are scarcely aware what a difficult task we had when the alleged letters appeared. Poor Sassoon wavering and ready to side with the public. Ezekiel's brother impatient to rush into print with a lot of matter collected haphazard from the conversation they had with you and scarcely knowing whether he was going to do you or Sassoon harm. Ezekiel scarcely remembering all the details and I knowing nothing as to what actually happened during your two visits. In spite of all that, I made the best of the situation and sent two letters signed by Ezekiel to *The Times* of India which greatly restored the peace of mind of our fellows and sympathisers. It was the Poona Branch that did the most to restore confidence and at best a hundred members if not more have been kept perfectly steady by me. Last year at the convention they were just about to make a mess by rushing into the arms of the law. I had intuitively grasped the real danger that lay before us from the very first day of the publication of those blessed letters and in spite of all difficulties I came to Adyar and helped along with others to avoid a course which would have sealed the fate of the Society and overwhelmed us with eternal ruin and shame. Whatever the truth—it was not in a Court of Justice that you were to have it.

If you want to know the plain truth it is this, that belief in you has not been altogether shaken but the [1] . . . . . .

LETTER No. LXIV

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

There's the copy of Moorad Ali—who died *raving mad*, of Bishen-lal and other *vain*, weak, and selfish characters—who end at the first temptation as raving madmen or commit suicide. The three charges brought by Bowajee are infamous *lies*. What I wrote to the Hindu or some Hindu was that Col. O. did not know Master as well as I did; that he had never seen him as I have,

[1] The remainder of the letter is missing.—ED.

in body once and the rest of the time in astral or maya shape; therefore—etc. that's all. This is now disfigured. Charge (2). Never have I nor poor Col. done such an infamy. Bowajee says that what even Hodgson did not dare to say—namely that I had used Masters' names for filthy money-matters. I shall write to Hurrissingjee and ask him to send me a certificate to the effect.

On the contrary when he wanted to spend Rs. 10,000 on a shrine, and give some thousands to the Society and that stupid *Temple* of Religions or something, I told him in Master's name not to do it; and I know Mahatma K. H. wrote to him not to spend his money on such things; that if he wanted to do anything let him bring his son to Adyar. He *did not* bring him—and the child *died*. Now this madman knows it all and yet disfigures facts, has *dishonoured O.* and me before the Gebhards far worse than Hodgson ever could. Well, it is all my fault *again*. I ought to have said to you, at least, the truth that he had been repudiated and sent away by the Master for something I cannot tell. But, as Master in His extreme kindness told me to be kind to him, I was, and loved him as I love Mohini. The boy turns to be a wild beast, an unprincipled *liar*, and if he comes to London I will keep no longer silent screening a *chela* as I have—though a *fallen* chela. *3rd* charge. My heart felt it; what, is it the few lines that Master wrote on a letter to you? I knew nothing of it and did not want to know and this is brought against me as a new charge.

My dear Mr. Sinnett, *the Society is as good as dead*. It is he, who psychologised the Arundales and all in London, and it is he who, to get *his revenge* will turn them all back and ruin it. IT IS DEAD now in Europe and no mistake. I do not care for *my* reputation, I cared for the Cause and *Masters*. They remain with me, and Their Cause and Society lie buried under a heap of dirt. Franz has found a *fetish*, and worships it. Well, LIAR FOR LIAR, if I am to be taken for one; impostor for impostor, he is the biggest of the two. But behold—the Occult laws—behold Karma and the result of *desecrating* the mysteries, of desecrating holy names. I have explained in my letter to the Gebhards and Countess the injustice of their suspicions—I have shown it—and can do no more. I am lost for ever for the Society, and the Society is dead *in Europe*: I have resigned every connection with the European Societies and say good-bye to you all.

Leave me to my fate.

Good-bye,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXV

Private.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

When the first letters had gone to you the Countess who had told me that D. N. boasted of having in his possession a document *to prove* our criminal *forgery* of a letter of Mah. K. H. asking for money and promising to cure a son of Hurrissingjee,[1] I sat thinking what *could be* his foundation for such a *horrid lie*. Then the idea flashed upon me that about 3 months ago, when I received a letter from Hurrissingjee (the copy of which I now enclose for you to keep safely till need comes to use it [2])—D. N. who read all my letters was furious. He then raved against Olcott and I was mad too. For *it was* his fault, his eternal American flapdoodle and idiotic plans and schemes for Adyar. This is what took place :—

You have perhaps heard, that Hurrissingjee (Thakur of Baunagar's cousin) took it into his head to build a shrine for the portraits of the two Masters and meant to spend over it 10,000 rupees. He several times asked Master; He would not answer. Then he asked Olcott, who bothered Mah. K. H. through Damodar, as I had refused point blank to put *such* questions to Masters. Then the Mahatma answered "Let him talk with the chelas about it I do not care" or something to that effect. Well Damodar and Chundra Coosho I think and others went to work to make a plan of the shrine. Even the dirty Coulomb, was called in for his draughtsman's capacities. We were in Europe then. But as soon as we were gone came the Coulomb row. When we returned, Hurrissingjee, to show that the exposure had no effect on him, wanted to *sell a village* and build the shrine *quand même*. The day after my return Mahatma told me to write to Hurrissingjee that He expressly *forbid* spending such amount of money. That it was useless and foolish. So I wrote. Then came the anniversary and Hurrissingjee sent a delegate for himself as he was sick. When the superlatively idiotic idea of a Temple of Humanity or Universal Brotherhood came into Olcott's pumpkin, the delegate, when the others were subscribing, was asked by Olcott and he said (in full convention in the *Pandala* before hundreds of people, "I believe His Highness wants to subscribe Rs. 1,000—" I said to Olcott "too much—it's a shame"—but he pitched into me for my trouble and as I was then sitting there in the light of a prisoner in dock—I shut up. Well; Olcott came

[1] "Unfortunately he said to the Countess that he had left it at Würzburg, and asked her not to tell me as I would hunt for and destroy it!"

[2] See Letter No. LXVa.—Ed.

one day and said, " Do ask Master to permit me to have money (generally) subscribed for the Temple." So I sent his temple and himself to a hot place and said *I would not.* Then he went to Damodar, and D.—asked I think, for two or three days after I heard through Damodar that the prohibition to Hurrissingjee of spending money on such flapdoodles had been removed and that Hurrissingjee *had* a letter to that effect. I remember as though it was to day Dj. Khool's voice laughing and saying " He will catch it with his temple, the *gallant Colonel.*" Next time D. K. I asked why was the prohibition removed when the very idea of the temple was stupid, and some people went against it. He said—" Well *you* ought to know that when there is a strong desire on both sides Masters *never interfere. They cannot prevent people from hanging themselves.*" I paid no great attention to these words then, I thought they referred to the foolishness of the " temple." I understand them now.

Three or four months ago I received from Hurrissingjee the letter the copy of which is enclosed. *This is* the great document and proof of our joint crime. Mr. D. N. said on reading it that Col. Olcott *alone* desecrated Master's name by mixing them with money matters and I agreed with him. Now he comes out, and says that *I must have precipitated* that letter since the Master (he KNOWS it ! !) could never condescend to mix his name with such a disgusting money-matter, " sons " and other things. Now I ask you what is there of so incriminating in the words of Master as quoted by Hurrissingjee ? He had foolishly attributed the birth of his son to the Master's " blessings." He had bothered Master to permit him to subscribe at least for a bit of the " Temple " if not for a whole shrine and received these words in answer. " If you so rejoice over the birth of a son—then *you may, if you choose* subscribe, and then *one day* you may be able to bring to us also your son." What have I to do with this ?—Does Master guarantee his life in them ? Master ordered him to come to Adyar and bring his newly born son there foreseeing that the malaria in Bhownuggar would kill the baby if he remained. This was said beforehand. Hurrissingjee *never brought* his son, never gave anything towards the temple (*very luckily*)—and wrote me this desperate and foolish letter. But now, when according to D. N.'s theory Hurrissingjee was terribly *mad* with us for it—this same *mad* prince, was at the Anniversary and subscribed 2,000 rupees toward expenses at Adyar, and see how *reverentially* he writes to me. Well keep this " damaging " document if you please, in case of my death, or to confound Mr. D. N. He has made a horrible cruel mischief but I pity him. I had no answer yet from him to my threats to expose him. Very likely he will

give me back "cheek" and impudence. I am prepared for all. I have indeed become a *corpse* inside and now come what may.

Yours,
H. P. B.

Please do not lose "letter" and keep it, I found it in a drawer where all my letters are kept by D. N. and this copy was taken by him at my desire for I sent the original to Olcott to blow his American brains with.

Yours again,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXVa

VAREL,
31*st July*, '85.

MY DEAR AND REVERED MADAME,

We have to thank you very much for the Samovar which you were kind enough to bring for us from Europe. Our Respected President has already forwarded it to us and we have kept it as a table ornament thinking it too sacred for use.

Of course you must have heard through the Hdqrs., about the deaths of Mirzan Moorad Ally and our brother Daji Raj, the Thakore Saheb of Wadhinan. We all are sorry for the latter, as he was too young to die and though perverse at times was yet a Theosophist. Our revered Madame, you also know that through the blessings of Those whom we revere and worship my wife got a son on the 27th of last November. We all rejoiced at the event but when Guru Deva K. H. wrote to me the following lines about him—"Since you rejoice so over the birth of a son of your hopes that is sent to you, you may on his behalf if you choose subscribe towards a temple of Universal Brotherhood," x x and again "One day you may be able to bring to us also your son"—our joy was really boundless. We imagined he was in his former birth some great personage and looked upon him with great concern mingled no doubt with respect. We had no idea that his life was to be so short and would thereby my wife's life be rendered more wretched than ever; as before the birth of our son she was at ease, happy and contented with her lot. Would it that he was not sent to us. We who have not attained the heights of Aparokshagnamam cannot in this Ashram understand the intricate webs woven by the laws of inexorable Karma.

Somehow or other our Branch seems very unlucky in its Presidents. The first died in insanity, the second by consumption, whilst I myself the third am now suffering the loss of an only son.

We, who are staunchly devoted to Them, had no idea that

such a calamity was in our lot. We thought we all were under Their protection. He was sure to die sooner or later. But we feel that we have not yet been fully worthy of Their protection. Our Karma!

We intend building a villa at Headquarters and passing the remainder of our lives in the service of the Theos. Society. Of course, we are not going to sell our villages at present. In this we follow the advice of our Blessed Master K. H. A word from you will be a great consolation to us both as it will afford soothing balm to our wounds.

Hoping you are in an excellent health,

I remain, Revered Madame

Yours ever devotedly

(*Signed*) HURREESINGHJEE ROOPSINGHJEE

(True Copy) BABAJEE

16/10/85,

Würzburg.

LETTER No. LXVI

Secret and Private.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I *have* humbled and brought him down—send you his letter to read and keep for me. *He* knows well that only through my efforts and prayers can he be forgiven by MY MASTER who will influence and ask Mahatma K. H. to forgive him what he has done *four years* ago and what he has done *now*. He is cured I believe. It cost me a terrible effort to health, my conscience and a new record on my Karma but I have SAVED THE SOCIETY. No matter, let me suffer torture and die a slow death—let only the T.S. be saved and *Their* names glorified later on, if not now. The little wretch would commit suicide if I were not to forgive him. He is really devoted to Masters and in terrible fear of Them now. And really I believe it *was* a remnant on him of his grandmother's sorcery that comes occasionally upon him. Poor fellow. I now pity him, *it is so hard* to be on probation. The temptations are so *terrible*! But I beg of you to keep his secret—not to let him know that you are aware *he is not the one* that came to you the first time. Not to say one word if you would not raise the devil in him once more. Let us keep this letter of his as a threat *never to be used* I hope against the poor boy. You understand *now* why he so *avoided* you, was in such dread of meeting you. Please call Mohini and take his word of honour not to let Bowaji know that I sent you his letter. Let him read it, and ponder over. Too much adulation have spoiled both.

And my *pitching* into both as a contrast between me and the veneration of others has made D. N. *hate me.* But now he repents, I think sincerely, let us drop it, for even he may be very useful to the poor Society in its present troubles. But for all of you theosophists, it must be a new proof that though the Masters cannot interfere with *regular* Karma, They can and will interfere always at the last and supreme danger, *and it was the greatest of all*—on account of the personal influence of the boy as a supposed, *personal*, accepted, and *regular* chela of the Masters. In this I am not to be blamed. I only carried out the orders of silence and had he behaved discreetly he would be by this time a real *regular* chela, though certainly not as much so as *the real* Dharb. Nath.

Yours ever

H. P. B.

with a lighter heart.

I still adhere to my first idea that he must be prevented from coming to London.

LETTER No. LXVII

Private and Confidential.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

There's news for you *enclosed.* Please keep it quiet and do not mention it even to Mohini. *Here is where danger* lies, not in what Hodgson or Coulomb can say. Here's a *fanatic* for you of the blackest dye. You do not know yet those Southern Brahmins. D. N. is capable of what he threatens *at any moment.* He is capable of taking upon himself *murder*, accuse himself of *lying* and having helped to INVENT *the Masters*, of anything. He is an occult Nero quite capable of burning Rome and burying himself under its remains. He says the attempt of this century is *a dead failure* and accuses ME of *desecrating* the Masters, and all Europeans of the same. In one sense he is not wrong. Only he miscalculates, inasmuch such an outbreak of fanaticism that sacrifices *himself, country, friends* all to save his MASTER'S name—is just that which proves the existence of the Master he tries to obliterate from people's minds.

Well, there it is. I have suspected it for months. The fiend of fanaticism has possessed himself of the unfortunate boy and we are all hanging on a thread. What a triumph for Hodgson if he carries out his threats! Told you all this many a time. Said to you *this* even at Simla. And remember, things have come to that point that THE MASTERS *are looking on and will not stir a*

finger to prevent the smallest thing. Karma is raging and everyone has to work the best he can and knows how. But do not write to the Gebhards or any one I told you. Do not *for mercy sake*, as otherwise you will only precipitate matters. Leave the Countess and myself to *act* upon him *soothingly*.

Yours
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXVIII

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Enclosed two letters—one famous and phenomenally brought by the Countess. To make it short. What Babaji's little game is :

(1) To make away with all phenomena.

(2) To show that the philosophy given out by you through *Mah.* K. H. is false, *misunderstood*, and that what he (Babaji) preaches now is the only *true* one.

(3) Having no other means to discredit the *past* he throws suspicions on all phenomena. Declares that :—

(*a*) *No* letters or notes could *have ever been* written by *Masters*.

(*b*) That They *can never* appear as you will find now the Gebhards believing.

(*c*) That what the Countess saw was not *Master* but an Elemental evoked by my powers—I—a *sorceress*.

(*d*) That Masters have not blamed *him* yet—therefore he is right etc. These are his chief points. Now—

Last night as I was answering the Gebhards (see letter opened by the Countess for you) and was at the end—the Countess sitting on the arm of the big arm chair and looking over. I had not come to the words about the phenomenon produced through D. N. Babaji at Torre del Greco before the Bergens and was thinking, trying to recollect the circumstances well, so that he could not get rid of the fact that hardly a few months since *he was himself* heart and soul in the phenomena line. I was doubtful describing the scene, whether the Gebhards so much under *his* influence would believe me. I felt depressed and miserable. When suddenly the Countess arose and went into the drawing room. A minute after she reenters and says, "Look here what I have found! Master's voice told me go there (drawing room) open third drawer and you will find a letter beginning with 'My dear Mohini' written by Babaji." It was a letter I had no idea of! A letter which will prove to the Gebhards that if he (D. N.) regarded the

Masters' letters with such veneration then—then nothing had happened since that any one should regard Masters' letters *now* as "Spook letters"—and that if I am to be considered a fraud then *he must be* my accomplice. How glad I was I can hardly tell you! I copied it for the Gebhards to send the original to you. Keep it, with care—it is the weightiest proof against D. N.'s *changed feelings*. He speaks in it even of Chunder Cushoo—of his receiving *direct* letters from Master etc. He says he was made many times by *his* Master (K. H.) to deliver letters to Olcott—never yet by *my* guru.—etc. Then came *Master's voice* the words that will be copied for you by the Countess. He says: No—*we do not approve* (gave his *real name* and I replaced it by that of Babaji). Now, if you will follow a fool's advice do the following. When you have read his letter (D. N.'s to Mohini, a friend to whom he was not likely to say lies, or deceive him, as proof of great weight)—write to D. N. the following. Say that you know his little game—which is evident! to overthrow His Master's philosophy and doctrines and to set up his *Ethics* in their place. (Ethics of which he knows still less!) That you know that he assumed the name of the *real* Dharb. Nath.—the latter only willing to go to Simla and he waiting at Darjeeling (*his perfect picture*!); that you know that he told you, and others[1] besides what he was ordered to say—a pack of lies, and is thus guilty of having acted under false pretences; that he acted again under false pretences at Bombay and everywhere else, and that unless he goes back to India immediately you shall use your influence as an Englishman to bring him before the law, which as he knows recognises no phenomena—frighten him. He will not be able to prove that it was *he* in Darjeeling and another at Simla. He will be frightened. This one was a chela only three months old when he came to live with us. I *cannot* tell you all *now*, but will as soon as we *either fall and die as a Society* or remain firm and unshaken. But what is needed is—the threat that you knowing his (supposed) imposture at Simla, and his *real one* at Madras and elsewhere are mistaken. Of course we can do nothing here without a scandal for ourselves—but in India he would find himself terribly frightened—if he thinks you will write about him to authorities in Madras and elsewhere. Frighten him, and make the thing easy for him to change and become harmless by adding that you promise him if he recants his evil lies never to open your mouth about him not even to the Gebhards. But that if he attempts to come to London, or Munich or remain long in Europe that you will expose him. This letter of his to Mohini I now send you that you may even show him and tell him what I advise you but do not tell *I told you*, because

[1] I do not know whether he spoke with you at Madras?

he would repeat it to Babaji. Frighten, poor dear Mohini and make him see *the horror* of Babaji's charges. Well, do the best you can.

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXIX

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

Handed in at WÜRZBURG. *Received* Jan. 29.

SINNETT, 7, Ladbroke Gardens Kensington London

Chela repents swears devotion do not write to him keep silent till letters explain. Upasika

LETTER No. LXX

Please keep this strictly private.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

My telegram was fruitless then—so be it. You are on a false track and have committed *un faux pas*. *You misunderstood* me. He has as much right to call himself Dharbagiri Nath, as "Babaji." There is—*a true Dh. Nath*, a chela, who is with Master K. H. for the last 13 or 14 years; who *was* at Darjeeling, and he is *he* of whom Mahatma K. H. wrote to you at Simla. For reasons I *cannot explain* he remained at Darjeeling. *You heard him* ONCE, you never *saw him*, but you saw his portrait his *alter ego* physically and his contrast diametrically opposite to him morally, intellectually and so on. Krishna Swami's, or Babaji's deception does not rest in his assuming the name, for it was the *mystery name* chosen by him when he became the Mahatma's *chela*; but in his profiting of my lips being sealed; of people's erroneous conceptions about him that he, *this present Babaji* was a HIGH chela whereas he was only a probationary one and *now cast off* (of which *he knows nothing yet*, as I am told, and *ordered* to tell you *privately* and *confidentially*, never to him, as he would either commit *suicide*, or RUIN THE SOCIETY IN HIS REVENGE). Now do not ask me anything more, for if I had to be hung, publicly whipped, tortured I would not, never would *dare* tell you anything more. You speak of "deceptions," *mysteries*, and *concealments* in which I *ought* "never to be involved." Very easily said by one, who is not under the obligation of any pledge or vow. I wish you, with your *European* notions of truthfulness and "code of honour" and this and that would try for one fort-

night. Now choose:—either to proclaim the little you do know, and that *I was permitted* to let you know for your own guidance —and thus throw one more shadow of opprobrium upon the blessed Masters—upon Mahatma K. H. who introduced to you and recommended *His own chela*—and will be regarded also as a deceiver, a liar, one who palmed off upon you a probationer of one year, making you believe he was a favourite chela of his having lived with him for ten years—or keep it secret, for people *will never* understand the whole truth, not even the Spiritualists. Tell a Spiritualist—that a *Spirit*, a "dear departed one" got into some medium who thus personated that "departed spirit" his very features assuming for the time being the exact likeness of that Spirit—and every Spir.ist will *believe and support you.* Tell them that one *living* D. N. came to you at Simla, and another *living* D. N. the *prototype* of the first remained at Darjeeling and still remains and lives now even to this day with the Masters—and people will call us all *liars*, deceivers, and humbugs.

Yet all this would be nothing—in comparison with the new sacrilege—with a loud or even implied inference that a MAHATMA whoever he may be had acted *deceitfully* in the matter. It is that ignorance of Occult transactions that gave such a hold to Hodgson and Massey and others. It is my *obligatory absolute silence* that now forces me to live under the shower of people's contempt. It is to be *or not to be*: we Occultists devoted to Masters have either to put up with Their laws and orders, or part company with Them and Occultism. I know one thing, that if it came to the *worst* and Master's truthfulness and notions of honour were to be impeached—then I would go to a *desperate expedient.* I would proclaim publicly that *I alone* was a liar, a forger, all that Hodgson wants me to appear that I had indeed INVENTED the Masters and thus would by that "myth" of Master K. H. and M. screen the real K. H. and M. from opprobrium. What saved the situation in the *Report* was that the Masters are *absolutely denied.* Had Hodgson attempted to throw deception and the idea that *They* were helping, or encouraging or even countenancing a deception by *Their* silence—I would have already come forward and proclaimed myself before the whole world all that was said of me and *disappeared for ever.* This I swear "BY MASTER'S BLESSING OR CURSE"—I will give a 1000 lives for Their honour in the people's minds. I will not see THEM desecrated.

Now do as you please. I asked you by telegraph not to say or write anything to Bowaji. Now he has a hold *on us* not we on him by that accusation; for he is cunning enough to know that whatever you, and the Countess and I *know* to be the truth

—the world in general will not believe it, and that such theosophists as the Gebhards for instance would only have to choose between *his* word and mine. And he has so prejudiced *them* against Olcott and myself and the phenomena and even your Esoteric Buddhism doctrines, he has so *psychologised* them into the belief that I am psychologising the Countess and yourself—that it will be a terrible work to undo what he has done.

Mohini is *sure* to take his defence as a Hindu ; and now that he is himself in trouble may side with him (Bowaji) though I do not know for certain, it all depends upon whether Mohini is *guilty* or not in the Leonard case. If he *is*—then he is a ruffian and a hypocrite *capable of anything*. If he is not then he is a *martyr*. You see I am kept entirely in the dark about him, Mohini. What do *I* know about him, his real *inner* life except what the Masters allow me, know and tell me ? He may be the blackest villian and Masters have cast him off as a probationer long ago—for what *I* know. But I *do hope* he is innocent for I have a great affection for him more than he knows. I am so lonely, so miserable in my *earthly* human affections that having lost all those I love—through death and the T.S. associations (my sister, for one, who writes me a thundering letter calling me a *renegade* a " sacrilegious Julian the Apostate," and a " Judas " to Christ) I love the two boys. Well I feel Mohini is all right morally, but oh God if he stops in London long he is lost.

Well, please a bit of business. I have *absolute need* of Mohini for S. D. and the glossary of Sanskrit words and other things unless he comes, or copies, all such words from MSS that I will send to you. I can never be ready by next autumn and this work is another kind of a " hairpin " than *Isis*. There are more secrets of initiation given out in the *Introductory* Chapt. than in *all Isis*. And what comes after is still more interesting. But I am utterly miserable about its *mechanical* arrangement. I have written and rewritten about twenty times this blessed Chapt. I have cut off and shifted the paras : and passages and sections and sub-sections until I am sick of it. Fancy Masters giving out the secret of the " Divine Hermaphrodite " even ! and so on.

Please now keep Bowaji's secret. I send you his letter of to-day—copies from yours to him and his to you. Please compare carefully *his* original and this copy, for I have reasons to believe that he has added something in the copy in which I find plenty of *his fibs*. But never mind—he is right to call the charge of the name D. N. being a false one " a fib —" for it was never meant so. What I said and repeat is that he is *not* the real D. N., the Chela who lived with his Master for so many years. Yet he is a

Chela so long as Masters have not proclaimed publicly and through the *Theosophist* that he has failed—and, he *is* D. N. this being as he truly says—his "mystery name."

Yours
H. P. B.

I have a letter from Russia, Moscow, offering me if I leave the *Antichrist* (!!) T.S. one thousand roubles *in gold* (5,000 francs) monthly and a contract for several years to write exclusively for two papers. I wish they may get it.

LETTER No. LXXI

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I told you *not to say one word* about D. N. I cannot say a *little*, without saying *all* to the world if you make it public. And *if I do*, then the L.L. will indeed be smashed if even Bowaji and I are smashed with it. Bowaji *has* a right according to Hindu custom to assume any "Mystery" name he chooses—even though there may be another man of the same name. You alone know a little, or may suspect, having heard it mentioned and rumoured in India that there are two D. N.'s. But I *cannot* prove it, without bringing out all I was ORDERED to keep silent upon. When (Oh Lord, when!) shall you realise that *our* laws and *rules* are not your (European) laws and rules! Now please do as I tell you in *this* case if you would not bring another and a worse scandal upon our heads.

I have received a letter from Miss Arundale who says that Bowaji is coming as their "*private* guest" on Sunday—today —now, when you are reading this letter. The only way to save the situation is for you to send for Miss Arundale and give her the enclosed letter for her and read it with her, and then show her the letter of the Countess to you, which she says she gave you permission to (have you not received her letter to this effect?). Let Miss Arundale, so devoted to the Cause and Masters know all you know under pledge of secrecy so far. Let her, *if* the little man is there already, tell him its all right and let him keep quiet, and then watch him and see what he says and does. If he keeps quiet, and does no harm why should we harm him? He *is* a chela, of whatever colour—and it is His Master's look out, not our business to reject and spurn him. For mercy and pity sake do not drive *me* to a desperate act. I do not care any more for *my* reputation. I only care to have *Their* holy names unsullied in the hearts of the few Theosophists who know Them, believe in them, and honour Them, whatever *my* mistakes and faults and

the treacherous doings of other persons. But to keep them so *unsullied*, I shall have to resort to a desperate act now that the boy will be driven also to despair for an act that he has done, indeed, in *a fit of madness*. You are too "matter of fact" my dear Mr. Sinnett, and this is *your* mistake in all theosophical matters. Do consult with Miss A. and do remember that the things of our occult world are not to be measured by the standards of *your* world.

In haste,

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXXII

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

It is again *my* fault, my *inaccuracy* in expressing myself. I ought to have written "He assumed the *attitude* of the real D. Nath. Besides what he was ordered to say—a pack of lies (useless as an object); and if the whole truth were told, he would be (*found*) guilty (by the uninitiated world and every profane) of false pretences." And so it would be. I do not make an immaculate being of him by far, *even from the standpoint* of the Occult World I am talking about, no more than I am immaculate. But I say that if he had the right to call himself Dharb. Nath he had no *right* to abuse of this position by assuming an attitude *which only the real* Dh. Nath would have the right to assume, and which he never would, however. He knows and realises it fully—that's why I have *subdued* him. And it is just because he is also alive to the fact that "mixed up with a European movement, tanglements of this sort are (not only apt, but *sure*) to produce evil"—that I could frighten him, and thus save the Esot: doctrine, our teachings and the whole from a new scandal and on *false* charges (in the occult) and quite correct ones in the *worldly*, deceptive light that represents everything upside down. The Countess knows *all*—(excepting one thing she must not know); and she says that were even the whole truth to be known I would never be blamed because I only did *my duty* to Masters; and that he took advantage of the position assigned to him temporarily—to harm me and the Cause, and several Theosophists, who see in him the *real*, instead of the reflection of Dh. N. the high chela. I *too* was made a *reflection* several times and during months; but I never abused of it, to try and palm off my *personal* schemes on those who mistook H. P. B. of Russia, for the high Initiate of xxx whose telephone she was at times. And this why the MASTERS have never withdrawn Their confidence from me, if all others (saving a very few) have. My position is simply *infernal*,

HORRID—because I, as a European born and having been brought up as much as any one else in the worldly notions of truth and honour—have to put up with the *full* appearances of fraud and deception with regard to my best friends—to those I love and honour most. But such is the result of serving the *Occult* and having to live in the profane and public world. Solovioff has turned round against me like a mad dog—for reasons as mysterious as they can be for me. He pretends that I did pronounce the words I hear for the first time "Ah le coquin, c'est la seconde fois qu'il nous joue ce tour là," etc. when I *know* that I could have never pronounced them, that they would be an infernal *lie*, if I had, for Mohini, to my knowledge, has *never been untrue* to his chelaship since he joined the Society—as to what he did *before* I care little and it is none of my business. He may have raped and seduced 20 virgins from 10 to 80 years respectively, including his own grandmother. There are no *immaculates* in our Society, and if we took in only such that there would remain in it—void and *nihil*, instead of living members. What I remember to have said to Solovioff—not on *that day* when I opened the letter but at some other time, is something I cannot repeat to poor Mohini. Speaking of the *good* the Society had done in the name of the Masters I told him what a profligate, sensualist and drunkard *Mohini's father was*, and how he had now become a regular Yogi. Whether he misunderstood or disfigured this *intentionally* I do not know—but if the latter then coupling this with some dirty stories told of Mohini by Hodgson he must have mixed up all and brought it as an evidence against him to please Mme. de Morsier. I wish the Paris Society and a half of the German were *smashed*. And if it goes on—I will smash them myself, as *ordered*. Solovioff is mad with me for his *unsuccess* of what you know and what I told you. But I confide and trust in *your honour* not to repeat it, nor anything I tell you here. Mr. Sinnett—you are my *last*, real *male* friend in Europe. If you were to despise me—I would commit suicide I think. I have learnt to feel for you that which I thought I never would for an Englishman, or a Russian either. I forgive England—for your sake. And Masters honour you in Their hearts I KNOW.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXXIII

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Your draft for *Times* is excellent. I was ready to copy and send it—when suddenly a horrible idea flashed through my mind. Now, however great the scandal—it does reach *only those*

interested in the phenomena. Suppose my letter *is printed* in *The Times* (why I doubt it I cannot say, but *I do*). Called in it *base* and accused of ungentlemanly behaviour, all the S.P.R. will pounce upon me and Replies with further slander and calumnies will pour upon me in *The Times*. Everyone will have a word to say. *The Times* are universally read—therefore the new slanders or maintaining of the old ones will be given still further publicity. What shall I do then? *The Times* will refuse printing lengthy replies to all and then I will be again worsted and then indeed *publicly* dishonoured. Think of it and telegraph *Yes* or *No*; or only in the case you *do* want me still to send it to *The Times*. My idea was to print the *Protest* and circulate it widely among Theosophists and Spiritualists and especially in India to make them feel how unfairly I have been dealt with. Please consult about it and reply. My heart turns against *The Times* as something very dangerous for me. Who am I, poor unfortunate old Russian—helpless and defenceless, and see the power *they are*. It is only *you* who can fight them with impunity. I care not for the world's opinion in general. But I care a good deal about the opinion of those who know me. This protest might be even more strongly written, if it goes only in the *Theosophist* and is circulated among those who read the *Report*. Do as you like. You know best and I put myself entirely into your hands,

Yours ever gratefully,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,[1]

I think your letter an excellent one, but I tremble at the thought of putting it in *The Times*. In the first place it will circulate the existence of these slanders and calumnies all over the world and then will come virulent and bitter replies. Massey, Myers and all of them. However you are an Englishman and know the ways of the world well, so think it all calmly over in your own mind, weigh the results and then give your answer. Were only the spy business concerned it would be excellent. But think of the replies, how they will drag in forged letters etc., how they will call upon her to produce her innocence in a Court of Law —think it well over and then let us know. Madame leaves herself entirely in your hands.

Now about her Memoirs, three things should certainly be omitted in them, first the adopted child as there are many who can bring unpleasant family secrets to light on that point—again

[1] This communication in the handwriting of Countess W. has been added to H. P. B.'s letter.—ED.

Madame's travelling about so much in men's clothes. Is there not a law in England to punish women who do such things. At any rate it would shock English prudery—lastly *no mention* of the Mahatmas, their names have been already sufficiently desecrated. Let us keep *them sacred* for the future. The doctor has given me to understand that Madame is still a *virgin*.

Yrs. truly,

C. W.

LETTER No. LXXIV

Private.

I enclose the medical certificate of Prof. Oppenheimer who made a minute and exact examination "since my illness finds itself complicated now by some *congenital* crookedness of the *uterus* as he says—having it appears something to do with child-bearing (the *uterus* in general not mine or its crookedness) and which (though I had always had a dim conception that "uterus" was the same thing as "bladder")—which crookedness kills at once the missionaries and their hopes of proving me the mother of three or more children. He had written a long and complicated statement of the reason *why* I could never have not only children, but anything in the shape of an extra since *unless an operation is now made*—they can't get at that blessed uterus to cure it. I thanked and *declined*. Better *die* than have an operation made. But knowing *this* (certificate) shall have probably to be read in my defence—I did not permit him to go into physiological particulars and asked him simply to certify the fact that I *never had* any child or children, nor *could I have them*.

What next shall people say?

Yours dishonoured in my old age

H. P. Blavatsky.

Franz Gebhard and Hübbe Schleiden translated the certificate for you. The Dr. (Oppenheimer) says that *Gynaecological* "illness" means "woman's functions" and shows *intactness* (as Mme. Noury of Stead's trial has it) Hübbe Schleiden explaining to me blushingly that "it is a *delicate* and *scientific* way of putting it, and *very clear*." Don't show this to anyone—I *write* it to you as a trusted friend—its real SHAME to speak of it—though I am decided that my friends and defenders should know it. Keep the certificate.

LETTER No. LXXV

Jan. 29, 1886.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Enclosed find the results of karma for defending an innocent though foolish man, and—for writing *private and confidential* letters to a woman of hysterical temperament.

Please tell me what I have to do? Countess says that I have either to go to London and *appear*; or that Germany will give me up to England; or that I will be made to pay £100 for default or perhaps be *hung* by the neck till I die passing through a preliminary torture somewhere.

It thus appears that a person who denies that another person was maliciously *seduced*—is liable or amenable to law in England. Writing *private and confidential* when the person "libelled" *is not even named*—constitutes *a* LIBEL?

Is it so? Then all I can say is, that I would prefer living under Chinese and even Russian laws. Please let me know at once what I am to do. You have *my statement* addressed to your Council to investigate Mohini's Don Juanic crime.

The blows of *karma* are coming so quick in succession so rapid and unexpected that it reacted on my nerves—or *our* nerves rather—and that the Countess and I are sitting looking at each other and feel convulsed with laughter.

No answer from Bowaji; gloomy—uninterrupted silence. Poor Gebhards, they seem *entirely* in his hands. The karma of the Countess who insisted to send him to Elberfeld.

Well—keep courage and go on. If we remain *ten* persons in the Society united strongly—it *cannot* die and my Secret Doctrine is there. Only beware of Bowaji who is a *complete lunatic* at present.

Yours, at the foot of a karmic Vesuvius covering me with uninterrupted eruptions of ***mud.***

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Please answer these questions

(1) Can they force me to go to London.

(2) Can they call me into a Court of Law for supposed libel? And if so can they compel the German Govt. to give me up if I refuse—what is the fine? if there is one. Please consult *a lawyer* and I will pay, it's only a trifle.

LETTER No. LXXVI

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

As you are about the only man I now know of incapable of betraying the sacredness of a private letter by sending it over to an enemy—even to save your life—I write to tell you two things.

(1) Mohini sent such private letter of mine to Mme. de Morsier; the one I wrote to him last week with the news that had just reached me that Solovioff had stepped out as a witness against me in the Mohini business with L.—to show that I knew his supposed crime (for it *is a crime if* it has happened) all the time and endeavoured *to cover it*, i.e. to play a vile part of hypocrisy, sham and *Pecksniffism*. Mme. de M. showed it immediately to Solovioff. Result: a thundering, *threatening*, *sickening letter* from Solovioff in which all the thunder and lightning individual and collective *as from Russia* are gathered together and thrown at me. I will write no more to Mohini—nor to any one either since today.

(2) You better give up the "Madame Blavatsky" *Memoirs*. If they come out *now*—you will have all Russia, my relations and the public against you and *me*—you do not care—*I do*. Solovioff threatens me moreover that Mr. Blavatsky is *not dead* but is a "charming centenarian" who had found fit to conceal himself for years on his brother's property—hence the false news of his death. Fancy the result if you publish the *Memoirs* and if he is indeed alive and I—no *widow*!! Tableau, and you will lose your reputation along with me. Please *put the book by*—at least its publication.

I have not decided yet what I will do. But do something I will. Please tell the part concerning him to Mohini but *withhold the rest. I confide this to your honour*. Did you ever picture to yourself an innocent, harmless *boar* who asked only to be left to live quietly in his forest, who had never hurt a man, and against whom a pack of hounds is let loose to get him out of that wood and tear him to pieces? For some time, of course, *as long as he can* and that there *is* hope for him to save his forest from desecration and himself as the guardian thereof. But when to those barking, howling, ferocious hounds, animals, *hitherto friendly* to the boar join themselves and pursue him for his life-blood then the boar comes to a dead stop and faces his enemies, ex-friends and all. And woe to the latter. The boar is *sure* to be murdered, overwhelmed by the number but there will be *hundreds* of dogs disemboweled and killed in the last and supreme smash. This is an allegory true to life. Make of it what you like.

I learn that Hodgson comes out as a witness of Mlle. L. against Mohini to the effect that he (Mohini) had another such seduction and love business, in India. Mr. S. has probably put my exclamation upon reading that first Mohini letter, "Its the second time such a thing (of chela seduction) happens in the Society" and putting the Hodgson evidence and gossip about Mohini—which he says is known to all in Paris and London—has made out of it "Le Coquin! c'est la seconde fois qu'il nous joue ce tour là. Il faut *l'étouffer* cette affaire!"—Clever. He threatens that if I bring his name into this dirty scandal, that all my devils (meaning MASTERS) will not save me from utter ruin. He speaks of Baron Meyendorff—of Blavatsky, and the reputation made for me *by friends* in Russia and elsewhere. *The forest is surrounded* and the boar is preparing to stop and face the enemy.

H. P. B.

Two words in PRIVATE. The Duchess is not such a friend of Mrs. K. and M. as you think. She has unbosomed herself to Olcott and me. She is their *victim* rather. She has paid for publishing their *P. Way* given them her ideas, and they never so much as thanked her or acknowledged it. They are ungrateful. Now she is *our*, not *their* friend. But she seems in awe of the divine Anna. One thing funny though. She tells me that though vegetarians they both drink wine at their meals—claret and *liqueur fines*—and James the butler adds even and told to the Duchess at dinner before us, that Mrs. K. "is very fond of champagne"!!! Now why does she then denounce you to K. H. *as a wine bibber*? Now I want to know whether Mrs. K. makes a secret of it, or does (drink wine) openly? It is very important I should know it. Olcott will tell you this. Goodbye —Love to dear Mrs. Sinnett. I *wish* I could see you but—impossible.

H. P. B.

P.S. With regard to *Memoirs*. May be what Solovioff tells me of old Blavatsky "whom you (I) have prematurely buried"—is a wicked fib of his, thinking the news would overwhelm me, and perhaps it is not. I never had an official notification of his death, only what I learned through my Aunt at New York and again here. "His country seat ruined" he "himself had left years ago" and news had come "he was dead." I never bothered my brains about the old man: he never was anything to me, not even a *legitimate*, though hated *husband*. Yet if it turned out to be truth—(his father died when 108 and my own grandmother at nearly 112) and we talking all the while of him as though he were

in Devachan or Avitchi—it would bring no end of trouble. If you think that the *Memoirs* would do good—then do so, only under your own responsibility and over your own name and giving only *that* which is printed in Russian. On either my Aunt or Sister do not rely. They will not hear of further "*desecrations* of the family secrets" as they call them. My Aunt may, perhaps, send two or three things. My sister is infatuated with Solovioff who set her against me and the society and poor Mohini—and now she writes to me letters in Mad. de Maintenon's style—bigoted and as cold and haughty as ice on Mont Blanc. She may go to grass. My Aunt says that she gave away that portrait and has it no more. I leave thus the publishing of the *Memoirs* with you, but I really think it is dangerous now. Delay the publication for a few months. Do not give it up, but do delay, for I *feel* there will come some insulting letters in the papers to add to them so and so, some dirty scandal as to my supposed three children etc. and what can or shall I do then? My position is a helpless one. There is not in the whole world a woman situated more miserably than I am. I am *absolutely* helpless.

Our Occult friend, the author of the immortal Kiddle flapdoodle, and of the premature note from Master who wrote with his inner self in the future (for Him the present), and it came out five minutes too soon at Schmiechen's—thinks you will appreciate better Bowaji's position by an illustration of his. There's a bootmaker at Torre del Greco named *Jesus* with the name on his sign board. Now he says no one can call him an "impostor" for calling himself *Jesus*; but if he allowed people to believe that he was Jesus Christ, and acted in this wise then he would be one *unless he undeceived his public*. Bowaji acts or acted as though he were *the* REAL chela, and this is where the deception begins. An ambassador representing his sovereign during the middle ages had every right and it was *his duty* to get married as a proxy for his King, and he had a right and it was *his* duty to shove his right leg into the bride's bed in great ceremony and before a select court. But if that Ambassador went further and made a child to the Queen in his Master's name—then he would find himself in a somewhat worse position than even our Mohini.

Sarma is a great friend of the Countess and says he is proud to call himself one. He talks for any length of time with her alone, and then will come sometimes and talk to us both; so that she and I hear him and see him at the same time. I care little for him but the Countess seems very fond of him—so much the better for Mr. Sarma. I send you Olcott's letter and his suggestions. He seems very cool about the bare possibility of "an Eurasian" as a memorial of Mohini's visit to London. It appears

I have just been honoured with an election as a C.S.y *for life*. Very kind of them, at Adyar. Is Mrs. Sinnett angry with me that she has ceased suddenly writing? Do tell. Is the "copy" in London or still at Elberfeld? Please let me know and do "*know, dare* and keep *silent.*"

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXXVII

February 16th, 1886.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Read this with attention please; as I am DETERMINED to square my accounts wherever I have any, and put myself in a position for the few days I have to live—that would not be altogether that of the sick and old lion, made helpless, that every donkey can kick, that is hunted by all the hounds of hell and has the doors of every land and city shut before it or him.

My *Karma*—is my deserved Karma and I do not murmur or rebel against it. But, outside of Karma—and I know this for I was explained the difference—there is (a) duty and justice to myself as to any one else of my mankind; and (b) some means to be provided that I could finish or rather work on, until I finish the *Secret Doctrine*. Now in my present state it is *thoroughly impossible*.

The Countess is a witness to what I say. She wonders daily and hourly how a woman in my dilapidated and debilited state of health can bear all I do, daily and hourly too, and not either *become insane* or drop down dead of heart-rupture. I can bear and would bear anything that is the direct result of my own mistakes or *sowing*. I mean to kick against that which is entirely the result of human cowardice, selfishness, and injustice. I may have brought on myself Coulombs, Hodgsons, even Sellins—I have done nothing to deserve to lose my best friends and those most devoted to the Cause, through the intrigues of those who ought to be, if not quite ready to lay their life for Master and Cause, as I am—at any rate not to swell the ranks of those who keep on stoning me daily. Please put the question fairly and openly to Messrs. Bowaji and Mohini. Do they want me to live to finish my work, or do they, each for their own selfish ends, mean to *finish* me? For there is a limit when even one protected as I am, must give away in her human nature and either lay violent hands on herself, or on those who seek to kill her.

This will appear ridiculous and absurd to you. Perhaps you too fell a victim *already* to Tamil mantras and psychology as all the Gebhards have—especially Franz—as Miss A. has, and now

as I see—Mohini? I would not feel surprised in the least, knowing what I do.

Now let me speak plain and say at once that if you have not yet arrived at such a blessed state of a *marionette* in the hands of one superlatively clever at creating such—you are in eminent danger to fall into it, even though you never saw Bowaji—never spoke with him, simply by the force of circumstances that this little creature is determined to create, that you will end by yielding to, because—a man of the world, you judge by the appearances created. Now I do not mean to sit and wait till I lose you and Mrs. Sinnett as I have lost the Gebhards, and now Mohini *entirely in the hands* of one, *who has nothing more* to lose, and who therefore can care little for what may be the result for himself. I beg you not to laugh; I pray you not to think I am writing in a hot passion, or in one of my fits of rage and irrepressible impulse—for I do not. I *know what I say* and therefore I mean to act thereupon.

Three days ago I had a letter from Hübbe Schleiden giving me the startling news that Sellin *had conquered him*, that he came to an agreement with M. Gebhard that he (H. S.) would send him back his diploma and Presidentship, would open the *Sphinx* to Mr. Sellin's vilifications against the Society, Olcott, myself (in the Hodgson style and worse) and remain only *in his heart*, a true and devoted theosophist *working for the Society still*, since by opening his columns to the enemy and resigning every connection with the T.S. he would thereby prevent Sellin from abusing and ruining the T.S. in all the German papers. In short he would sacrifice himself and his journal making of the latter a *paratonnere*—a lightning conductor. Now you may ask what has that to do with Bowaji? I say a good deal. M. Gebhard is in it, and was *made to see* things in this light. If asked, M. Gebhard will deny it very sincerely, he will explain it on other grounds. *I maintain what I say*. But that's nothing—let it go. It is only one of the many cases I know. Let me come to the last one.

Nothing sincerer, more affectionate than Mohini's letters to me to the day his *friend* B. (who hates him more bitterly now, than Coulomb ever hated me!) came to London. Result No. I. A letter from Mohini, calm, moralising *full of charges*—every one of them utterly *groundless* and *false*—that he mentions in a highly dignified and forgiving tone. You may not see anything but very natural misconceptions generated through circumstances and Karma. I see things otherwise. Every charge in it, namely (1) that I had divulged a certain secret of Mohini's to Mme. Coulomb who told it to Hodgson, (2) that I told the same to Damodar, while I wrote to him (Mohini) *now* that I had never

opened my mouth to any one upon the thing; (3) that I believed *him guilty* of —— with Miss —— as soon as I had read her letter to him at Würzburg and *then told to* Solovioff, who went and told to Mme. de Morsier; who thus finding that *I* believed in Mohini's guilt believed it too, and then finding that I had *turned front* and said Mohini *was not guilty*, thought necessarily that I was lying and tried to cover him, and feeling indignant (as she well might, poor woman, if it were so) turned against me and Mohini and all; (4) that I had written to the Colonel a letter in which I had *misrepresented*, or told him about Mohini something dreadful etc. etc. etc. Enough we have to analyse now these charges.

Every one of them proceeds through Bowaji *and his instrumentality*. The charges and explanations with regard to Mme. de M. have been disentangled *via* M. Gebhard, who went to Paris and is, at any rate, in daily correspondence with Mme. de M. *I alone know* how much there is in it of Mr. B.'s influence. He told all this to Mohini, at all events and thus poisoned his mind against me.

You know, for you were here at Würzburg, at the time—whether I *believed* Mohini guilty; what I had said to you I had said to Solovioff regarding him the *friend he was then*—and NO MORE. I was mad to think that any woman would dare write to Mohini such letters and saw plainly that he was guilty not of *sexual intercourse*, but of *yielding to* an adoration that tickled his vanity, of corresponding with a woman in love with him. And *you know that had I even believed in my heart that he was guilty* I would screen him, *a chela*, one connected with Masters—with my own body, not for his *own sake* for I would have done everything *secretly* and *underhand* to rid the Society of such a hypocritical monster—but I would have cut off my tongue before saying or confessing it to any one. It would have been suicidal for the Society, myself, and thrown a new slur on the Masters. Therefore, *I have never said such a thing* to Solovioff. He LIED most positively. He gossiped, first out of pure love for mischief—as he gossiped to me about Mohini being this and that, having had intrigue in Paris with such and such a one, about Miss A. being madly in love with Mohini; about Mme. —— herself, who, in one of her fits (magnetic trance) *made love to him*—Solovioff, and wanted TO RAVISH HIM (sic). He is a dirty unscrupulous liar and gossip. He did it at first without any evil intention against me, then was caught and forced to repeat his lies on official documents brought by Meltzer or—to proclaim himself a *liar*. *He preferred sacrificing Mohini and me*, that's all; I see it—Mohini *does not*, for he is deep under B.'s influence.

I never said, what he charges me with, either to the Coulomb

or Damodar. Both were told by a party wronged by Mohini of that affair, one that happened *before* Mohini had even heard of the Theos. Soc. But, as Coulomb will swear to anything against me, and that Damodar is not there to answer it—hence Mr. Bowaji's *safe charges* against me, whom HE HATES—well in a way he did not conceal before the Countess.

I never wrote one word about Mohini to Olcott. I avoided and delayed it. It is only when the affair became serious, that I told it to him in a general way, asking him *not to believe* all that would be told to him about poor Mohini, who had been *foolish* but was innocent of the crime imputed to him. You have a letter from the Colonel, I sent you, in which he tells me " I knew all *about* Mohini "—to my great astonishment. Now I know *how* he learnt it. It was through Mrs. C. Oakley who wrote to her husband the gossip and scandal about town from our enemies. Hence Col.'s letter to which Mohini alludes, and of which I know *nothing*. Please show to Mohini Col.'s letter. It is the last one, I think I sent you.

Such are the facts. Judge of my position and try to realise that I, taking my theosophical vows in dead earnest, cannot act otherwise than I mean to with regard even to a woman that I fully despise. I do not believe Mohini *guilty*—never did of the consummation of the last criminal act. But if he has indeed written letters to Miss —— " nearly 100 in number " and " couched in the most extraordinary terms," I will retract the words " Potiphar " and other " libellous " terms and write to her through her lawyers the enclosed,[1] which please correct and suggest anything else you think proper. I do not wish to incriminate Mohini, thereby, for I would be throwing slur on the Masters by it—if even it were the truth which I do not, *cannot* believe. But I wish it to be known plainly that it is the writing of even such letters that I do not approve of ; and that if he gave her a certain right by flirting and flapdoodling with her in a way little behooving in a chela, I, *had I known it at the time*—would have never called her a " Potiphar " in writing, whatever my own personal opinion of her. I am perfectly aware that the threats of the lawyer are ridiculous ; but I also know that though they cannot *reach me here*, they can create scandals and throw dirt at me in a hundred ways that no one would think of but *unscrupulous lawyers* ; and I have had enough of dirt and scandals. Besides so long as I am not clean out of this whole affair I cannot even go to London where I HAVE *to go absolutely*, and whether I see you or not.

Thus *if you are a friend*, you will please employ a good lawyer (I have a few pounds from my aunt I can spend) to go to those

[1] See Letter No. LXXVIIA.—ED.

wretches and have a good talk, and to tell them, that if they have indeed letters from Mohini to her " more than a hundred in number " and that if they can show the lawyer *one* endearing term showing love familiarity—then it is enough for me. As I had written letters to Mme. de M. under the impression that it was *her* who pursued him, and not he who answered or *seemed* to answer and countenance, if not encourage her love—and that Bowaji told me quite a different story, in which Mohini was made out the victim *of more than one she-woman*—with details ; if now it is shown to me that it was not so, and that there is six of one and half a dozen of the other I am ready to acknowledge my mistake publicly. She is *not* a Potiphar—and he is not the Joseph—*morally* (if he is physically) that I took him for.

Now do not try and dissuade me from this. Show this letter to Mohini and let him ponder over it well and show it even to his friend B. if he likes it. I am *determined*, to square all my accounts. I have suffered that which none in the whole Society, and perhaps the world over, would be willing to suffer if he could help it—and to suffer any longer now would not injure *me only* but the Society, the Cause, the MASTERS' names. I know that, which you do not, *cannot* know, for you had no such personal experience as I have. I KNOW that I have to deal no more with the Bowaji D. N. who left me to go to Elberfeld but that I have to fight alone, and single handed a POWER—that acts through him ; and which, if I do not conquer, will conquer (ruin) the whole Society, yourself, and ALL through me, though *personally* myself IT cannot harm. What occultist would be blind enough if he were a genuine occultist, not to perceive the impossibility, the utter *unnaturalness* that a boy (or man) so utterly devoted to the CAUSE, the Masters, and myself to a degree as I believe—should suddenly, without the least provocation, cause, or reason, develop such a HATRED, such a fierce, savage, fiendish thirst of revenge and desire to ruin one who, except kindness had done him nothing ? His letter of contrition to me, which I sent you, was a *sham*, (or a temporary relief from the POWER in him.) No sooner written he went on the same, only more cautiously. He set the Gebhards dead against me, and Franz and his wife against the Countess too. He meddled in everything, led the whole affairs at Elberfeld. He was the guiding and evil genius of the family as they will find out and he will be that of the A.'s, and any one whom he now approaches. He wrote to me since, two most impudent, impertinent letters which are not *his* (Bowaji's) but written in that crafty, cunning, jesuitical *dugpa* style I am so well acquainted with. It is Moorad Ali *resurrected* ! I tell you all, and Mohini the first one, *to beware*. He speaks graciously of seeing me *once*

more before he returns to India or goes to America. I will not see him, for I could not bear the *horror*—and if he does not change and the POWER does not leave him I will not permit him to cross the threshold. How can *I* doubt—if all of you are foolish enough to—when, no sooner had we left Ceylon, this last March or April—that I saw the well known FORM (I had already seen near him in Darjeeling, but this did not *dare* approach him *then*) ten yards off us four—(Hartm., Flynn, Bowaji and myself)—on deck shaking *its fist at me*, and saying: "You are *four now*, you will soon be three, then two—then you will remain alone, *alone*, ALONE!" The prophecy has come out pretty fully. Mary Flynn, losing suddenly without any cause or reason, her devotion—did not give a sign of life since she left, turned round. Then Bowaji went away to Elberfeld—and there foaming at the mouth screamed before the Countess: "She will be left *alone*, I *will prevent every one*, *Mohini* and every one in India, to go to her. I hate, I HATE her—I would like to draw her heart's blood," etc. Yes I am left ALONE—the very words of the FORM. When the Countess leaves me in three weeks or so, I will be as alone as in a prison cell in solitary confinement. I may fall paralysed, die any day, with that poor fool around me alone who could not even notify any one of my relations or yourself of the fact. My papers, MASTERS' papers all to the mercy of any one. You may laugh—at the idea of the FORM. *I do not* nor does the Countess—who read his letter to her. . . . "The Dweller of the Threshold is here, he is coming, coming. . . . Come and *save me* etc." We know what it all means if you do not.

Well, remember. It *is not myself* but all of you and the L.L.—as also the T.S. in general I want to save. After what was said by Hodgson—nothing in the world can throw an additional strain on me. But the L.L. can break up and theosophy in England go to pot. Choose—between your own worldly wisdom, Mohini's sweet philosophical indifference, Miss A.'s blindness—and my THIRTY years EXPERIENCE. I have seen the FORM last night again, not in the house for there was Master's INFLUENCE in it—but across the garden through the walls, and the Countess has seen and *felt* it several times also though *here* she will not be hurt by it. And as I have seen it and received this morning the lawyer's letter and threats, I am *determined*. If, to save the Society and *rid it* from that POWER—that can approach and theosophist and *chela* even, if he is not as staunch and true to the Masters as I am—I had to go to London with the next train and make friends with Miss L. and common cause with her, any Hodgson and all—*I would do it without hesitation*. Remember, then, my dear, faithful friend, who alone has remained such *in*

all Europe. I will accuse myself, deliver myself to the jailor, to the Missionaries, accept the propositions made by the Jesuits anything. I have arrived to that point of indifference to *moral* personal suicide that I am ready for all. It is Mohini's last letter that showing me the terrific danger to which you are all blind that determined me. My love to dear Mrs. Sinnett—St. PATIENCE —truly!

Yours to the consummation of the theosophical *pralaya*—ever

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LXXVIIA

SIR,

Having received your letter of the 16th current I beg to inform you, that if you can show to my lawyer who will deliver you the present:

(1) Any letter of mine—from those I have written *privately* and confidentially to Mme. de Morsier without the remotest idea of publicity and delivered by her to you—in which letter I connect your client's name with any libellous epithet or sentence, or in which Miss ——'s name is mentioned by me;

(2) If out of the "hundred letters" from Mr. Mohini to Mdle. —— you claim to have in your possession, *one single endearing sentence to her address* is shown by you to the gentleman who will call on you, a sentence clear enough to lead to the conjecture and conclusion that he was or desired to be on such terms as are generally regarded by every honest person as improper and dishonourable between a married man and an unmarried female—in such case I shall acknowledge that I have been entirely misinformed as to the true state of the case, and will make Miss —— a full apology for any libellous term I have used. I believe Mr. Mohini *innocent* so far. Let it be shown to me that he is not—and I will be ready to acknowledge publicly my mistake.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

To the lawyer. Now correct, remodel, and see how I can write it.

LETTER No. LXXVIII

Saturday 13th/86.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Here's a new letter with black-mail and bullying in it, this once. It proceeds direct via Bibiche from Coulomb with whom your lovely ex-walz-partner is in direct communication.

What the blackguardly *clique* means, I do not know, but what the Coulomb means I see clear in it for it is an old, old story. But whatever it may be I am determined to throw it back into the Remnant's face. I do not suppose that in England a lawyer is less liable to be prosecuted for libel and defamation than any other mortal is? Now this address:

"Mme. Metrovitch otherwise
Mad. Blavatsky."

is a written *libel* and a bullying bit of *chantage*, blackmail or whatever you call it. People with a mouth and a tongue cannot be stopped from saying that every man whoever approached me, from Meyendorff down to Olcott, was my LOVER (though it is just as much of a libel I believe, as any of us saying that the —— is a Potiphar, or had crim. con. with Mohini, isn't it?). But I do believe that when a *lawyer* or *lawyers* on the authority of Mme. Coulomb's infernal gossip *writes* such an insult implying not only prostitution but *bigamy* and *aliases*—it is a defamation. If you please show *this* to the lawyer (ours) and do make him stop it at once by saying that unless *they* and Bibiche write an excuse I will prosecute them and bring them in for libel. Now *I* have a right to, and if *I have not* and if you do not profit or take advantage of this—then all I have to say is that you deserve being bullied by the Bibiche. I tell you that were we in Russia or in any other civilised or half civilised country—this letter would be *a libel*. If it is not so in England then the further one keeps away from your country of freedom and JUSTICE the better for him. Now listen to the story. Agardi Metrovitch was my most faithful devoted friend ever since 1850. With the help of C[t] Kisseleff I had saved him from the gallows in Austria. He was a Mazzinist, had insulted the Pope, was exiled from Rome in 1863—he came with his wife to Tiflis, my relatives knew him well and when his wife died a friend of mine too—he came to Odessa in 1870. There my aunt, miserable beyond words, as she told me, at not knowing what had become of me begged of him to go to Cairo as he had business in Alexandria and to try and bring me home. He did so. There some Maltese instructed by the Roman Catholic monks prepared to lay a trap for him and to kill him. I was warned by Illarion, then *bodily* in Egypt—and made Agardi Metrovitch come direct to me and never leave the house for ten days. He was a brave and daring man and could not bear it, so he went to Alexandria *quand méme* and I went after him with my monkeys, doing as Illarion told me, who said he saw death for him and that he had to die on April 19th (I think). All this mystery and pre-

caution made Mme. C. open her eyes and ears and she began gossiping and bothering me to tell her whether it was true—what people said—that I was secretly married to him, she not daring I suppose to say that people believed him most charitably *worse* than a husband. I sent her to grass, and told her that people might say and believe whatever they liked as I didn't care. This is the *germ* of all the later gossip. Now whether he was poisoned, poor man, as I had always suspected or died of typhoid fever, I cannot say. One thing I know. When I arrived to Alexandria, to force him to go back on the steamer that brought him, I arrived too late. He had gone to Ramleh on foot, had stopped on his way to drink a glass of lemonade at the hotel of a Maltese who was seen talking with two monks and when he arrived at Ramleh fell down senseless. Mme. Pashkoff heard of it, and telegraphed to me. I went to Ramleh and found him in a small hotel, in typhoid fever I was told by the doctor, and *with a monk* near him. I kicked him out knowing his aversion to priests—had a row and sent for the police to drag away the dirty monk, who showed me his fist. Then I took care of him for ten days—an agony incessant and terrible, during which he saw his wife apparently and called loudly for her. I never left him for I knew he was going to die as Illarion had said and so he did. Then no Church would bury him, saying he was a *larbonar*. I appealed to some Free Masons, but they were afraid. Then I took an Abyssinian —a pupil of Illarion and with the hotel servant we dug him a grave under a tree on the sea shore and I hired *fellahs* to carry him in the evening and we buried his poor body. I was then a Russian subject and had a row for it with the Consul at Alexandria (the one at Cairo was always my friend). Then I took up Mme. Sebir, my monkeys and went back to Odessa. That's all. The Consul told me that I had no business to be friends with revolutioniers and Mazzinists and that people said he was my lover. I answered that since he (Ag. Metrovitch) had come from Russia with a regular passport, was a friend of my relatives and had done nothing against *my country* I had a right to be friends with him and with whomsoever I chose. As to the dirty talk about me I was accustomed to it and could only regret that my reputation clashed with facts—" avoir le reputation sans en avoir les plaisirs "—(if any) has always been my fate. Well this is what Coulomb now got hold of. Last year Olcott wrote to my aunt about this poor man and she answered him telling him, that they all had known Metrovitch and his wife, whom he adored, and who had just died when she asked him to go to Egypt etc. But all this is flapdoodle. What I want to know is—has a lawyer *a right* to insult me in a letter, as this Remnant has

—and have I, or have I not the right to *threaten him* at least with proceedings ?

Please see to it, I ask you as a friend, otherwise I will have to write myself to some lawyer and begin an action which I can do without going to England. I have no desire to begin an action myself, as you know, but I want these lawyers to know that I have a right to, if I choose. Perhaps they believe, indeed, the fools that I was *secretly* married to poor Metrovitch and that it is a skeleton in the family cupboard ? I write a few words which your lawyer can show to the Remnants to disabuse their minds. I will *not go* to England after all. I prefer Ostende.

Yours ever,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Unless you stop the "Mme. Metrovitch" business at once it will be all over theosophical London and a new scandal. I tell you you must do so for your *own* sake as well as mine. It's a *beautiful chance*, do not lose it. The Remnants *verily believe* in that gossip, otherwise they would have never *dared* to write in this way. Well show them they are IN for once, and then we will triumph.

Just look ! I found the envelope I had not remarked till now. Opened LIBELS in *open* letters or postcards are doubly punishable in the United States. How is it in England ? Olcott had a man for six months prison for just *such* a thing.

LETTER No. LXXIX

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

There's a letter from Gaboriau. I have answered it. He may do as he pleases. If he is capable of a *lâcheté*, I tell him—let him do so. I do not think he will give her the letter but you better write to him a kind letter and ask him to return it to you.

Here's a new impertinence from the lawyers. I have said below what I think. Please, engage a lawyer for me.

I have a letter from my aunt in which she says concerning Solovioff as I had asked her to recall all the circumstances not trusting to my memory: "I know nothing of that story about Mohini, nor does it interest me ; all I remember is, that when I tore up that letter unwittingly and you had read it and told of it to myself and Solovioff you began quarrelling with him and saying that you *would never believe Mohini guilty* and that it was his fault if Potiphars were running after him. If you *want it I can*

write a sworn deposition in French to that effect, and take my oath on the Evangelium (Bible) before a notary. If Solovioff says otherwise he LIES. What can he do, that he threatens me? Only denounce me perhaps to the gendarmes at the *Secret Office* and invent some treasonable expressions as having been pronounced by me. He is quite capable of it. All Russia knows him. His own Mother has cursed him and it is said"—(but that's too horrible) and he was my friend!!! No wonder if after His first visit, and having had a good look at him Master would have nothing more to do with him all my prayers notwithstanding!

Yours ever,
H. P. B.

Please show this to Mohini. I can send you her original letter but it is in Russian. Let him see that I have *not lied.*

LETTER No. LXXX

Mar. 3.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

It never rains but it pours. I do not think it possible to answer for anything, any smallest event in this life and say it will have no effect. *Karma* is more than any of you think. Presently the Shah of Persia will sneeze on a Sunday and next Saturday all Europe will be in conflagration because some of the European powers will have mistaken the sneeze for a cannon-shot. A too erotic spinster falls in love with a nut-meg Hindu with buck eyes, and one of the results is, that two families closely allied by the nearest blood-ties are separated for ever and a third party, innocent of the squabble from beginning to the end—myself—is *smashed* in the affray. Solovioff has turned out a dirty gossip, a meddler, and a bully. He, whose skirts were dirtier than those of any one else, arraigned himself as though in *virtue* against Mohini, sold me like a Judas, without cause or warning; went to Petersburg, got intimate with my sister and her family, set every one of them against me, learnt all he could learn of the dirty gossips of old (especially about that poor-child story) returned to Paris, sold us all, etc. Then wrote to me a most impudent, threatening letter, as you know, threatening also my aunt, who, upon learning how he had deceived us all *with his wife* (who has now turned out his *unmarried* sister-in-law, his other wife's sister that he seduced, it now appears, when she was only thirteen) wrote to my sister that she, the supposed Mme. S. whom you saw, was no fit companion for her unmarried daughters and my sister showed him, Solovioff, her aunt's letter!! A row—thunder and lightning. I sent to my

aunt his impudent letter. She sent my complaining letter to my sister and reproached her, it appears too violently, for allowing her daughters to sell me like Judases to Solovioff ; to make friends and side with him against me, who had done them no harm, but had given up all my father's inheritance to them, without a word of protest, etc. This sent my sister into hysterics and fits. The daughters wrote a most impudent letter to my aunt, asking her *never to write to them*, and never pronounce my name, which *as Christians stank in their nostrils*. My two aunts kicked and took my defence, and wrote thundering letters of reproach. New rows, new complications etc. etc. Now the result is : my sister's family and my aunts have become Montecchi and Capulette, and Solovioff the *Iago* of Theosophy and of myself. My sister hates me, as she declared, and her daughters still more. Now in Russia as everywhere else *hating* is synonymous with slandering. Solovioff moreover, will not forgive me for rejecting *his propositions*—that you know. He knows Katkoff ; he is a writer ; and I expect to lose through his kind offices my position on the *Russian Vyestnik* and as a consequence a few thousand roubles a year.

All this—because Mohini has chosen to play at platonic (*if* only platonic) Don Juan. How is this for complication, dirt, and a diseased heart ? Let it go.

Now about other things. I do not care one rap for all the Remnants in London. She can do nothing except throwing new dirt at us and unable to sentence us legally they will, of course, go on simply making faces at our sisters—if we have any left. But let this go too. Now while you had in your head the idea of living together somewhere in England in the country—which is *impossible* now, between S. P. R. and the Bibiche—I had *visions* that I told the Countess about three days ago. I saw most unexpectedly your house with a large bill on the window " Furnished house to let "—and I saw you two and myself in Dieppe or wherever it was, but it seemed to me Dieppe. If this is not simple imagination, a vision by suggestion and a train of thought—then there may be something in it. If you only could let your house furnished—which seems easier than sub-letting the lease, we could live very cheap somewhere on the shores of France ; you would be only two or three hours from London. I was thinking all the time to emigrate somewhere about there—Boulogne, Calais, Dieppe etc. ; to take a little house with Louisa, to send there my household goods and chattels and settle till I either die, or return to India where I cannot return till I have done with the S. Doctrine. To live in France across the Channel and the bit of sea between England and the French shore is like living in England and nearer than in many parts of England too.

Now do you think it feasible. What I spend here, some 400 marks, I will always spend elsewhere and no more. Bouton sent me 125 dollars most unexpectedly, says he will be now sending more. Makes fine propositions. I enclose his letter—read it please and send it back and say what you think of it. If Judge or Gebhard or Prof. Coues help me taking out a copyright from Washington for S.D. and to make a new contract with Bouton for *Isis* so that he could swindle me no more, I think I could make some money on it. And then we could live together in France or wherever you would say, till I have done with the S.D. The houses are very cheap on the sea shore places if one takes them yearly, they are dear only during the seasons. At Arques, near Dieppe, for instance, about half an hour's drive from Dieppe, one could live absurdly cheap. It is famous for its lovely forest—d'Arques, and its pretty villas of which there are many. The Countess lived there and says it is a delightful place. If a little house could be taken *now* or during April *beforehand*—I could send three months rent easily as I have scrubbed up some cash, and then I could send quietly and little by little my necessaries such as my arm chair and a few other things and then emigrate there at the end of April or beginning of May. How could this be done ? How would it do for someone to go and see the houses there or elsewhere. If I should pay half of expenses—for house—living and everything and you the other half it would be very cheap. And once settled, even if you had to go to London next winter, I would then stop alone and be still near you. I hope to have a little more money for next winter, between what I receive from Adyar, what Katkoff owes me and what I can do now. Do think of it seriously. If you could only let your house furnished, merely leaving in the bulk of the big furniture and taking away the smaller good things and nicknacks, we could settle lovely, I think.

There's a new development and scenery, every morning. I *live two lives again*. Master finds that it is too difficult for me to be looking consciously into the astral light for my S.D. and so, it is now about a fortnight, I am made to see all I have to as though in my dream. I see large and long rolls of paper on which things are written and I recollect them. Thus all the Patriarchs from Adam to Noah were given me to see—parallel with the Rishis ; and in the middle between them, the meaning of their symbols—or personifications. Seth standing with Brighu for first *sub*-race of the Root race, for inst : meaning, *anthropologically*—first *speaking* human sub-race of the 3rd Race ; and *astronomically*—(his years 912 y.) meaning at one and same time the length of the solar year in that period, the duration of his race and many other things—(too complicated to tell you now). Enoch finally, meaning

the solar year when our present duration was settled, 365 days—("God took him when he was 365 years old) and so on. It *is* very complicated but I hope to explain it sufficiently clear. I have finished an enormous Introductory Chapter, or *Preamble*, Prologue, call it what you will; just to show the reader that the text as it goes, every Section beginning with a page of translation from the Book of *Dzyan* and the Secret Book of "Maytreya Buddha" *Champai chhos Nga* (in prose, not the five books in verse known, which are a blind) are no fiction. I was ordered to do so, to make a rapid sketch of what *was* known historically and in literature, in classics and in profane and sacred histories—during the 500 years that preceded the Christian period and the 500 y. that followed it: of *magic*, the existence of a Universal Secret Doctrine known to the philosophers and Initiates of every country and even to several of the Church fathers such as Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and others, who had been initiated themselves. Also to describe the Mysteries and some rites; and I can assure you that most extraordinary things are given out now, the whole story of the Crucifixion, etc. being shown to be based on a rite as old as the world—the Crucifixion on the *Lathe* of the Candidate—trials, going down to Hell etc. all Aryan. The whole story hitherto unnoticed by Orientalists is found even exoterically, in the Puranas and *Brahmanas*, and then explained and supplemented with what the *Esoteric* explanations give. How the Orientalists have failed to notice it passes comprehension. Mr. Sinnett, dear, I have *facts* for 20 Vol. like *Isis*; it is the language, the cleverness for compiling them, that I lack. Well you will soon [see] this Prologue, the *short* survey of the forthcoming Mysteries in the text—which covers 300 pages of foolscap. Do think of Arques and Dieppe *seriously*. I must go somewhere but *not* in England.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXXXI

Thursday.

MY DEAREST MR. SINNETT,

May THEY bless and reward you, I can only feel as deeply as it is in my nature to feel that you are the best friend I have left in this world and that you may dispose of me to the hour of my death.

Do whatever you like. Publish the *Memoirs*, write what you think best and proper; I subscribe to it *before-hand* and hereby give you carte blanche and *full authority* to act and do in my name whatever you will. I am sure you will defend the Cause and myself

better than I ever can. I can only say the *truth* on psychological, occult grounds, misunderstood, laughed at by all. I am *powerless* to defend myself. I told you and you would not believe it that people *would believe* the "spy ' invention. The feeling against Russia is too strong now and Hodgson has cleverly arranged his cards. Now Hübbe Schleiden arrived here last night in terror saying there was real danger for me here in Germany. That the law was not here as in England, where the Solicitor General had nothing to do with a person suspected until a complaint was lodged. But that here, as soon as a paper would say that I was publicly proclaimed a "forger," however much Hartmann may deny it himself—that I could be arrested. That's jolly. Well—my conscience is clean and that's all I can say. He and the Countess want me to go to England. Why, where shall I go? I dare not pronounce my name in England now!

I have been looking over all my old papers, bundles untouched since Bombay and others that I have not opened, old packets of letters and papers since London. In the latter I find two or three note papers. Some I suppose remained there since Allahabad, the others since I placed them there in Miss Arundale's house. I send them to you, to look at, burn or keep. I might have burned them myself. But I wanted to show to you how easy it would be, in case of my sudden death, (which may happen any day) to call me a thief, to show these two notes marked "Surrey House" belonging to Cyril Flower, Myer's friend, and say I stole them from his house (where I dined once) for future phenomena or something of the sort. Now these two sheets of note paper wrapped his photograph that he sent me when I was leaving London. The photo is at Adyar and these two clear pages got mixed I suppose with the bundles and heaps of my ever untidy papers. Keep them and show to the friends—this is the best proof *how easy* it is to accuse a person and *sentence* her on merely circumstantial evidence. Fancy only my dying suddenly—my papers put in order and examined and these two sheets found! What better proof. I shuddered when I found them. I make my will and will have it translated in German and legalised. I want you to take care of my papers and of a box on which I will write your name. It contains all the Mahatma papers and many letters I have received from Mahatma K. H., Orders from Master, *blowing* up and so on. I hope they will fall in no one's hands but yours. Publish, write, tell me what to do and I will do so. I am a paralysed body—dead *heart and body* I have lost the faculty of suffering even.

Yours to the last,
H. P. Blavatsky.

LETTER No. LXXXII

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Just read Redway's Catalogue and was perfectly struck and dumbfounded at seeing that he advertises that infamous lie of Mme Coulomb (see p. 16). I do not see the philosophy of it. Did you know it? I do not know how you will look at the thing —but certainly *I will have nothing* to do whatever with Redway unless he withdraws that advertisement. I rather publish *Isis Unveiled* in America, and not get one pie for it, than have my works advertised, and those of such good devoted theosophists as the Countess, along with such an *infamous* libel.

Please see seriously to it. I am writing to draw Olcott's attention to it. And I swear that I will try to put all the theosophists in India against having their books sold at Redway. *It is an insult*, a positive insult this. And the Countess thinks it disgusting. Can't you speak to the man?

Please answer this seriously.

Yours
H. P. Blavatsky.

LETTER No. LXXXIII

Monday

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Will you kindly do me a favour? See if you can change me the enclosed cheque from Bouton in some American Bank. If a telegram to New York is necessary, please cable (out of this money), I rather spend a pound or two than remain without money, as Olcott has stopped again sending. The first cheque from Bouton on the Pacific could not be paid here, nor in Frankfurt, as they knew nothing of Bank or Bouton, and so they sent it to New York and I have to whistle meanwhile. If you can have it changed and send me the money in English Bank notes, I would ask you to get for me (1) Wilson's *Vishnu Purana* (his other works I do not want) and then the best, the most complete work on Odin and the Scandinavian Mythology. I know nothing of the latter, and I have to refute many things in the former, for one that Odin "was far far anterior to the age of the *Vedas*!!"

I will send to you two or three chapt. of S.D. before I send them to Subba Row to India. I want you to see and read it for yourself before it passes through the hands of S. R., lest a Hodgson would say again that the S.D. was written by Subba Row as *Isis* presumably was. What I want now is witnesses.

Please see to the *cheque*, if you would not see the S.D. stopped once more for lack of pens and ink.

You never told me whether you received Bouton's letter I sent you, and what you think of it? Have you received it? Love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours ever
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LXXXIV

MY DEAR MADAME ET MONSIEUR SINNETT,

Gout and old age allowing me certain privileges, " permit me "—to address you both. God, through his select servant the Parson (by the by, I do not feel sure of a *Parson*—was there one, or simply *Law* ?) having united you into one, I may labour under the illusion, as long as it suits my purposes, and imagine you like Jehovah and Eve before they were split into two by sin, and thus address you as though you had been never *unsplit*. Now you must excuse me—I have the " Secret Doctrine " on my brain, and I am raving, I fancy.

Magnifying glass, the Countess, and a certain dose of occult perspicacity having happily helped me to decipher your letter (Mrs. Eve-Sinnett), a process that took me about 3½ hours, I am able to answer you. The first sentence having reference to the *Memoirs* I read well enough. YES I am ready, *i.e.* for " inspection " never for " approval " however well written and interesting they may be. I have developed in me a horror for my name in print, that amounts to flesh creeping every time I see it. I am determined to sign the S.D. with some fantastic name from the world of " Non-Being." By the bye, my Aunt sends me a long list of ancestors or ancestresses married with Russian *Czars*. Flattering—to the poor *Devachanees* I mean—to see their descendant so well appreciated by the Western posterity. I hope they have all remained blind and deaf in Kamaloka. As I leave Würzburg only on May 15th and that some Jesuits are coming from London to pay me a friendly visit—I will have plenty of time, if you are in a hurry. I am on the " Theogony of the Seven " at present, and somehow or other they won't work—or perhaps my brains don't. I have all mixed up, and *must rest* if I don't want to find myself lodged in a lunatic asylum one of these days. Send the *Memoirs* by all means. Mohini " in Ireland " *to talk to members* ? Does he want to *convert* some Irish spinster and begin correspondence with her ? I hope, it *did* go through in right earnest. What does " Babaii " want my address for ? I thought I had done with him.

I sent him (or rather the Countess has) his box with clothes and received as acknowledgment and thanks a postal card thanking me for having kept *his most important papers with me*, a hint at my having " stolen " them I suppose, to use them against him. He is mortally afraid of me—that's sure, and yet the fool does not know what I really *do* know.

And now with regard to what you say about the two " chelas," I will beg to draw your attention to certain things and then leave the rest to your better judgment. I speak on authority, and unless *you* or rather Mr. Sinnett helps and seconds me, I can do nothing.

The French Branch which has survived Hodgson, Coulomb and even the personal efforts of Myers—is now killed through Mohini. It is dead like a door-nail ; for Mme. de Morsier is against it. This —because I was *kept in the dark* all the time. Had I known what was going on in Paris, and the state she was in—I would have *never* written her the letter I have, and would have never involved myself, nor made her feel mad with me, with herself and so on. I knew nothing. Mohini did not tell me one word. Babaji, if he knew it, kept all secret from me. To this day I do not know how and why it began, and what she believes in or does not believe. However—the *Branch is dead* and Mohini cannot deny it. She will drag away from us all the members she brought in. Solovioff is there to help her.

Babaji has unsettled the Gebhards entirely. If he is permitted to return—say good bye to the German Branch and our mutual friends. Let *this be a prophecy*—you are warned. The German Branch is dead, *thanks to him again*. Had he not unsettled the Gebhards as he has—they would have never allowed the *Sphinx* to go out of the Society or let the things go down, as they did.

Now remains the London Lodge. Who is its President ? And who but the President *has a right* to speak with authority ? If you let those two boys do what they please and do not counteract them, the L.L. will die of an indigestion of Ethics. Are you going to proceed with your policy of *masterly inactivity*—or what ? Why not call a Council Meeting and have the two called and represent to them what they have and are doing, and say frankly and honestly that you cannot allow this any longer. They have either *to work with you*, or get out of the L.L. and live in London as two independent members till the General Council and SOMEBODY ELSE —takes up their cases in hand. Funny policy. You act as though you had no rights. Tell them they have to decide or, that you will write a *Report* to Adyar, to the *Council*, and let it be known *there* that they are ruining the last Branch in Europe. Unless you do as I advise you, (*advised* in my turn) it is your masterly inactivity that will ruin the Society—not the two chelas. It's all Miss A.'s

fault. It is she who has spoilt both, and who is ruining the Society.

Enclosed a letter from Franz. The "Jesuits"? I should say so. They are going now to make me an offer on April 20th. We will see and—

Now, lady and gentleman—I have done. What next? Better lose as little as you can of your time while I am with you and alive. In a few days I may be with the Jesuits and—DEAD.

Yours till the happy event,

H. P. B.

Now *please* let me know what about the Leonard? Has my money come?

LETTER No LXXXV

Strictly PRIVATE and CONFIDENTIAL

to be neither read to Typhon-Bibiche, nor printed in *The Times*, not even whispered to Fanny A.—the theosophica-Ethical Urn with the two chela-handles.

MY DEAR SIR PERCY,

The die is cast, and my canoe launched on the waters of the "Wandering Jew" again. The Countess leaves here on the 28th of this month, having sacrificed the Gebhards, her relative's visit etc. for me—may her Karma reward her. Now to stop alone I neither fear nor care—save that in case of my quick exit I leave all my papers to the tender mercies of the enemy, and my body to the sacrilegious interference of some d—d priest. But I *cannot* and *will* not stop here for another reason. The only acquaintance and friend (to a degree) here, Miss Hoffman—is mortally scared—an old spinster-like nervousness—through the kind efforts of Sellin. This *theosophob* of Hamburg has a friend here, some Sanskrit scholar who has a correspondent in India. And that correspondent wrote to him about me everything I suppose, that malice and gossip could suggest. In short I am in the position here of Gretchen after her *faux pas* with Faust, all the old mother gossips beginning to promenade under my windows already and looking in (mystery lending a charm to my incognito for them); and very soon I will, if I stop here, receive news about my "three children" through the window-panes and the latest intelligence about some infamy in the *Spy* or felon-business, performed by me in India, America or the North-Pole. I have enough of all this.

Now *the die* is indeed cast. Even Mlle. Hoffmann will desert me, if I stop, and then I go. The Countess will pack up for me my goods and chattels, books and frying pans before she goes. I pay

here till the 15th of April, and between April 1 and the 15th I am on my *exodus* to Ostend, with an option to choose between three or four old towns around at an hour or two distance if I find the place too cold for me. In Ostend, if I can only find a comfortable warm lodging I settle and stop there till we can realise the " chum " dream in England. Ostend by Dover is only four or five hours from London. If anything happens, Louise can always telegraph to you and one of you come to my rescue. Is it all right ? Don't say no, unless you can suggest something still nearer and better. I would have preferred France—but there, the female Typhon can get hold of me and bring a law-suit for defamation, and poison my rest once more. Belgium is a securer place. Now please answer this quick and do not breathe a word to any one till I am settled. O lovely, peaceful old age ! To have to play at the wandering Jew, to hide like a culprit, a felon, because—well because I have done my duty.

Greetings to the household. Have you received my cheque of 262 dollars ? Can you do it ? I will need the *change* badly. If Mrs. S. has any stamps on hand let her send them and close the accounts, and if not let her keep them and shut up shop the same.

Yours lovingly in pitch and tar,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. LXXXVI

OSTENDE. 10 BOULEVARD VAN ISAGHEM,
" VILLA NOVA,"
August 12.

MY DEAR MR. LANE FOX,

Your kind message was delivered to me by Mohini. He says " Mr. L. F. says he is not hostile to you : on the contrary, he defends you whenever opportunity arises. But, of course, he does not think you perfect because you are *not* perfect."

Three propositions involved in one message. Will you permit me, while thanking you for the kind expressions, to make a few remarks ?

(1) Why should you be hostile to me ? I have never been hostile or even *untrue* to you. People have done their best to make me believe you have been both to me. Whether so, or not, I think you too *generous* and *unselfish* to act upon the axiom " He who wrongs another, will always be the first to hate him." This is MY opinion of you, I knew you better from the first than you knew me. I make bold to say that with all your great intellect you knew me far less than anyone else has. Your actions have shown it to be the case.

(2) You defend me? As well defend a *corpse*, on whom the Car of Jaggernath has passed! It is *my* Karma, but so it is yours to be doomed to failure in whatever you undertake, especially *now* that the tie between us has been broken *by you*. I had offered to do whatever you would have suggested for the salvation of the T.S.; I had placed myself entirely at your disposal. You have trusted more in people who had neither your ability nor your sincerity, and they have forced you to make *fausse route*. I never had either personal ambition or love of power, and had ever shown myself to people in my worst light. Had I been an *actress* or a hypocrite, no enemy could have crushed me. It is my actual position that can alone *defend* me, if not now then after death. I am a beggar in the full sense of the word—and *I am proud of it*: I am a wanderer on the Earth without roof or home—or any prospect of returning to India, and I feel ready even for this sacrifice provided I can do good to our Society by my physical and mental suffering.

All this will "defend" and JUSTIFY me when I am gone. From Christ to Gladstone, from Buddha to the poor President of the T.S. who, in his childish sincerity and devotion to his work *worshipped* you when you came, thinking you would be the plank of salvation for the T.S.—no one who has worked *unselfishly* (mistakes are in human nature) escaped being spat upon.

The whole organisation of the "Parent" Society so-called, was a blunder and a mistake from beginning to end. You might have *saved* it. You preferred deserting it, had you believed in my sincerity as I *believed in yours*—you would have waited a few days longer at Adyar and then every reform would have been accomplished. You believed I had but a few days to live—you listened to other people, those who were then my enemies and lost your patience with the poor Hindus:—*It is our* KARMA all round.

(3) You do not think me perfect? A fool is he, or she, who does! Were I *perfect* I would be *there* where no Govt. Expedition is able to get in, not in Europe—the well of perdition where no true Theosophist can breathe for 6 months and remain one, if he lives.

My dear Mr. Lane Fox[1] . . .

LETTER No. LXXXVII

Sunday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Thanks for your letter to *Light*—nothing better than that and little more required—if anything. I said to you yesterday what I had to say: I shall follow Master's suggestions. Last

[1] The remainder of this letter is missing.—ED.

night—two letters were brought to me, rather two 1/2 letters. One, the famous one from Arthur Gebhard—the second an old one from Subba Row, and the *half* also from him written last year to Paris.

The *philosophy* of the three being sent to you is as follows. 1st. From Arthur—(that has been just read two days ago for the first time by Mahatma K. H.)—to show that imperfect as is my knowledge of Schiller's tongue—by reading it, if *I had* read it I would have understood at any rate, that there was not one line in it that concerned Arthur's quarrel with his father—*just as I told you* at Würzburg; and I thanked Mahatma for it. (2) Subba Row's letter of 1882 showing that so far back as that time Mr. Hume was our bitterest enemy, or rather the enemy of the Mahatmas, whom he hated gloriously as you know, not scrupling to betray Them and all the Society behind our backs secretly and treacherously while remaining all the time *in* the Society as he does still now. Whether it shall be of any use in the future or no I cannot tell, I can only repeat D. K.'s words. Tell Mr. Sinnett to keep it among his documents also (No. 3) the half letters from which it is seen that Subba Row speaks of Master as " Our " Master *his* and *mine*—I think I understand why. When at the last row between him, Hodgson, Hume etc—Subba Row told Mr. Hume—who grinningly brought me the news—that he knew of no Master, would tell him *nothing* concerning them, and that he (Hume) ought to know better the Masters than he did, since he wrote to several members (who preserved the letters) that he (Hume) had seen Mahat. K. H. *in a vision* of Yogi clairvoyance several times, and knew *all* about Mahat. M.

D. K. is very angry with me for having written so *inaccurately* to you about him yesterday, "*dishonouring*" him in your eyes. He says he *never copied* Olcott's and Coul. diagram; but it was they who copied *his*—— (did I tell you otherwise?); that I better stop my "*dzin-dzin* explanations," as no one hurt me as much as myself!!! Now there's that hardly weened *infant* on my back! What next? Please don't ask me any more. Since I am a fool and unable to speak truth even in my favour—but muddle it up—I shall drop every " clearing up " altogether. And please remember, my dear Mr. Sinnett, that if those psychic asses offer after your letter in *Light* to show me any " letters " or to give me a chance of rising and explaining—I refuse to do so beforehand. I would have nothing to do with them, if it even lead to an entire vindication. I have enough of them, of their *ungentlemanly*, disgusting, *Scotland yard* secret proceedings, and do not wish to be any more troubled by anything coming from Cambridge, which be—*condemned*.

The " Arundale group " is not altogether composed of geniuses

—as you know. If every one was as fair as you are it would be too good to live in this world of *dirt*. I know what both Mahatmas think of you—I shall not forget how I saw you on that night I was dying.

I had to part with the half of my £3-16-0 in a telegram. Olcott stopped the appearance of the *Theosophist* for a week believing in his tomfoolery that I was ready to come to terms with Lane Fox —he was fool enough to dispose of it without my consent—and then *what* would I do? I fear all and *everything* from the Adyar Sages.

D. K. passed last night into Babajee's room and—I heard him sobbing the whole night. I went to him and knocked but he would not open. New mystery ! !

Yours ever,
H. P. B.

Compts. and love to dear Mrs. S. and Dennie.

LETTER No. LXXXVIII

Monday.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Yours with enclosures received. Well, what can I say to Mr. Sergeant's prognostication except—he is right. If he knows it astrologically and intuitionally, I know it *by the aura* whenever I think of India, Egypt and other countries. All the damned goblins of the middle spheres; all the stormdevas, the Hurricane, Water, Fire and Air spooks, are making themselves ready in proportion and apace with the preparations of the terrene inhabitants. But what's the use in telling you what I see, and feel, and hear, and know? You are a *Conservative*, a deep-water Tory, and my countrymen are ninnies, flapdoodles and jackasses. They have neither the feeling of dignity, nor of the great wrong done. Fancy your Lady Isabella Stuart (or Stewart) Salisbury's daughter, received like a queen at Moscow, dining with the Gen. Governor, Prince Dolgorouki (the old night-cap !) and flirting with Imperial guards, and Katkoff writing that she was received the better and the more honoured, to show the difference between the Russian unpolished bears and her polished "pa"—who treated Russia publicly to a "fraudulent swindler" and bankrupt. Well dear, it's a fact, and no use concealing it to my sorrow and woe: Russia is black with suppressed hatred and swelling like—well, I wont say a bull-frog at a Bull—but like a volcano ready to burst; and I will be a Dutchman if you do not catch it sooner or later. And who pays for it, meanwhile? Why, H. P. B., the "O. L." the natural

consort of the no less reviled and slandered " O. G."—for here I am, suspected even of having had a hand in the " million francs " railway robbery, and unable to go *home*. Oh, how bitterly I do hate you both, England and Russia ! How I wish you would bite each other's noses and tails, like the Kilkenny cats, and let honest people go about quietly, and die at home ! Well you won't be flirting long with Lady Isabella's " Pa "—he is rolling down and you will have brought down on your back your old renegade of Gladstone, once more. Can't help it. I am alone, nearly half crazy with solitude. (I keep young Fawcett at a great arm's length and see him only five minutes in the evening, keeping my door locked all the time. Just to train him out of the idea that because he is an Englishman and I a Russian, that I will be on the four paws before him)—and I have read more newspapers for the last few months than I have in all my life. I believe I will go for politics now that I am near my sun-set ; and just take a little *occult* revenge on your people who have, and are crucifying me daily. I WILL ; I do not joke. I will take care of you though ; because every bit of harm you have done to me was never meant, and that you have been *almost without a break* the best of friends, for me. But then I never try to think of you as an Englishman, but as—well, what you were two thousand years ago. You were a nice chap ; only too fast after the impure sex.

Have you read in the last (February) *Theosophist* the Bhagavat Gita Lecture by Subba Row ? Read, if you have not—page 301, from top to bottom. I have just answered an article that will appear simultaneously—unless Cooper Oakley, Subba Row's *âme damnée*, smuggles it out. But then Judge won't, and I am sure you will rejoice in your Conservative heart as you have never rejoiced at anything so theosophical. Fawcett says it is the most crushing answer ; an article which combines studied politeness with " friendly admiration "—and that I have made him eat his own words. He is sure to get a dyspepsia and an indigestion.

You ask my advice in the L.L. business. Now that you have put the question to me you may like to hear, perhaps, what Master remarked several times about the L.L. I cannot repeat to you his words but you may find the spirit of it in the text of *Revelation III*, 15 and 16. You may judge, and I may leave you to draw your own inferences. So anything to give a fresh impetus is better than inertia. If you remain for a while longer in your present state of lethargy your L.L. will be before another year is over—covered with moss and slime and you will choke in your own products (*moral* I mean). What's the use asking ? You *must* know Master *cannot* be satisfied. You CANNOT be " sat upon " nor *smashed* because the Don Juan is gone and St. Theresa is now in

constant religious *ecstasies*, for I would know very soon all the *ins* and *outs* of this horrid conspiracy through some theosophists—because they have no secrets from me, and then I would upset all these French plans. I want the Society to go on with its work, to progress and not to be disturbed with any political complications. I am ready to become an infamous *informer* of your English Govt. WHICH I HATE, for their sake, for the sake of *my Society* and of my beloved Hindus ;—yes beloved, though two of them M. and B. are ruining and undermining daily my honour, name, and fame with their *lies*. But it is not on account of these two *failures* that I will cease loving my Master's people. Ah, if Master would only show me the way ! If He would only say what I have to do to save India from a new blood-shed, from hundreds and perhaps, thousand innocent victims being hung for the crime of the few. For I feel, that however great the harm that will be done, it will end in the English having the best ; Master says that the hour for the retirement of you English has not struck nor will it—*till next century* and that " late enough to see even Dennie an old, old man " as K. H. said some time ago. Therefore, it means only a temporary disturbance, loss of property, people hung—who are innocent, and other people glorified, who are the promoters. I know it. And to think that here I am, with the doors of India closed *before my nose* ! That your Govt. here and in India, is so stupidly short sighted as not to see, that not only I am not, nor ever was *a Russian spy*—but that the very prosperity, progress and welfare of the T.S. depends on everything in India being quiet for years to come.

Now what's the use writing to you this letter, if you will not believe ? I write it because I asked for permission to do so, and was given it, with a significant shrug of the shoulders which I interpreted as meaning—" It will do neither good, nor harm—he won't believe you." But two months ago Masters told me it *was* serious. Now Russia knows nothing of it, thanks to heaven. So my correspondents inform me at least. But if she did—I swear, I would stick for the Hindus against Russia even. I love my countrymen and country dearly—but I love India and Master still more, and my *contempt* for the *stupidity* of Russian Govt. and diplomacy knows no bounds. So here's the situation true, and as clear as crystal.

Ah, my poor Mr. Sinnett, you *are a patriot*, no doubt, but you are still more a *conservative*, if you understand what I mean. It must be so, if you do not see that such eternal *public slaps on the faces* of Russia—" the swindling bankrupt " and the " *lying* beggar " as your Salisbury called Russia publicly ; and such other compliments in your paper to the address of France, can only generate

a terrible storm and a general European shower upon you some day. I can assure you, my dear Mr. Sinnett, that if Russia is *hated* because dreaded—England is *hated* on general principles. But this has nothing to do with me, and you are welcome to bite each other's tails and noses off, in Europe, if you only do not bring India into trouble.

Now there are two paths before you. One is—burn this letter and think no more of it ; the other—to make *use* of it only in such case if you are sure this will not get into the papers and that my name will be unknown to all except to *one* having authority and who can warn Lord Dufferin to take care, one, in short, who may take measures against the thing contemplated. But I beg of you, I trust in you as *a gentleman*, a man of honour and a friend, not to compromise me uselessly. Not because I am afraid of being assassinated by some Frenchman—as I am warned by one of our theosophists—for by so doing the murderer could only oblige me—but because I would indeed be regarded as an infamous *mouchard*, an informing *spy*, and this shame is worse than death.

Now, what do you advise me to do ? I want your answer, and will do nothing till you answer. Shall I advise Mr. ——— to warn Olcott or not ? I am afraid poor Olcott will be in a dreadful funk if he learns it—anyhow—do write and answer.

Have you seen the Report for the last *anniversary* in Jan. *Theosophist*. There seems a fatality that the Society cannot be chartered. But it went off splendidly. Love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours ever truly and sincerely,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. LXXXIX

May 1.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The Gebhards are here—poor, dear Madam Gebhard ! Many misunderstandings have been settled last night, many more will be to-day. A letter enclosed, in answer to my *threat* to B. in my letter to Miss A. Judge for yourself—

Soloviof has turned a blackguard and a blackleg of the blackest dye. Fancy after what I told you of his proposal and offer, he said to Mr. G. that I *had made him offer to serve the Russian Govt.* as a spy ! ! I tell you old Nick himself seems at the bottom of all this conspiracy. It is infamous ! He says that he (S.) saw Baron Meyendorf personally, who confessed to him that he had been *so much in love with me* (! !) that he had even insisted that I should obtain a divorce from old Blavats. and marry him, Baron Meyendorf. But that I had luckily refused and he was very glad

because he found out later what an *infamous*, LOOSE woman I was, and that the child WAS HIS AND MINE ! ! ! And the doctor's certificate that I never bore a weazel, not only a child ? Now he lies and I am sure, cowardly and weak as I know Meyendorf to be, he could never say such a thing to him. Then he said that he had seen in the Secret Dept., documents in which I had offered myself as a *Spy* to the Russian Govt. Do you understand the game ? Of course it is the struggle between the clay pot and the iron one. How can I go and fight in *Russia* Soloviof ! I could fight him *here* : but none of you will let me. Now what is to be done ? And he tried to persuade Mr. G. that the phenomenon signed by de Morsier, Soloviof, my aunt, sister, and Judge in Paris (that you describe in the *Memoirs*) was a trick produced with my *poor aunt's help* ! Then he told him that the phenomenon of Mlle. Glinka receiving Master's letter at Elberfeld when I was sick in bed, was produced with the help of *my aunt who detained* him in the drawing room while Olcott was throwing the letter on Glinka's head. Now here he was caught ! for my aunt had arrived with Zorn when Soloviof and Glinka had already left Elberfeld, and they never met. This Mad. G. remembers well and I know it for certain. So there's a *lie* for you. He pretends to have translated *verbatim* my Russian letters to him and Mad. de Morsier has them in a large dossier. Now I wrote to him only three letters from Würzburg in answer to his—and what Mr. G.——d says about the text, is all an invention from beginning to the end. Soloviof is either crazy or acts so because having compromised himself with his offer of *espionage* to me he is now afraid I should speak and compromise him at St. Petersburg. And so I will, I swear. I will make the story of the man who accuses *me* of immorality in my youth, known to the whole world—and show him living with his wife's sister whom he seduced, and passing her off for a *legitimate* wife ! Nice set. And you pitch into me for *trusting* Sol. ! How have I trusted him ? Because I did not regard him as a blackguard ? Well I cannot do so with regard to anyone, so long as one behaves as a friend and gentleman.

You want to publish these *Memoirs* and you omitted the strongest proofs you could bring, and included such as the Paris phenomenon, which is sure to call forth a new protest and vilifications from S. and de M. when they read it. You forgot, as a proof that Masters were known to theosophists so early as 1877, by forgetting Prince Wittgenstein's letter which is in the *Theosophist* when he says how the invisible protection of the Master, who promised him no ball would touch him during the war—was felt by the Prince all the time in the Balkans. I believe this is a good proof that I have not invented the Masters *only in India* ? Then

you give that phenomenon with the fakir's picture and you omit the testimony of two experts, two great artists who were *not* theosophists not even Spiritists and whose art criticism on that picture shows its merits and proves it could not have been done by me. I copied the two letters from Laclear and O'Donovan out of the "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy" No. 1. p. 82–86. You forgot as Mr. Gebhard remarked the most important of all—*the evidence of the Berlin expert* as to the handwritings (Mah. K. H.'s and mine) being entirely different. He told Mr. G. "I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that if you believe these letters (mine and the Mahatma's) to have been written by one and same person you are *fatally* mistaken." Now Mr. Gebhard is willing to give the whole narrative, name and all, and I believe it is something for one expert in London to be saying one thing and another in Berlin—quite another. In general the *Memoirs* are very incomplete. There's too *much* and too *little* in them. We must go over the thing carefully.

I will go with Miss Kislingbury only to Cologne whence she returns to London *via* Flushing. I will telegraph to you when I will be at Ostende from Cologne, where I will stop one day. But if [you] have something to do, do not go to the trouble of coming to *meet me*. You may come after. I guess I'll manage somehow with Louise.

Yours, with love to Mrs. S. and Col. and Mrs. Gordon.—ever in hot water

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XC

Tuesday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

You are collecting materials for my biography, and it appears there is one already in English literature I knew nothing about. I learn of it from the Russian papers. In the *feuilleton* of *Novoyé Vremya*, there is a review of an English book that appeared in 1885 by a Mrs. Frances Hays called "Women of the Day, a Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries, by F. Hayes." London. In this Dictionary in company with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Wood, Madam Juliette Adam, Ouida, Anna the Celestial Dr. Kingsford, Dr. Blackwell, Florence Maryat (she forgot the *Bibiche*) I read the following, which please compare if you can get the book—

"Among the women who have won for themselves fame through their *scientific* researches (?) and travels, one of the first places is given to our countrywoman Helen P. Blavatsky (pseud. "Radda-Bay" in Russian literature). She is the daughter of a Russian

Artillery Colonel, Hahn, and was married to General Blavatsky, ex-Governor of Tiflis, during Crimean War. When quite a young girl yet, Mme. B. studied languages *and learned not less than forty European and Asiatic languages and dialects. . .* (Do you want your smelling bottle and salts ?) ; she travelled in all Europe *and lived in India for over forty years*, (! !) where she became a Buddhist. Her work ' Isis ' published in 1877 in English is considered as a most remarkable and learned research on Buddhism (! ! !). In 1878 Mme. B. founded in America the Theosophical Society, and the year following she returned to India with the object of spreading her mystic brotherhood."

Et c'est ainsi qu'on écrit l'Histoire ! ! Say now, if not a literal translation from the " Dictionary," that no one is prophet in his own country.

Please oblige me by seeing whether this report and translation are true ; and then, you may advertise me as a *reincarnation* of Cardinal Meggofanti with twenty-two more languages in my head than he knew, since it was only 18, I believe.

I wrote to the Remnant, Pulley and Grub, word for word as you wanted me. They must be some sorry *Remnants* of solicitors *pulling* on for grub, for 6 pence ha'penny. But what can they hope to get from a Bibiche ?

I will ***not*** write. I will wait. But indeed I do it *for you* only. I am sick of all this.

Your H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Of the " 40 languages "

LETTER No. XCI

20*th*.

Leg worse than first thought. Cripple in a regular way for life I'm afraid. In bed, and thankful that Master at Rudolph's prayer, delivered me of fearful agony and pain instantaneously. Now what is required is complete rest and patience. I can hardly write but will try to be transported on an armchair. I have written a good bit for the d—d *Memoirs*. Why you should call this *Memoirs* passes my comprehension and that of other people who like it a good deal, as Mr. Gebhard does. *Reminiscences* would be far better and truthful. Certainly you would do far better if you came here. This accident threw me out of my hinges altogether. No letters, no papers, no clothes—all in Ostend ! I came here for two three days and here I am ten days *laid up* ! Pas de chance—positively. Ostend is not " beloved " by me. But I prefer it to anywhere else and really decline to go to England.

I would not be a fortnight there that someone would pounce upon me. Its safe at Ostende as Belgium believe me. I go to Blankenberg several miles from Ostende where it is cheaper, far cheaper. My sister and niece will be with me whenever I wish; and she wants to have a regular cure for three or four weeks with warm salt water baths. *She alone* can pounce upon Solovioff and make him shake in his boots, and that she will, as her reputation is immaculate and she fears nothing. Well the poor Duchess has turned out a grand and really *noble* soul with all her little flapdoodles of Mary Queen of Scots and so on. She sticks to me so far and defends me like a lioness. Whether she succeeds or not heaven and karma know alone. But I care no more really. Well I believe M. Gebhard will invite you and then we will settle all. Far better than to write. Love to Mrs. S.—and friends

Yours ever

H. P. B. "No Luck."

I am determined upon writing my shilling novel "The History of little 'No Luck,' who develops into '*big* No Luck'"—a fairy tale of 11,000 and odd numbers A. S. A. See if I don't. It would sell like hot cakes signed by "H. P. Blavatsky."

LETTER No. XCII

My dear Mr. Sinnett

Last January the Prince sent me 537 rupees he owed me for extra things and a letter during the Coronation from Moscow. Since then he wrote me three times he says and not one of his letters *not even money* (of which he sends me a receipt from the Russian Agency in London) have I received. He feels sure, he says, ——[1] the money and letters have been intercepted *here* for he traced the money to London. Now I ask you to do me the favour of sending the enclosed registered to him from London—and then I will be sure it will reach him. This is a darned shame—Talk of Russia opening other people's letters! Is it again the old craze? Why for a year I received no news from him and now I receive at last a letter in which he explains the fact. He thought I did not wish to write and I thought he was forgetting to send me the money and forgot me. Please send it registered to Tiflis and oblige, and take the cost out of the money Quaridge is owing us, or ask Mrs. Sinnett for certain things. *Consummatum est.* I am nearly paralysed and obliged to use a crutch and be wheeled about the house. Better to die. I, "writing affectionate and insincere letters" to Mrs. K? So do you—speak to her politely and smilingly

[1] The MS. is slightly damaged here.—Ed.

——[1] sending her with her dyed hair to th— . . . —evil,[1] I am sure. Only *I am forced* to do so by Boss, and you—by Mrs. Grundy. Which of the two is the noblest Master ?

Yours, legless and snappingly desperate
H. P. B.

When did I write to Eglinton a visiting card ? guess not. Either my " handwriting or a very good imitation of it " ? Some spookish fraud, I suppose, like the letter shown by Billing to Massey ?

Well, go ahead and believe it. I am tired to set all of you right. May you all become wiser when I am dead and gone. A nice mess between you and Kingsford. The hypocritical she-devil. Masters order us to send her letter to you and yet *They will* have her President ! !

It is very important this letter to the Prince, both for money matters and help I ask for my poor sister whose pension is cut off. Please send it quick in your name.

LETTER No. XCIII

Dear Mr. Sinnett,

I have the most infernal letter from Olcott, new dirt and accusations, read it. I have *never* written one word about Mrs. O. to either de Morsier or Soloviof. But Bowajee has to *you* and others (though nothing of this kind) and Mary Flynn talked as wildly as she could at St. Cergues to both. This is why I sent her away frightened at her absurdities. Now see the situation. Read the Olcott letter carefully and see that I am also accused *in it of having written the French words* Soloviof invented about me in a letter to Mdme. de M. I write to Miss A. a letter you will please read and then send to her sealed. Read my letter to Mrs. Oakley and if on page 3 where I speak about Soloviof's illegitimate wife are libellous, however true, please erase them as I have erased three lines before in which I say he seduced his present mistress when a child of 16 years old. I must ask one favour from you and Mrs. Sinnett, and this is to give to Mrs. O. the letter yourself (Mrs. S. would perhaps do better) and explain to her that I have said nothing of the kind. In my letter to Miss A. you will find what I say.

It is ruin to the *Theosophist* as Olcott says and to the Society if Oakley leaves Adyar. Why should I be made to suffer for what Bowajee wrote and repeated for months. He cannot deny it, and unless he amends I swear I deliver him into the hands of Mrs. O.

[1] The MS. is slightly damaged here.—Ed.

because I have heaps of copies of all his letters to various persons in which he slanders her, if slandering it is. Though he has never said anything like S. and Mdme. de M. now invent, you know what he wrote to you. Mary Flynn is irresponsible. So unless this business is disposed of and Miss O. made to see that she has again listened to slanders and lies, then we may expect the crash of the whole T. S. even at Adyar. It looks very threatening as you will see in Olcott's letter. The fool believes *I said* all this. Oh, when will I be delivered of all this faint hearted, credulous lot! What shall I do. *Memoirs*? Of course I threatened S. with my *true* memoirs. When a man slanders me as he does why shouldn't I say to him "Well if you force me, I will write the whole truth and spare neither myself nor you, who do worse things than I was ever accused of. I did tell him so—and told him that if people did not leave me quiet that I would end by publishing a gigantic LIE; that I *had indeed* invented the Masters and written all *myself*, and do it as a last resource to shield Their names from desecration. And so I have written to you and I ought to have done so five years or three years ago at least, if I had not been a fool. I need say no more. My two letters to Miss A. and Mrs. O. explain the whole thing. I make one more attempt. If I am not believed this once, well I tell you, I will resort to a desperate action and burn myself with the whole Society. I cannot bear it any longer. I wish you would write to Olcott and explain to him. I am going to Ostende on the 10th or 12th and then I will see. I will *not go* back to India before all is settled. Read carefully my letter to Miss A. and see what I say at the end. Either submission from B. or—I kick all.

Yours,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. XCIV

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have certainly no right to rebel against a decision of yours, however contrary it may go to my personal wishes. You have, no doubt your own and very good reasons for not coming here as hitherto proposed; but I had also mine, since your refusal is quite a new development—to desire and expect you would—otherwise, I would have never inflicted my sister and niece on the good Gebhards but would have timed their arrival direct to Ostende. However, unless there exists a *parti pris* on your side to avoid my sister—which would remain incomprehensible to me—there's no harm done and you can see her as well at Ostende where she will remain with me for the cure for a month or so. Therefore,

all I want to know is—*have you anything against seeing her*? Considering all our differences due to the infamous Soloviof are now over, and that, having read my original Russian letter to him and seen there was not one word in it tallying with the famous translation in Mad. de M.'s *dossier* she now sees all the depth of his villainy and dishonourable calumnies—she is all for me. She has read the *Memoirs*, does not find there anything to change—except a word hither and thither—and liking them a good deal she has added most interesting facts about my childhood, girlhood, family and so on. I ask you as a friend, then to let me know whether I can expect you at Ostende for a final determination about the *Memoirs* and a talk with her. Even the delay in their publication is a blessing instead of a nuisance, as you see. Had you been in my skin when the whole winter I was bombarded with family letters warning me not to touch such or another family matter, not to lay sacrilegious hands on that or this *grave* etc. you would then understand how nervous I felt about those *Memoirs*. Matters were such, that for one sentence mentioning my prayers and supplications not to be married to old B—— would have brought down protests and denials from my cousins who would deem it their duty to prove that it was not my grandparents or aunt, but my father and I who had to be blamed for the ridiculous marriage. I had to be over cautious. Now my sister read them and no one can say that there is one word of a fib in them or that any one of the Fadeyeffs, Witte, or Dolgoroukis compromised.

Please do not be scared about my going to Paris, I only pass through the city and will remain for a few days in my room—having no legs to even go about in carriages—but I have to see Dramard, the Duchess, Thuzman and some old friends. As to my sister she is determined to go to Mme. de M. and demand of *him* (the husband) to be shown the infamous translation. My nephew the dragoon is coming purposely for it from St. Petersburg—for it is the honour of the whole family that is touched by my *soi-disant* CONFESSION (!!) to Soloviof, of immorality, having invented the Mahatmas, forged letters etc. This letter or mistranslated document that Mad. de M. has shown to hundreds of persons *must be* shown an unblushing libel and a concoction. Soloviof is now mortally scared; he refuses to let my sister have a true certified copy of my Russian letter, and this refusal is his clearest condemnation. It amounts to a confession of guilt. Mad. de M. must be shown a credulous fool bamboozled by Soloviof, and the latter a blackguard. My sister has written yesterday for the last time to S. telling him that unless he sends her the original letter or the copy of it she will then be compelled to publish the infamous proceeding and to notify all the theosophists of the

fact, since his refusal to do so shows him beyond any doubt, not the victim of a simple hallucination as she once thought, but an accomplice, of a dishonourable conspiracy. The moment the Emperor hears of the news coupled with the conspiracy—namely that he lives with his sister-in-law (a *crime* in Russia) Soloviof will be lost—and I swore I would give out all the facts. Then he mixed Baron M.'s name with his lies—and the Baron swore he would cut his nose off, whenever he met him, for he has *never told* S. anything about me as Soloviof avers, and I wrote to the Baron. So do not be anxious. I believe that my *soi-disant* confession will and *has* done 1000 times more harm to the Society than if it is proven a *lie* and a conspiracy. My sister is cool and reasonable, and will do the things with Dramard and under his guidance—quietly. What I want is simply to show the depth of the whole conspiracy, the determination to ruin the Society on the part of our enemies. Remember, Myers is now the bosom friend of Soloviof and his correspondent, and this will cut off his wings.

Our dear Duchess boasts a little. She is a dear, good, honest soul, but it is not she who saved the Society but Dramard. However, let her think so, the dear good soul. She is *faithful* and *true*. My love to Mrs. Sinnett, goodbye. I intend leaving in a week or so.

Yours ever truly,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. XCV

A Postcard

OSTENDE,
5 *Aout*, 1886.

November, 1869? Well may be for all I know or remember. We did not land. What I know is, that it was in *the year* of the opening of the Canal, soon after, and when the Empress of France was there. Whether she had been there some month before or was *then*—I could not tell. But my remembrances hang on the fuss made about it on board, and constant conversations, and that either *our* steamer or one going with us was the *third* that crossed it. My aunt received letter 11 Nov. 1870 from the Master. I crossed if I remember in *December*. Went to Cyprus, then in April, I think, got blown up in *Eumonia*; went to Cairo from Alex. in October '71. Returned to Odessa May, '72. "18 moons" after receipt of M.'s letter by my aunt. Then, if she has put the right year it was a *year* after first opening that I crossed.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XCVI

OSTENDE,
Aug. 18.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Do not be angry, do not call me adjectives but I must protest most *emphatically* and FINALLY against the book being called *Memoirs*. Call it "Mme. Blavatsky" as suggested by L. C. H. and it will sell the better as people may think the work pitches into me. As to *Memoirs* this cannot be. So nothing has happened, letters have been received, "my inner voice" the one that never deceives me—has given its decree the work *must not* and shall not be called *Memoirs*—unless you insist—in which case I give my *word of honour* to protest publicly against the title as soon as the book is out. I write the same to Redway; let him publish the title at his risks and perils. Now my dear Mr. Sinnett, you know, how ready I am to do anything you suggest and try to do my best to please you but this is beyond what I can do, I told you of it before and you put me off with some explanation I could not understand. Unless you strike off *Memoirs*—people *will* and *must* call it a SHAM and they will be right. It is neither an autobiography nor a biography, but simply stray facts collected and strung together. Much will be wrong in it I daresay and give a false impression, whether for good or bad is indifferent. It is not you, who put on the title page "edited by A. P. Sinnett," but me, who will be publicly and once more whipped for it by kind and merciful readers and critics. I will not have it, for I had as much as I could bear in this life and more than my share. I receive a letter in which I am reminded of my pledge, *a sacred promise* made in 1864 never to have my *Memoirs* published so long as any of my family lives. I had forgotten it. I am glad I am reminded of it and I will keep my pledge. Therefore please write immediately to Redway to strike off the word and put simply "Mme. Blavatsky" otherwise I will have to protest and it will be worse. You do not want to *harm* me do you? Well you will most decidedly—and *kill me* for *ever and ever* if you do not do as I tell you. If the word is taken out no one has any reason to object. If you leave it we will be inundated with published questions. Why did you not put and explain the Philadelphia "marriage incident" if it is *Memoirs* you wrote? Why did you not put this and the other every accursed gossip or distorted truth? I cannot submit to it and if you object, I will only take it as a great *unkindness* and *unfriendliness* on your part. Do screen me, when it costs you so little. Do not expose me to further dishonouring attacks "which are sure to follow, unless Mr. Sinnett does what is right."

Remember these prophetic words, and write without delay to Redway to corroborate what I write to him.

My love and regards to Mrs. Sinnett.

Yours always truly so far,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

YOU ARE ADVISED to call it—" Some Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky " collected from various sources—something like that.

LETTER No. XCVII

OSTENDE,
Aug 23.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have asked once already please to remember, in my sweetest tones "give me the bread;" or, transliterated occultly Don't put " Memoirs." And to this I had a *plain refusal.*

Therefore, to your complaint that the thing might have been left to your " professional judgment of a literary man," I can only say what one would say to a physiologist, who would feel surprised at a man on whom he was operating and who declined to be operated upon, to hear him shout out " Please don't ! ". " You may be and certainly are an excellent physiologist and an operator; but as you can not feel or understand what I feel—you better stop before you kill me."

Now the book coming out under the title of *Memoirs* would surely kill and finish me—morally.

(1) My aunt Mme. Witte swore before the image of some St. Flapdoodle that she would *curse me* on her death-bed if I permitted any *Memoirs* to be published, so long as all my relatives are yet living; and

(2) Even this work with the *Memoirs* eliminated—will bring a new shower of volcanic mud and ashes on my doomed head. This I KNOW and you will find it so. In some things I can neither be mistaken nor fail to see right. However I risk it provided it is *no Memoirs* and *I*, personally, have nothing to do with it.

Mohini and Arthur Gebhard are here and stop with me studying " Bhagavad Gita " all the day. Von Bergens are both here—living in a room at some distant quarters, and boring the life out of me ! Mohini declines to go to America where there is a terrible row and war between Coues and Mrs. Waters.

The " weeping " Chanoinesse, your Initiate, has lost the 1st Vol. of my *Theosophist*, and now bombards me with letters each of which is underpaid and costs me 50 cents—imploring me " *at my feet* " to forgive her—kissing my hands which does not help her to be forgiven and bothering me with her gush and rot. Mohini

never said to Bergen anything of the kind about myself or Masters. Bergen has confessed that he misunderstood him ; and then accused Arthur of having told him about me the same ! !

Mohini is just *the same I find* ; only he is *raised one step higher.* And now he will never speak openly about the Masters. He is very much against Bowaji, who is creating mischief at a yard to every square inch.

Lane Fox wants to come and see me and (please keep it confidential) Mrs. ANNA KINGSFORD ! ! Wants to come and see me and asks me now at least to place her in communication with the Masters ! ! ! ! ! !

I feel unable to do justice to my feelings ! Love to Mrs. S.

Yours truly,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XCVIII

OSTENDE,
26.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

(1) I begin by the tail of your letter. The title fits like a glove : just that which was wanted—No *responsibility* falling on me, but the whole burden on relatives, friends and editors—may you be happy and prosperous all. I wash my hands.

(2) The " curse " is the *latest* development. No need of *pretending* that which you knew before the incident of the " curse." The word *memoir* was always *hateful to me.* I told you so, and several letters from friends (*your* friends also) went dead against it—the last Arthur and Mohini ! Still I would have put up with it, but the aunt's letter settled all and was the straw that broke etc. Now *requiescat in pace.*

(3) I thought I had written a polite and correct letter to Redway. I showed it before I wrote it (or copied it). I had put " Dear Sir " and was told that he would feel surprised since he did not know me personally at such a familiarity, so I changed to " Sir " simply. I regard him *as a gentleman* and everyone from Olcott down to Bergen (and yourself recently) spoke to me of him as one who was a gentleman. So, what did I write to him that should make you feel as if I had any intention of treating him as a " tailor," or a " shoemaker " ! ! ? I am not Olcott, and would not be more impolite with a tailor than with a Lord or a Royal Prince. Not in my nature. If it is not one of your " refined society " fancies and Redway *has* misunderstood the spirit of my letter, then I beg of you *seriously* to make his mind easy. Offer *him my sincere excuses* and plead my ignorance of your flap-doodle English conventionalities. Tell him I am perfectly innocent of English

Society polish—and glad I am, being an unvarnished Russian savage all over. Meanwhile yours affect. and sincerely (as a Russian who calls a sow a sow, and not as an Englishman who will say beaming three yards of horizontal smiles "Oh, how d'you do? So *delighted* to see you!"—thinking all the time—"I wish *the devil* would take you")

H. B. BLAVATSKY.

P.S. Some day you will learn to know the difference between my rude unpolished truth, and the refined *lies* and HYPOCRISY of several of your pretended *best* friends. But you are too young now. Mad. Gebhard cried for help, and I answered. She is now here with me, the dear good creature; and so changed as though she had been ill for a month and on her death bed. Bad doings in Platzhoffstrasse. But I will protect her and try to cure her, if I had to give up the ghost myself. Keep this to yourselves.

Yours again,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. XCIX

MY DEAREST MRS. SINNETT,

It is refreshing to remark how one is understood and appreciated even by one's best friends in this world of joy and bliss, for ever. My dearest friend how can *you* believe me such an infernal fool as to fall victim to Mrs. K. and Maitland's snares! Do you suppose seriously that had you not even put "private and confidential" at the top of your letter I would have shown it or any other letter from yourself or Mr. S. to her or her *alter ego*? This is allowing suspicion of my being an incurable idiot going really too far. *She* or *he* my "friends"! Two months ago I received a long letter from her thanking me for some *kind* expressions about her to the Duchess—of which I did not remember a traitor word; and asking me permission to come in October and see me on her way to Paris, when, perhaps, *I may be allowed* to put her in communication with "*one of the Masters.*" To this I replied that I would be "most happy to see her"—*did not notice* her reference to the Masters, not with a single comma, and hoped having so replied that she would go to Paris *via* another road. But four or five days ago I was startled from my "cycles" and *Kalpas* by Louisa bringing in two cards. Of course there were kisses, and soft words from Maitland etc. Of course I offered them two rooms upstairs and they came, and—*of course* I have not opened my mouth about the Master to her, with reference *to herself* and *her desire*; for it was the Countess who did it for me, and in such a way that no mention of the Masters or the slightest allusion to Them was

ever made by her to me. She was sick the very first 24 hours and had a trance chlorophormised, then became all right. Maitland took me into his confidence with all kind of weird experiences of his own and I listened and agreed to all he said. To her great praise of Mohini I gave her his *Manifesto* to read to show how *devoted* he was *to the Society* and how grateful to Olcott—but she never saw *my* answer. We did not speak about reforms, nor did she suggest any, except the flapdoodle I wrote you about. The idea *about the groups* is MINE and the Countess thinks it is the best, and we said casually a few words about it, but had no *councils*, no earnest conversations about it. I never remained two minutes alone with her, not even *one second*. The Countess was always there. I gave them all the comforts I could but would as soon open my heart to them as kiss on both cheeks Myers or Hodgson. If she corresponds with Babajee—let her do so! she must have time to lose. But she told [me] she thought him a fool and crazy, and that every time she saw him she could not help feeling as though she expected every moment to see him "running up the curtain" —the most graphic thing I heard for a long time. After remaining three days with us, they departed, and we parted seemingly enchanted with each other's *fuller* acquaintance. That's all.

Of course I do not mean Olcott to issue that *Eulogy* in prose of him by myself, but I *do* want him and Council to see Mohini's MSS. for this will unmask him before them. I *love Mohini* and cannot help it; but I blame him and want to paralyse his conceit and make it harmless with those who may be too inclined to see in him a MAHATMA *en herbes*. So please send back *his* MSS. to me, for I want the *autograph*. Now you may print both in the way you like and do the best you can out of the two. But I want Olcott to see that while he snubs me and swears the Society will *never more dangle after my tail-skirts*—that I defend him. Just as I was writing it there come letters from India to show that they all believed I abused the "Founder" and wanted to set *up another Society*, and Olcott wrote he "would fight me to death" if I did. O Truth and Justice! Well, print and publish it then and send me back the MSS.

Yours ever truly and sincere,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. C

Sep. 21.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

May be your intention and meaning was as you say. But there's Mme. G.[d.] who was the first to read it, to "feel *shocked*" as she said for this unnecessary slap on the face to the Hindu

nation whose philosophy is *ours*—and who understood your words as I have. And in India they will be understood the same. I have to learn yet that " the *first* of a series of subraces of which the present Europ. is the 7th— ", means that those *first races* are *lower* thus than the last. In such case the *Dhyan-Chohans* from whom the first R. Race emanated are still *lower* as a race than we are, or rather yet *lower* than the 4th R. Race of Atlantean sorcerers was. That's a new way of looking at things. However, I have to talk of more serious things for the present.

Mme. G. is gone ; I am alone, and I have profited by my isolation to think over a good deal. You are mistaken if you think me so short sighted as to have failed remarking that Mohini is drifting away with every day more from the original programme and doctrine—I *know* it. Nevertheless, as he is a real, genuine *theosophist* in his heart and aspirations, he must be left alone, provided he does not, in drifting away, pull to pieces the original Society. And this he would surely do, were you to put in practice what you contemplate. Such is the opinion of the Masters, for I saw Them and talked to and with Them, the whole evening and night yesterday. That which you have to do, if you would be active and work for the original *Masters'* Society, would be as follows. Explain to Olcott matters and claim from him and Council, that which you of the L.L. already virtually have : complete autonomy for the European Branches, as many, as there are groups of the same way of thinking. Theosophy was founded as a *nucleus* for Univ. Brotherhood. So was Christy. The latter was a complete *failure* and is a sham, only because the R. Latin Church claims *infallibility*, absolute authority, and will convert by fair or foul means the two other Churches to her way of thinking. So do the other two but in a weaker degree. Now Christianity is the same Theosophy, only in masquerade dresses, this cycle of ours being the carnival period of the greater cycle, that of our sub-race. Don't let us do as the Christians do. Our Society was established to bring together people as searchers after truth, independent thinkers, one having no right to force his opinion on the other : or meddle in his religious views. Therefore we cannot force Mohini and *his party* to follow " Olcott Blavatsky's " programme ; or as a dissenter from it, to drive him out of the Society, since he is *a real theosophist* in one of the aspects of *divine Wisdom* " theo-sophia." Now Babaji is quite another thing. He is a liar, a traitor, a selfish ambitious wretch, who first sold us—Olcott and myself, and is now selling his *ex*-Masters. Against him every true theosophist ought to rise ; and those who do not are certainly dangerous and cannot remain in *your* Society, or any of those who remain true to Master and the original programme. This is Olcott's business

to expel him from the Society, and you may tell him that if he does not, then Babaji will ruin every Branch he approaches. What you have to do if you take OUR advice is this, leaving the management of details to your own sagacity. Call a Council meeting, private or public (the former, at first) and explain to them, that Mr. Babaji is to your best knowledge a *liar*, and a very malicious and disreputable one. Tell them he *was* a Chela and has failed. Was sent, to you (you have his letter), he, *in all appearance*, and told you so and so, and now denies it ; says (ask Bergen to write to you all he said, and Arthur)—that it was not *he* but a *dugpa*, semblance of himself, a sorcerer's delusion etc. etc. And yet, he insists he is still the chela of Mahatma K. H., who *is* a Mahatma and therefore *cannot* correspond with or interfere with any one—an *impersonal shadow* he makes of him, in fact—that all that he said, did, and about his Master and Masters—for four years and more was his *Karma* that made him labour under a delusion, illusion and what not. Now you have but to demand an explanation from him, and before a Council ; to force him to explain things and show that it is not he who is lying but I—when I say that he, the present Babaji, has never seen the Master 10,000 miles away or approached him or ever been to Tibet, as he insists. I bet you he will decline an explanation and either go away from London or leave the Society. Till now no one put him on the stand, and he has all the trumps for him. But insist as the President of the L.L. Society and *you have a right to*—that the situation should be cleared that either he or I, would be justified and—you will see the fun. Now if you do not do something of the sort you will have the Karma of allowing the L.L. to be ruined by that little *dugpa*. I tell you he is 1000 times more dangerous than Mohini and *is* a tool in the hands of our enemies. And do not lose time.

Then, when you have cleared the coast of that element—propose a reform. A group or branch, however small, cannot be a *theosophical Society*—unless all the members in it are magnetically bound to each other, by the same way of thinking at least *in some one direction* ; therefore, as you will never agree with Mohini or he with you, propose two distinct Branches ; I will be with yours and, if you succeed, the Master will begin writing again which *He will not do* not even through me, so long as the Society is instead of a Brotherhood a political Bulgaria. I have sent Vol. I of the S.D. to Adyar and am now on Vol. II—the *Archaic*. This alone with the new information in it will be more than you will be able to digest in 25 years with *the explanations promised*—if you succeed in forming a Society of your own, faithful to the original programme and doctrine and the Masters, or their teaching.

These are the only hints I am permitted to give. Action can

save the Society; *inaction* on your part—will kill it; *as showing animosity to Mohini and his group* would. Consult with them in a friendly way. Let them form their own Branch within or *outside* the T.S. If they do the former, all right and good. If they *do the latter* and outside the Masters and their protection they will only prove *that it was personal ambition* and *love of selfish ideas* that made them drift away. It will perhaps be better. Answer this.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CI

Oct. 6, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. SINNETT,

I forward Mohini's *Manifesto* which you please read carefully, if you have not before. I trust it to your care for a few days, begging you to send it back to me *intact* as I have to send it to Olcott and Council. It *cannot* and *will not* remain unnoticed. He addresses it "to all theosophists interested in the progress of *true* theosophy" and it will be circulated all over America whether printed or not. It *cannot* be left unanswered. If you have changed your mind and will not answer it—as you wanted to—then I must send it to Adyar where it will be made use of, and my *Reply* the same. So as your idea of recasting it is good and you may read it in a new form to your Society or do with it whatever you like—I must beg you to send it me (my MSS) intact also, and as it is; for I have neither time nor desire to copy it and am *ordered* to forward both the *Manifesto* and my Reply to Adyar and thence to America.

Of course you can do as you like. Only there are two ways left open before us, now that Mohini has pronounced himself; either an amicable separation into groups, each according to its harmonious spirit, or—a thundering separation and collapse of the "L.L. of T.S." The first may be effected by you, and quietly after you have talked it over with Mohini and Miss A.; the other will burst upon you as a thunder-clap, for they are preparing for it. The minds of our best members are poisoned by insinuations and metaphysical and cosmistical assumptions. Even Bm. Keightley has sailed off on the Yogi line. Neither Astrology nor Mesmerism will save it. What those fanatics want is the dark spirit of fanaticism, engrossed in which, they have lost sight of the fact that Mohini has quietly withdrawn from under their noses their *living* Teachers and ideals and substituted for them himself—*instead*.

I do not care for it personally. The days of heart-aching, and struggle and fight are over for me personally. I have done *my duty*, as ordered, and prefer remaining with Mohini on diplomatic

friendly terms (an armed peace like the rest of Europe), than in open war. Much of what he says is true, but unless people are MADE to see the *revers de la medaille* of his "*Saintship*"—and his black ingratitude and cold heartedness to Olcott and all—the L.L. will be lost in a fog of Maya created by the young gentleman. He has psychologised them all and all see as he wants them to. You remain indifferent? Very well; so am I. Mrs. K. and Maitland both tell me that the only means of saving the L.L. is to break it into groups or—*best of all* for me to come to London and *proclaim myself President of a group of Occultists*! They take me for a Battenberg, or a Stamboulof of Bulgaria—verily. Well it remains for me to wash my hands of the whole matter and ask you again to send me back both MSS—whether you recast mine or not. L'un n'empêche pas l'autre. Do so, and send it me to read and see. My love to Mrs. S.

Yours theosophically,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. CII

Thursday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Thanks for Wilson. But I will send you £2 for the three or four other volumes, from Chapter VI Book IV to Book VI ending with Ch. VIII. You have sent me only 3 volumes in which I find Book IV ending with Ch. V.

Thanks for all compliments and Mr. Crookes' chemical speculations. He is a dear man who has all my respect, admiration and sympathy. I am *proud* of him even though he may be less proud of me. I have received your parcel by book post just before dinner and now it is 5, so I could not even glance at it let alone read it. But Mrs. Countess has and says she understands nothing. Nor will I *of course*; we are ignorant fools she and I and if you have to wait till I evolve into my *higher self* to read that stupendously scientific speech to understand it, then you will have time to cut new teeth.

Yet, I had brains enough to understand what you meant in your letter; and I say right away: Mr. Crookes, Sir, preaches and teaches a very old occult Doctrine. I will of course lay his work and *new* discovery before the Master and Mah. K. H. and will let you have Their opinions. Meanwhile I am *impressed* to send you a few pages that I have *unhooked* from my Book I, Archaic Period the beginning of which you have seen and beg you to read them carefully. Now if you do not find in it your *prelix* or his—whatever its name—then I am a Battenberg. This was written at *Villa Nova* when you left and the Countess has copied it all long ago. Only for

mercy's sake do not lose those 8 pages or you will ruin me in *time* lost and other things. If you find it answers please show to Mr. Crookes; if not—answer me I am a fool as usual, and then send back both those 8 pages and Mohini's *Memoir*. I must send it to Adyar to Olcott. The Countess wants to know whether you received her MSS on phenomena—whatever they are.

My love to Mrs. Sinnett, unless she too regards me as a very old flapdoodle.

Yours in humility and bereavement,
H. P. von Blavatsky.

LETTER No. CIII

Sunday.

Dear Mr. Sinnett,

I doubt whether the news I have to give you will be found satisfactory by yourself or Mr. Crookes. I have heard from Master and—*Masters*. It appears (as I have thought from the first) that he is on the *orthodox occult* path, in his general method. "No one went nearer than he did to the *laya* region" I am told. The *laya* is the *Nirvana* of all organic (we have no inorganic) Substance, the zero point or "neutral centre" where all *differentiation* ceases. But when I asked for a few lines written in a language that I could not write, using scientific (chemical?) terms and symbols to show Mr. Crookes that the Masters were (a) in earnest and (b) that they *knew* what Mr. Crookes was talking about with his Greek letters and figures and H.'s & N.'s & N.C.'s—Master told me very coolly that He would be very sorry to be *showing his ignorance*!! He knew nothing of modern chemical terms and Mr. Crookes knew nothing of Alchemical jargon. He looked into the *aura*—(much good this will do Mr. Crookes!) and found in the said "pamphlet aura" only two deflections, and one small point, half of one—which showed error. I asked Him to point it out and he laughed, and I saw no more of Them.

Well today Dj. Khool put in an appearance and was in a hurry and would not wait and so I had to send Louisa away—with my legs half rubbed because she looked at me listening—as though I were crazy. Then he told me that Master sent in a word for you, and me to tell you: "Sinnett has evidently forgotten what he had read in the Comm. on the 7 Stanzas (Book II Archaic period). Otherwise he would have known that out of what is plainly stated there, seven such pamphlets (as about *protyle*) could be written by Mr. Crookes if he only knew it. No such scientific *orthodox* terms used in the S.D. but all that can be given out in *this* century is there and about chemistry and physics more than

anything else. If Mr. Sinnett is willing to read those portions to Mr. Crookes—or Mr. Crookes wants to read them himself—send the MSS. to them by all means. (Thanks) . . . Anything that will appear hazy, incomprehensible or too *grotesque* I (Master) am willing to explain and *even to be corrected* if I fail to do so."

On my kicking against the idea of sending you the MSS. which I want all the time for reference—(then, Lord! Mr. Crookes to see and *laugh* at it!!!)—Dj. Khool said that if I had any regard for yourself and Mr. Crookes I better do so, or *else never ask Master to help anyone again.* And then he added that one of Master's *Chums* (he learnt the word from Olcott) a Syrian, upon hearing of your letter to me about *protyle* (that I had sent on to Them) and your proposition, had very seriously remarked that something *ought to be done* for Mr. Crookes; and Master had agreed with him; only that *He* laughed (Mah. K. H.) at me, advising Master to do that *something,* for otherwise I would be asking and bothering Them next to baptise one of the London Theosophists' children.

Thus it is *I* who receives the kick. Never mind. Well, D. Kh. said before parting company that I better write and tell you all; that there was a chance for me that either you, or Mr. Crookes would refuse to read over that which you had already read, and Mr. C. something that he is sure to find stupid, unless he reads the *Comm.* on *Stanza VI* with great attention. Well I am ready to do *my* duty. But I do hope Mr. Crookes will refuse.

It is true that ever since you left, Master has made me add some thing daily to the old MSS. so that much of it *is* new and much more that I do not understand myself. So that with God's help you may find in it something to attract the attention of even such an eminent man as Mr. Crookes.

I never thought he *was* so learned—till I heard Masters' opinions about him and his *aura.* Master says, there is no one higher than him in chemistry in England, nor elsewhere except Butlerof who is dead. But then Butlerof spoiled his brains by Spiritualism and took it all for God's grace, and became stupid at the end. Well, that's all.

Yours—a victim always,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CIV

17, Rue d'Ouest, Ostend.
January 10th, 1887.

My dear Mr. S.,

You want to know what I am doing? Atoning for my sins of having sent to you my *Archaic Doct.* before it was ready. Rewriting it, adding to it, posting and reposting, scratching out

and replacing with notes from my AUTHORITIES. I was told to send you the MS.—but not told when. The Countess who is always on the look out for practical things, wanting to profit through Hamilton going back to London—made me send with him the MS. Two days after I was asked for it, and when I said it had gone was answered " so much the worse for you "—thanks. It appears that in its crude state it failed to make Mr. Crookes faint with rapture and he must have pronounced it a full blown flapdoodle. At least I augur it so and surmise, considering the *chemical* changes produced in it, in which neither before nor now do I understand one rap. Nor do I care.

The year 1887 and you 47 ? Well this is good. There are two roads for you, I see, and your luck and unluck depend on the one you will select. We all have quite a cargo of bad Karma around us, so we need not complain. But you have your health, something I will never have—and that's a blessing for you.

You are wrong in attributing to *my neglect* the review of your " United." It is there two-thirds done ever since you went away but I wanted to do it well, or leave it alone. Two pages *were dictated to me*—the rest left to my own brilliant pen. Hence it clashes like a star with a rush-light. I am on it again however and this time *will finish it*. Ah, my poor Boss, you are young, VERY VERY young in *matters occult* ; and very apt to judge everything and everyone on the wrong rub, according to your own worldly notions. That's the trouble. Judge *me* as much as you like ; only do not judge others, those one thousand times greater than I ever will be in ten Manwantaras, from the same standpoint ; for the year 1887 would then be worse than the dear departed one, 1886. Fawcett is coming to see me on the 21st. He will be the first human creature I will talk to since the Countess is gone ; for even my doctor is sick and I never saw him but once this month. For three weeks I am practising the Pythagorean " silence-vow " and see only *astrals* from morning till night.

You know, that young Fawcett is my great friend now. A few experiments having succeeded he sees in me a " Magician " ! Only because I saw what he thought one or two nights, and described it to him. Well ! I hope his enthusiasm will not evaporate or that of other ex-disciples of mine. *A propos*. The Russian papers are again full of me. It appears that " my hand " saved from a death peril a gentleman while he was occupied with abusing me and calling all my writings LIES. It is called " The Mysterious Hand "—Madame Blavatsky's *slender* materialised form was seen and recognised, the hand likewise, the voice *ditto*. My aunt is in a funk and a religious tremor on this occasion. Writes to me to enquire whether it is I, or the *Chozain* (Master) who did it. All

mystic Petersburg in a fever; and the Holy *Synode* deliberating whether they should not send me to Ostend some holy water. A Tibetan who came back with the Prjivolsky expedition (or after it)—"a plant doctor" they call him as he produces mysterious cures with simples, told Solovioff and others it appears, that they were all fools and the S.P.R. asses and imbeciles, since all *educated* Tibet and China know of the existence of the "Brotherhood in the Snowy Range," I am accused of having invented; and that he, himself, knows several "Masters" personally. And when asked by General Lvoff what he knew about the London Psychic R. Society since he had never been in Europe before, he laughed and told the General "looking him straight between the eyebrows" that there was not a book of any importance *pro* or *contra* Tibet and its *wise men*, that remained unknown in *Tchigadze*. When the General "much struck," asked him if that Brotherhood would not help Russia against England—the "Doctor" laughed again. He said England or Russia were all one for the "Wise Men;" they left both to their respective *Karma* (which word General Lvoff mistook for *Karpa* "a carp"!) But that "the English seemed to help theirs (Karma) *as if they did it on purpose for their own ruin*; as they did in politics entirely only that which was fatal to them now." And then follows a whole para. the summary of which is that which Master wrote to another General in Petersburg and what I told you when you were here.

My dear Mr. Sinnett, I speak seriously to you, since you are not one of those madmen who ever mistook *me* for a Russian spy. You are as blind in your devotion to and admiration of your conservative politics as a husband with a beloved wife who makes him *love*. You do not see its faults, Masters do; and though they do not care one pin for you English more than for Russia, Turkey or Bulgaria, They care for the T.S. in India. And if you go on (your Salisbury, the old idiot, I mean) in the way he does and *plug* up Bulgaria before Russia's nose, she will play you a nasty trick I tell you in India and through Afghanistan. I know what you do not know through the Masters. And if they do not understand according to your opinion much in politics, then perhaps you will allow a British officer in India to know something. And this is what he writes to me. I quote . . . "I cannot understand this senseless rabies on the part of the English press against Russia! Surely she has as much right to interfere on behalf of Bulgaria as we have in Egypt. It's so foolish too; for if we go to war, which God forfend (?), we *shall be utterly crushed*. If we cannot subdue Burma, how can we expect to be victorious over Russia?" (This is *private and confidential*. H. P. B.)

And it is a fact. And if you are crushed in India then the T.S.

will be crushed for ever and ever. Amen. I hope I may die before I am placed in such a despairing condition as to have to wish evil to my own country and blood, against those who hate and have ruined me in this life for ever, only because the T.S. is in Madras and our best Theosophists Hindu, under the rule of those who have and are so cruelly wronging me. Ah, dear Boss of my heart. Were it not for the Society and Masters to whom I am daily sacrificing my life-blood and honour, were it not for a few like you among the English, whom I have learned to love as my own flesh and bone (metaphorically for *my* flesh and blood I hate)—were it not for all this how royally I would have hated you English! Indeed, the behaviour and policy of your present Cabinet is *disgraceful*, *contemptible*, *Judas-like*, and *foolish*, at the same time, gloriously!

Churchill alone is acting like a man of sense and surprises me. I see he is no fool, and has a fair nose. His leaving your Salisbury in the lurch has perhaps saved England from a sudden pouncing of Russia upon you and with allies, my dear—such allies that your diplomats have never dreamt of—and not your rotten Turkey either. Take care, if you can help to take care in writing, do so, for the sake of your own country, if you cannot for the sake of the T.S. Meanwhile here I am: called back to India and *cannot go*.

I wanted to answer all your questions but your letter is mislaid somewhere—can't lay my hand on it. Well this will do. We are *en train* to buy a "convent" for Theosophists to live in cheap. It is Hartmann's idea.

Many kind "loves" to dear Mrs. Sinnett.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CV[1]

. . . . . her departed Jesus. Unless you ferret out for your own private amusement a new Leonard, or Crookes runs away with Mrs. Golindo and her wig, I do not smell any new rat in the shape of scandal ahead. Quite the contrary. For, above the black stormy clouds of your dirty English political life—the great red harlot and Beast, with the Pope and Bismarck dancing the *lanciers* and Salisbury making his *grand rond* around them, I perceive a bright blue opening, a canopy of light over your own theosophical head. This is no *inspiration*, but written in the Book of Destiny now open before me, and in which, notwithstanding young Fawcett upsetting books and furniture behind me, I see quite clear. Do not take this as a *joke*, for it is serious. I have just finished reading your "Blue Book" in the *Pall Mall*

[1] The first part of this letter is missing.

Gazette and I am full of it—fuller than I would be had I eaten at my dinner three pounds of lobster and green venomous mushrooms. But you—I can't help loving you. Only—what, in the name of mischief, have you been writing to Coues. Some great mischief from that letter in the U.S.A. Oh Lord, Lord—I wish my enemies would each write a *book*! which, according to Job, who for all he forgot to be born in your "superior" race and was but a dirty unwashed Arab spoke wisdom nevertheless—would be my best revenge. Now what *have you* been writing to Coues? Please ask Mrs. Sinnett to be kind enough to write to me a few lines; only a few, her real genuine honest opinion upon "She." And when she does I will answer and let her know *my* opinion.

Please pardon my rhapsody, but I *am* full of politics, of the coming European *Pralaya* and that of your L.L. unless you shake off that lethargy of yours. Meanwhile and notwithstanding I am,

Yours ever truly,
H. P. B.

Glad you have managed the "Buddha and Boar." I wish you would more. I am on the 4th Race. I have done with the Hermaphrodite Third Race. Mr. Mohini preaches the *Visishta Advaitism* and Judge writes (this *confidentially*) that he Mohini is trying to *loot* the T.S. He tried to pervert Judge but found a hard shell, too hard for him, for Judge—KNOWS. By the bye, have you sent him my letter from Bouton and mine to Judge? You never said anything about that.

LETTER No. CVI

Private and Confidential

. . . . . It would be well perhaps, if the Jesuits contented themselves with making dupes of Freemasons and opposing the Theosophists and Occultists using for it the Protestant clergy as "cat's paw." But their plottings have a much wider scope, and embrace a minuteness of detail and care of which the world in general has no idea. Everything is done by them to bring the mass of mankind again to the state of passive ignorance which they well know is the only one which can help them to the consummation of their purpose of Universal Despotism.

An old page refused for insertion in the History of England in the XIXth century, because of the blindness of its statesmen, will be added to it—when *too late*—in the XXth century.

The greatest statesman in Europe, the Prince Bismarck, is the

only one to know accurately all their secret plottings through *his own private adept of the Schwarzwald.* He knows it has ever been the aim of the Jesuit Priestcraft to stir up disaffection and rebellion *in all countries* to the advancement of its own interests. Hence, the apparent friendship with the Pope. Watch the "honest broker's" manœuvres and learn to see clear. That greatest and most *farseeing* of men in addressing the German Parliament on the 5th of Dec. 1874, stated that in a conversation which passed between the Wurtemburg Envoy and the Nuncio, the latter insolently and arrogantly exclaimed: "The Roman Church *had to look to revolution* as the sole means of securing her rightful position" (*Times*, Dec. 7, 1874). After this cynically candid avowal, one may reasonably look all thro' Europe and *elsewhere,* for attempts at revolution in the forms of insurrections and excitement of popular passions, under the auspices of and by the secret aid of the Jesuits. Accordingly, to turn to the British Empire for an example: *Old* England is dying and her moments are counted. The *Times* of the 11th of August 1885 stated that "nearly all the (R.C.) Prelates had given their adhesion to the National League." The *Times* of the following 9th Sept. reported that "the organisation of crime and outrage in Ireland was proceeding with more rapid strides under the auspices of the National League and *with the benediction of the spiritual guides of the people.*"

In former times, at least, no country has better and more successfully withstood the encroachments and treacherous designs of Popery than England. Consequently, there is no country the Jesuits would so much like to dismember and destroy. After the above avowals, we may reasonably conclude that the whole Fenian conspiracy and all its social workings have been organised and indirectly advised and counselled by the Jesuits. That it was so, is vouchsafed by those who follow them closely.

In days of old, England has had Statesmen, such as Pitt and Castlereagh, who were true to their country and easily counterplotted and put down the Jesuit conspiracies in Ireland. The Jesuits finding this, have been ever since, according to their usual worldly craft and patience, devising how to meet the staunchness of English Statesmen. They have openly avowed they will put an end, at any rate, a stop to the wheels of the English political machine *by making converts of her chief men.* All the world knows they have secured a few of the richest, noblemen and others. For many years there has been a report in Roman Catholic countries, that W. E. Gladstone was *privately* received into the R. C. Church by the Pope himself. (See "The Irish Church, her Assailers and Defenders by a British Resident in Spain" Simpkin & Marshall,

1868.) No one cares to enter upon the question of the truth or not of this statement. We would not venture to harm any one. We know that W. E. Gladstone is the author of "Vaticanism," which to us, only serves to show his familiarity with Popery. We are concerned with the latter only so far as it not only obstructs the way to Theosophy and Occultism but threatens to throttle both. Newman and other perverts to Popery began by assailing the Church of which they not long after became members. What we do assert is that if W. E. G. were a real Jesuit, he could not have played into their hands better or more effectually than he has done. The appointment of Earl Ripon, who was not only a Roman Catholic, but notorious as a man of mean abilities, to the Governor Generalship of India, gave the Jesuits an excellent opportunity; and accordingly, the Jesuit Father Ker was always at his elbow in Government House, Calcutta, and was virtually the Viceroy of India. This Jesuit Father was *the real author* of "The Ilbert Bill" which, had it passed, would have been more disastrous for England than the Indian Mutiny, and for the Hindus—worse still. Of course, *as it stood*, it was framed to damage English Rule in India. It failed, owing to something the English know nothing about yet, but the Jesuits who play for large stakes and are used to failures—*do*; and very soon they will try something else. The intended "Kilmanham Treaty" showed a strange hankering to seize any opportunity to make such a concession to Popish agitators as heretofore has been the most remote from all possibility by patriotic English Statesmen. If we omit any of the occasions in which W. E. G. has sought to injure his country it is not for want of materials. The gap may be filled any day.

The Jesuits have of late years candidly avowed that they hoped to succeed by enlisting ignorant democracies on their side. Accordingly, in 1885 W. E. G. plays the game of pandering to democracies, by giving the suffrage to 2,000,000 of farm-labourers. Any one familiar with the English village labourer knows that he so little understands or values his vote that a pint of beer would probably buy it at any time; but that if you promise any impracticable thing which he would much covet, you may make sure of a majority of votes for any party whatever. Having achieved this—(of course quite accidental) imitation of Jesuit policy, W. E. G. precipitates his own temporary retirement from office, in order to get, as he calculated, an overwhelming majority from the votes of the newly emancipated labourers at a General Election, and then come in again and carry whatever measures he pleased. He is disappointed of the overwhelming majority—slight mistakes were made—but he still thinks he can perhaps, contrive to carry a dashing scheme for handing Ireland over so much further into the hands

of the unscrupulous agitators, so that the next agitation will complete the severance and dismember the British Empire—which has long been the darling scheme of the Jesuits. If W. E. G. *be not a Jesuit*, we think he ought to be. His renewed advent to power was speedily followed by an insurrectionary meeting in Trafalgar Square, at which revolutionary speeches were made, and some of the best parts of London for 2 hours pillaged by men to whom W. E. G. would, no doubt, rejoice to give the suffrage. All this you know, as you must also know that since then another seditious meeting has been held, at which the chief speaker declared that by Heaven, he would himself, if he could, cut the throats of a million and a quarter of people who possessed, as he thought, too much of this world's goods. He was vociferously applauded by his hearers.

The Jesuits have already been shown avowing their intention to excite revolutions to get what they think their rights. Now here are public speakers in England, inciting to revolution. Ought you not then to come to the conclusion that these are Jesuit emissaries? These particulars are given that not only Occultists, but also Nations, Communities and individuals may be aware and forewarned against what we have no hesitation in saying are the enemies of the human race. It is generally known that the College of Jesuits is at Rome. It is not so well known that virtually, for some years, their Head Quarters are in London and were so even before they were expelled from Republican France. They then flocked to England in greater numbers and were allowed to come, the English showing their usual apathy.

Students of Occultism should know that while the Jesuits have by their devices, contrived to make the world in general, and Englishmen in particular, think there is no such thing as Magic and laugh at *Black* Magic, these astute and wily schemers themselves hold magnetic circles and form magnetic chains by the concentration of *their collective* WILL, when they have any special object to effect, or any particular and important person to influence. Again, they use their riches lavishly also to help them in any project. Their wealth is enormous. When recently expelled from France they brought so much money with them, some part of which they bought into the English Funds as immediately to raise them to par, which the *Daily Telegraph* pointed out at the time. The time may come, when their wealth will be violently taken from them for the poor, and they themselves mercilessly left to be destroyed amidst the general execrations of all Nations and peoples. There is a Nemesis called KARMA, tho' often it allows evil-doers to go on successfully for centuries. Meanwhile, who has ears—"let him hear."

LETTER No. CVII

My dearest Mrs. Sinnett,

The Countess is a great "imaginer" and *phantasist*. A few days or a fortnight ago, she asked me whether I would not like to go for a week to London with her. I said no; then she returned to the charge. I said I would think; finally she asked again yesterday, I told her decidedly that I had neither time, wish, nor money to travel for the "Roi de Prusse." I never knew she wrote to you about this. Of course I will have to go to London and am decided, but in two or three months, when I have matter enough ready and after I find what I need in London in the shape of *a flat* not higher than 1st floor if I can't get it ground floor. I will either have to *hire* the furniture or buy and pay it by monthly instalments. I need two rooms for myself and a spare bedroom and kitchen. I have Louisa's husband, a Dane, coming to live with her *without wages* and promising to do what he can in the house, since she has to support him he being very delicate—simply for board and lodging. Therefore, thanking you dear, for your kind invitation—that plan is not to be thought of. I am too disagreeable a visitor, to impose myself on my friends for more than a couple of days. If you can help me to find a flat at Kensington (old house preferable) and cheap—I would be most thankful. You know my means; I cannot pay more for rent monthly than between 5 and 7 £. I could hardly find two furnished rooms for this price a week—therefore I must have a flat.

Now about Mohini. Do not please prevent me *doing my duty*. I was told to do so, and do it *I must* under one shape or another. The question is not whether he read this particular paper to one or 20 fellows; but that it expresses the opinion of a group of *malcontents* such as Arthur, Hartmann and Mohini who excite themselves mutually and are ever talking about the "reforms" and the untheosoph. proceedings at Adyar, to every one who comes in their way. Please read the last number of *Path*. "What is the Theos. Society" by Hartmann. It is the repetition of half what is found in Mohini's paper. I *had* asked Mohini to put all he said on paper. But he made it in pamphlet form and evidently intended for publication; and as he sent it to you to be read—and Mr. Sinnett expressed indignation, I was ordered to answer and *publish my answer*. Now you have changed your ideas? I can't help it—for I have not changed mine. No use bringing Mohini's or Arthur's or even Hartmann's name; but the *chief* and *all* their grievances stated in print and MSS. and spread orally among theosophists—must be answered by me, as I have. If you cannot do this and Mr. S. will not, then please return to me both MSS.

(Mohini's and mine) and I will see to arrange blending the two and to publish them myself. I repeat to you *I* must do my duty if others will not. I see the results of neglecting this and thus warning off future danger, through *the eyes of Master*—you, do not choose to see them only because that danger does not seem immediate. Do as you like—but do not seek to prevent me to do what is my SACRED DUTY. Please send the MSS. back.

What about the 8 pages from S.D. sent by me to Mr. Sinnett. Surely he has read them and either has found therein the spirit of Mr. Crookes' *protyle* or has not. In either case do let him forward them to me back. Tell him please I fail to understand his allusion to my *sarcasms*, I never indulged in any. Meanwhile always

Yours devotedly and sincerely,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

The Duchess has finally *ruined* herself by coming out with a French *Theosophist*—Wants me to write for it ! ! ! Wish she may get it.

LETTER No. CVIII

Wednesday.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

There seems to be a fatality attached to all you do in the best and most friendly intentions—for me. *And I knew it from the first.* There's fruits No. 1 of the "Incidents!" Yesterday I received from my sister *three columns* cut out of the *Novoye Vremya* about those *accursed Memoirs*, a review of your book by Moltchenoff, the London Correspondent of that paper. Prominent among other chaff is the sentence in my letter you framed yourself (for the *Times* that would not have it) and published in the pamphlet, that "bad as the Anglo-Indian Govt. was the Russian would be a 1000 times worse." Against its appearance in the pamphlet, I did not protest. No one read it except theosophists; but its publication in the "Incidents" is a public slap on the face of Russia, of all *Russian* patriots—of which my sister and nieces are foremost. She is *indignant* and ready to repudiate me. She says she read the proofs and never saw *that*—I suppose not since you added it later on!

Well any how, it is my fault, the fault of my cowardice before the cowardly art of Hodgson & Co. and of his accusation. If I have left or made to leave his attack on the phenomena unnoticed I ought to have left this beastly, vile lie and calumny untouched. Had I been *hung* by your Govt. in India on false suspicions I would have left at least good feeling for my memory in Russia;

as it is now, I stand a spy, a beast in the eyes of England and a heartless, unpatriotic wretch in those of every Russian I honour and love, including my own sister—and Gaboriau including the translation of that same letter in his French *Occult World*! Now every Russian will read it. And it *is* a LIE ; a horrid, disgusting cowardly lie of mine for which I will blush to the end of my days. For, however bad the Govt. in Russia, however intolerant and autocratic *for its own subjects* it is not in our Colonies like Caucasus that any Englishwoman or Englishman would receive such insults as I have in India, or would be taken for *a spy*, surely not. Those ninnies and goodnatured fools of Russians can never show enough hospitality and their authorities sufficient courtesy to foreigners, including the English, who hate them as the Devil does holy water. Well, I have to make *mea culpa* before Katkoff who is capable of refusing my articles after this, and leaving me on the tight Rs 200 from Adyar and chiefly before Russia and my relations. Pity you cannot read the beastly article—you would then judge of *my* feelings. He gives in it all the slander and story of the Hodgson *Report* and the S.P.R. and says of you that you *are prudent enough* not *to come out* as MY DEFENDER in the " Incidents " but simply as a narrator of " funny " things.

Please excuse what you are sure to call again one of the " O.L.'s fits of rage." I am not in a rage, but as deeply wounded as I can be. . . . Please also, as soon as Mr. Crookes finishes that archaic stuff and proclaims it all rot and fiddlesticks—send it back, as I have to send it to Subba Row who seems to lose patience now he is ordered to look it over.

Your ever the same,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. CIX

M. . . . r dictates all the time about one " Grove F. R. S." (1855-6) who wrote *Correlations of Physical Forces*. Never heard of the man before! Was there ever an F. R. S. of that name? Has he written such a work? On *imponderable* Forces—that " cannot exist "? He was for a " P. G.," yet his occult insight was remarkable—*he* says. Shall you help me to find it out?

We are *in*—for *Theosophist* appeared with *the* name. I thought it would, but believing O. capable of anything—accepted it as possible.

I send you a curious letter from O. to read. He counts in the money *now* sent the £25 lent to Miss A. and which was already spent for D. N. in London. Thanks for *all*—papers and notices etc.

I do not want the work of Grove, only to know whether he was, and the character he bears among the men of Science. He was *anathematised* I hear, by the Royal Society.

Yours,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. CX [1]

Hartmann writes and would like to be permitted to write to you. He says he is paralysed and is prevented by doing me justice and helping me because he is shown by Olcott as a *liar* and black magician etc. He says he was told that *I have prevented* you to see him at Würzburg, that I have deliberately worked at sending you away so as not to meet him. For mercy sake write to him the truth. I wanted you to meet him and I know that bad and unreliable as he is, he is often good and true (a medium !) but you know *you did not care.* Write to him that you were hurrying off to England, could not wait, but that I have not *intrigued* to prevent you from meeting him. The address is Marzstrasse 28 iii Munchen at Count's Spreti. I know he can help you in many things though he is furious against Olcott who acted as always—like a fool.

LETTER No. CXI

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Wanted to write with Arthur—found myself too lazy—no time rather. Now you have learnt I suppose, that it was not "erratic" *geniuses* alone as you kindly call me, who fall occasionally into wild "flapdoodles" and make mistakes. Luckily I *was* lazy and did not write then and there to poor Judge, to give him a bit of my mind for *refusing* to print your article. Poor fellow—he who sent you a proof sheet out of pure Yankee courtesy and you imagining that he *refused* to print it at all ! You were "dreaming a dream" surely, when you read his blue pencil marginal remarks ; and I read only your letter and sent the whole to Arthur, who read both, found out your mistake and grinned at both of us for our troubles. Well ?—

Thanks for *Transactions.* Very interesting, your mesmerism. Only why can't you ever write about India or Indians without allowing your pen to run away with your ineradicable prejudices at the expense of truth and fact ? You will be caught one of these days—my tender friend, and repent. You want to write *esoteric*

[1] This letter is incomplete.—ED.

facts and you give instead English race prejudice. Believe me I speak seriously. You cannot remodel esoteric History to suit your little likings and dislikes. You say, p. 20 (last lines), " In the same way, taking races into account, the people of India as a race, are immensely more susceptible to mesmerism than Europeans; probably because, as a race, they are on *a somewhat lower level of cosmic evolution.*" Now, indeed? And you call this esoteric theosophy and theosophic teachings? How many times have I told you that if, as a race, they are lower than Europeans it is only *physically* and in the matter of civilisation or rather what you yourselves have agreed to regard as civilisation—the purely external, skin deep polish, or a *whitened sepulchre* with rottenness inside, of the Gospel. Hindus are spiritually intellectual and we physically spiritual. Spiritually they are immensely higher than we are. The physical point of evolution we have reached only now—they have reached it 100,000 years ago, perhaps. And what they are now *spiritually* you may not hope to reach in Europe before some milleniums yet. They are almost ready for the evolution of their sixth race units, and Europe has yet to whistle for them and must thank her stars for evoluting even occasionally *Hindu like* spiritual and beautiful characters. And then on p. 21 you say " The supreme perfection of sensitiveness that brings about capacity for clairvoyance . . . . . I should be disposed to regard as an attribute of a finely developed and *advanced* organism "—the latter, with your permission, *snuffs* out clairvoyance and generally sensitiveness. The weaker the physical, the stronger *spiritual* perceptions. Then, by saying " that the quality of sensitiveness exhibited by an inferior race, or an inferior class, is itself inferior to that which reappears in persons spiritually advanced beyond the point of the maximum *physical* intellectuality." If instead of physical you had said psycho-physical or *spiritual* it would be more correct. You must have written your *Transaction* —in *sulks*. However it may be I am sorry to have to contradict you in the *Secret D.* I have written that long ago—and it is diametrically opposite to what you say and as it was *dictated* to me.

Yours faithfully the same,
H. P. B.

LETTER No. CXII

Sunday, God's Day.

BELOVED SISTER,

Emily Knowles I myself answered, she is a friend. But this is what happened last night about 6 p.m. As Mrs. Cook was with me, Mrs. Cooper Oakley was announced! As I knew you had

refused giving her my address I was disagreeably surprised—but ————. Well, she came in smiling—beaming, her very hat raising its blooming arms heavenward in glee and joy. "Take care!" I heard my inner voice say, and I did. Then perceiving Mrs. Cook whom she hates and with whom she had a big fight some months ago she wanted to shake hands with her—though her face became gloomy as night. The lovely atmosphere and aura spread by this *brotherly* theosophic feeling was a caution! Then she begged Mrs. C. to allow her to talk with me *alone* a minute or two, and when alone asked me abruptly "Why did you force me to come H. P. B.?" I humbly retorted I never had. "I saw you in a vision three nights running she said and *Dugpas* too. You said *you wanted me*"! I suggested that probably it was a Dugpa who had personated me for I never wanted her, nor had I visited her. But she insisted. She said you had no time to answer her, therefore she did not have my address, ***never knew where she was*** going when taking her ticket on the railway. Let herself go *intuitionally*. Arrived at Upper Norwood ***never knowing*** where she is going. Got out and went dream-like and stopped before the door of my house and here she was, "brought by a mysterious power." I meekly listened and said I was charmed at such an evolution of psychism in a theosophist but, that I still knew no more than the man in the moon, what it was for. Then she informed me that Master had sent a very favourable and kind message to "Alf" through Subba Row and to her too, telling *thusly*:—"Say to Isabel Cooper Oakley so and so"—text suppressed for my profane ears—and she feeling very happy after this message. I answered that I was happy to see Subba Row relinquishing his usual reticence. "Oh don't speak ill of Subba Row, I pray you" she exclaimed. "I do love and respect him so." So do I, I said, and I never meant to say anything *bad* of him, etc. Well she went on producing psychic *plants* for half an hour—and though upon entering she only shook hands with me, now took me tenderly under the chin and looked lovingly into my eyes. And now I see some new villainy against me at Adyar. Sure to. Keep this letter to compare and make notes at a future day. Oh my prophetic soul! She left and then Bert and Mrs. Cook came downstairs and began talking of her and I said "Take care, she will return." Oh, no she went up the street—they said, those Philistines. And we talked; and presently we heard a rap at the door and it was SHE, and she had listened at the door—you bet your bottom dollar. She had forgotten something.

Well—the moral of the fable I leave to your personal sagacity. My *feelers* tell me it will develop in some pretty shaped piece of mud that will be thrown at and stick on the walls of the T.S.

Your "Lord and Master" must have lost his quiescent state of mind and the calm placidity of his intellectual status; he sent an *Answer* to Subba Row—instead of "Gods, Monads and Atoms" needed. If he mixes up in the same way the plaintiff and the defendant in his *divorce suit*, somebody's Karma will be the worse for it.

Bowaji, I hear, is with Hübbe Schleiden, Munich, *hiding*, and dressing the T.S.'s chignon. The *Sphinx* will improve and our chances along with it.

Yours, in a bog of brotherly love and a swamp of Theosophy,

"O. L." *alias* H. P. B.

LETTER No. CXIII

Letter received by the Countess from a friend concerning the "H. B. of L." [1]

. . . . . "You will be surprised to hear that my name was put to this Hermetic circular (a purchase in America for £20,000 of a land for Occultists) without my consent and that I have repudiated it and demanded that my name be taken away out of it, at once. I have for some time been sure that there was something wrong in the H. B. of L. and have taken great pains to find the clue. The real fact is, that the Occultism which exists at the back has been made use of by a convicted felon. (? !) I obtained specimens of handwriting and also a photograph which identified the *prime mover* with the *felon under an alias*. There was to be a "London Lodge" opened by him, but I sent a friend to it with a photograph in his pocket to identify him. He did not appear, but all present recognised him as the man who had represented himself as the principal mover in it. It is a gross attempt of [an] unmitigated scoundrel and practicer of Black Magic to engraft a moonshine scheme of colonisation upon Occultism" . . . . . and to disgrace it finally. It is the work of the Jesuits I spoke to you of. Now the Kingsford is mixed up in it and many others. If you do not protect the L. L. yours—the genuine, from connexion with that lot as they seem determined to so connect it by hook or by crook, then the public will never be convinced if any new scandal comes out that *you* and *we* were not mixed up in it. So take care. Send Bert and Arch for information. Expose them by all means, and the louder the exposure the better. Warn all the theosophists with circular.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

[1] The Hindu Brotherhood of Luxor; *vide* Letter No. CLXXXII.—Ed.

LETTER No. CXIV

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have never read Rhys David's *Paranibbāna* and therefore do not know how far he blunders. But judging by what I have read by him, I should say he blunders all along the line and to set it as all a blunder is the safest.

Boar's flesh eaten by Buddha is of course a very transparent symbology. The first form assumed by Brahma when he arose from primal chaos (water in which the earth was formed, see *Ramayana*), and Manu, was that of a boar who raised the earth out of that water.

The dish of *rice* and *boar's* flesh refers to Brahmanism. The Secret Doctrine explains that the legend of the Adepts of the *Left* Path – (whose descendants are now the *Tantrikas*)—Brahmins, had by magical arts, induced Buddha to eat of a meal of boar's flesh with rice. That rice was, called *tsale rice*—synonymous with the paradise for "forbidden fruit" or apple. The original Tantrikas are said to be the descendants—(as also the *dug-pas*) of those Brahmins who, as the symbolical legend says, coming from the world of the *Devas* lived on earth, and by eating the *tsale rice* forfeited all their powers and from heavenly adepts became simple mortal men in their bodies. I am explaining this symbolism in the *Secret Doctrine* along with other things. The explanation of it is simply that *left hand* Brahmanism (instead of the *Right Divine Knowledge*) prevailed. The rice is the "forbidden fruit" and boar and *pig's flesh* is Brahmanical exotericism—Buddha being vowed to secrecy and having compromised between the whole truth and symbolism as much as he dared—that truth choked him and he died of grief for being unable to explain all. Kunda (or *Tzonda* as he is called by the Tibetan and Burmese) the coppersmith or rather the son of a wealthy goldsmith, the builder of the monastery of Pontoogon, asks permission of preparing a meal for Buddha and his Arhats. He kills a young boar or pig (something strictly forbidden by Buddhist law) and dresses it with rice, the *devas infusing* into it most delicious perfumes; and the choicest dishes are prepared with it. When Buddha comes to *Tzonda* or Kunda, Buddha chose the pork and rice *and would not let his disciples eat of it* – as he said that *no one but himself could digest such food.* The rest of it *he ordered Tzonda to bury in the earth,* that no one should eat of it; and right away he is taken sick. Transparent enough I should say? No one could after him—Buddha, preach the Good Law holding strictly to the essentials of the Secret, *the true* Doctrine, and yet without giving out anything of it, *donnant le change* to the public—therefore giving the "heart" of the doctrine to the few

Elect—he left with the world only its "eye"—which Bodhidarma and Ananda were commissioned to preach after him. There is an extraordinary and awful mystery at the bottom of this ridiculous allegory which none but the initiates know. If it had been simple pork and rice—how is it that Buddha compares the "pork and rice" or puts it on the same footing as the delicious *Nogana* he ate on the morning of the day when he reached Buddha-ship? And why should he send Ananda to thank the goldsmith's son for the exquisite food and promise him great rewards for it *hereafter* in Brahma-loka. I explain it as far as I am allowed in one of the Chap. of *Secret Doctrine* which *grows, grows and grows.*

The 500 fine clothes and 500 layers . . . . . .[1]

LETTER No. CXV

According to Rhys Davids the *Great Vehicle* assigns (or rather speaks of) five "groups" of worlds which had and will each have a Buddha (see p. 204, *Buddhism*): "these five Buddhas corresponding to the last four Buddhas, including Gautama and the future Maitreya Buddha—the five Buddhas, that is, who belong to the present Kalpa, the age since the Kosmos was last destroyed." In the Pali and Sanskrit texts Buddha—the title of Gautama—is shown as one of a long series of Buddhas who appear at regular intervals in the world, and who all teach the same system (the secret doctrine). "After the death of each Buddha his religion flourishes for a term and then decays, till at last completely forgotten, and wickedness and violence rule over the earth. Then a new Buddha appears who again preaches the lost *Dharma* or Truth."

Again the Jains have 24 Buddhas whom they call "Tirtankaras," 21 by groups of three of the seven, and 3 mystical, and some books have Gautama preceded by *four*, not three Buddhas. This is not contradiction nor inconsistency but ignorance of the secret doctrine. Gautama was the 4th Buddha and the 12th *Bodhisatwa* of this *Yug* of our earth. He was the 4th Buddha of the 4th Round. Also the 4th Buddha of the closing 4th Race (between the 4th and the 5th). The fifth or Maitreya Buddha will come after the partial destruction of the 5th and when the 6th Race will be established already for some hundred thousands of years on earth between the utter close of the remnants of the 5th and the 6th, and therefore he is called the *fifth* Buddha. The 6th will be at the beginning of the 7th Race and the 7th at its end, perhaps half a million of years before its close—when the final ultimate secrets will be revealed.

[1] The remainder of this letter is missing.—Ed.

The teaching that " every earthly mortal Buddha has his pure counterpart in the mystic world, free from the debasing influence of this material life ; or rather that the Buddha under material conditions is only an appearance, the reflection, or emanation, or type of Dhyani Buddha . . ." is correct (see p. 204). The number of Dhyani Buddhas or Chohans is infinite, but only *five* are practically acknowledged in *exoteric* Buddhism and *Seven* in esoteric teachings.

Rhys Davids says " that in the 10th century A.D. a new being—this time infinite, self-existent and omniscient—was *invented* and called Adhi Buddha, the Primordial Buddha." Error. "*Addhi-Buddha*" is mentioned in the oldest Sanskrit books. It means—primordial Wisdom and is the name for the collective Intelligences of the Bodhisatwas and Buddhas or Dhyan Chohans :—" He is held to have evolved out of himself the five Dhyani Buddhas by the exercise of the five meditations ; while each of these evolved out of himself by wisdom and contemplation the corresponding Bodhisatwas, and each of them again evolved out of his immaterial essence a Kosmos, a material world. Our present world is supposed to be the creation of the fourth of these—of Avalokiteswara."—(p. 207). Incorrect. 7 Dhyan Chohans are appointed at the beginning of every *Round* to incarnate as Bodhisatwas—beginning by world *A*, then *B*, etc. The first corresponds to the Buddha of the 1st Race and being its protector, incarnates at a needed moment and then becomes a Buddha. The *Second* becomes a Bodhisatwa at the 2nd Race and does the same on every planet. The third etc., reappearing each *seven* times. Thus :

DHYAN BUDDHA or DHYAN CHOHAN.	REINCARNATED as a BODHISATWA.	REAPPEAR as a MANUSHI (a human) BUDDHA.
1. Vairachana	1. Samanta Bhadra (end 1st Race)	1. Kraku-Chandu
2. Akshobyas	2. Vajrapani (end 2nd Race)	2. Kanaki Muni
3. Ratna	3. Ratnapani (end 3rd Race)	3. Kasyapi
4. Amitabha	4. Avalokitesvara (end 4th Race)	4. Gautama
5. Amogasiddha	5. Visvapani	5. Maytreya
6.	6.	6. .....
7.	7. Mystery Names	7. .....

LETTER No. CXVI

WÜRZBURG.

Sent to Mohini art : "Have animals Souls" to correct. Ask him to bring it to you and see pp. he was told to show to you. There you shall find in the *Sishtas* (or remnants) spoken how near

the truth came our mutual friend A. P. S. in his "Noah's Ark Theory." I am very busy on *Secret D.* The thing at N.Y. is repeated—only far clearer and better. I begin to think it *shall vindicate* us. Such pictures, panoramas, scenes *antediluvian* dramas with all that! Never saw or heard better. Your calculations, "the best and truest that can be given at this end of the 5000 y. of Kaliyug." *Watch your impressions* and turn your back on the S.P.R. and its rabid idiots.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CXVII

The numbers of the groups of Dhyan Chohans around the Circle "Pass Not," is 1, 3, 5, 1, & 4, and also 3, 1, 4, 1, 5; or when left running without separation they read 13514, and 31415. In both cases it is *twice seven*, for read whatever way, it will be 14 (when individually additioned). Now, astronomically, *I am told* it is the numerical value of a circumference of a circle whose diameter is *one*, or the value of π (*pi*) whatever it means! Please see what it means, when used in astronomical tables. Also what is the meaning of "*constant co-efficient*" when used by astronomers. I am given things of which I have no more idea than of the mathematical value of my "children." Funny that AL'HIM (Elohim) should also yield that very same number, without ciphers. Thus א (a) is 1; ל (l) is 3; ה (h) is 5; י (i or jodh) is 1 (o); and ם (m) is 4 (or 40). That yields exactly 13514, or anagrammatically, by the *Themura* method it may be written 31415—the blessed *pi* or π of which I know nothing. Do you, being a pundit? Please answer clearly—or else I am stuck again.

Yours,
530550.

LETTER No. CXVIII

HONOURED SIR AND CONFEDERATE,

Yesterday Franz Gebhard delighted me with his arrival and rejoiced my ears with the following quotation from a letter, that you may have heard already.

"Besides the block of Humanity to which we belong, passing round the chain of planets—as correctly described in E. B.—*there are six other similar blocks simultaneously evolving on other parts of the chain.*"

To this I listened in silent dismay, and would have remained dumb on the subject for ever had not Master's far away tones struck me like a Sac . . .[1] box on the ear coming from the N.W. direction (for a wonder! He must be roaming somewhere in Europe my Boss) and saying: "Now don't you let Sinnett go off again on the *wrong* track. Explain." Just as though *I* had led you

[1] MS. damaged here.—ED.

deliberately on to wrong tracks and not your own *Madame Barbe Bleue's* vile curiosity! Easy to say "explain," I wish *He* would Himself; for if I do and you do not understand me, or—which is as likely I shall not be able to "explain" so that you should understand, I shall be responsible for it and the only one blamed as usual. However, listen, and you may perhaps realise also what led even Mohini *off* the right mechanical track and made him write the unutterable flapdoodle he has in *Man*—from the simply mechanical-*cosmos*-arrangement standpoint and tolerably correct one, if understood as applying to the "simultaneous evolution" of the *six races* you are talking about, in a Socrates-like way, with your DAIMON whispering it in your ear. For I don't see *how* you could have got the idea in any other way.

There are six races besides our own, which makes seven races, if you please. Seven upper ones and seven *nether*, or lower ones which make in all the 14 Brahmanical *lokas* spoken about in the *Vedanta*. This is the *exoteric* text: "From the *five quintuplated elements* (the five quintuplated Buddhas of Rhys Davids and *exoteric* Buddhism)—proceed or spring, one above the other, the worlds *Bhûr, Bhuvar, Swar, Mahar, Janas, Tapas* and *Satya*; and *one below the other*, the nether worlds called Atula, Vitala, Sutala, Rusâtala, Talâtala, Mahatâla and Pâtâla." Now all the Orientalists have made a worse mess of it than you would, had I not been ordered to come benevolently to your rescue. Wilson makes of it in *Vishnu Purana* (pp. 209, 225 Vol ii) a regular *olla podrida*. Nor shall your great mathematician Elliot do you any good in the calculation of *duration* as you want him for he has not the ROOT number which cannot be given. So "Boss" says, not I. However.

What I give you now—please do not use it before it comes out in SECRET Doctrine—for it is from there as Master gave me.

These *seven* worlds above and *seven beneath*—cannot be referred by you as "blocks" of *humanity*—and here Mohini is quite right in saying "the Monads, recognisable on earth as human cannot properly be so called when evolving on *other planets*"—though the word "planet" is also wrong, "world" would have been a better term. These (to us) invisible worlds, in which evolute "simultaneously with our *block* of Humanity" other *Humanities*, or rather sentient and intelligent *Beings* (invent a word for how *can* we call them "humanity"?) are not on other planets, *for each of the 7 globes or planets of our chain has such a dual septenary circle of* RINGS—Saturn being the only *half* frank and sincere planet in this case—and it is that which set Hume on his ears in the beginning with Master K. H., and that led Mohini to contradict *you in appearance*—for while he was thinking of *this*—he had never

learned much of the physical or mechanical arrangement of our chain ; and also why Mah. K. H. was ever saying of you two—" both are right and both wrong."

Now I beg of you not to *materialise* in your *fifth* principle way these worlds. They have no relation whatever with *space and time* as understood by your greatest mathematicians, but are entirely *out of space and time*—in the *Kantian* way, though in space and time *Dhyan Chohanic* conceptions and even those of *Devachan*. If you have ever understood what Zöllner really meant by his " fourth dimension of space " you may proceed in the following wise and think of these seven *upper* worlds and the *seven lower*, like this :—

1. Our globe *D*—has three dimensions of space *of its own* (the triad) ; for Bhûr—*is at the head of matter*. But it has *seven* in reality, though only four can be known in this 4th Round, and the *seven* dimensions of space being the lot of globe D's 7th Root Race in the 7th Round.

(But it has *five* senses in the 5th Root Race and shall have seven *physical* senses in the 7th R.R. by the end of this Round ; for the senses pertain to the evolution of the 1st Root Race of our 4th Round in which *Speech* also developed fully. I mean the five senses *as known to physiology*.) Remember we are just about the middle point of Rounds ($3\frac{1}{2}$ R.) and have passed the half of its Root Races, as to the Spiritual senses the count

2. Now *Bhuvar* pertaining to the ELEMENT (the spirit, not material) Water—it has 6 dimensions of space and 4 senses, sound, touch, form (or sight), and taste.

3. *Swar*—5 dimensions—and 3 senses—sound, touch and form (or sight) for it pertains to the heat or Fire-Element.

4. *Mahar*—(Element of Air)—4 dimensions and *two* senses—sound and touch.

5. *Janas*—(Ether element) 3 dimensions, *one* sense—*Sound* including all others.

6. *Tapas*—(Super Ether, *no* element known *here*) 2 dimensions. The seven senses purely spiritual.

7. *Satya* totality of Being or of Existence or one Spiritual dimension including all ; and one sense—the UNIVERSAL sense or " Brahma's Egg "—

Above is SAT.

(or Parabrahm), the SECONDLESS

REALITY.

These worlds spring from evolution while the seven nether—proceed on the way to *involution*, with Atala, Vitala, Sutala, Rosâtala, Talatâla, Mahâtala and Pâtâla—the dimensions and

senses follow in the same order—the seventh being the *internal* or "material egg of Brahma" in esoteric phraseology, in contradistinction to Brahma's egg—the repository and receptacle of all those 14 worlds. The Materialistic *exoteric* religions see in them seven heavens and seven hells. The initiates *know* them to be 14 *planes of existences* one within the other—and if possible to be represented by any figure then going thus, like the centripetal and centrifugal forces—one to the right and the other to the left. The blue pencil represents *evolution*, red involution.[1]

1. Central point, *Brahma's* Egg. The ALL SPIRIT.
2. Central point Brahma's Internal Egg—MATTER. N.B. Here matter is purely spiritual—"The Spirituality of EVIL the other being the *Spirituality* of GOOD."

None of these worlds are to be conceived of by the materialists of this Earth. Each is on a different *plane* of Existence, *within* and around our world which is the *seventh* at both ends—if end there be.

Therefore the conch is sacred—the conch the weapon in the left hand of Vishnu the *Preserver*, and the *Chakra* or wheel in the right hand—standing for Eternal Cyclic Evolution and Involution. But these 14 worlds or "six other *blocks* of Humanity" as you call them, are neither *inside* nor *outside*, neither *above* or *below*—they are utterly independent of *locality* as said before. So do not *materialise* them, but read Kant or better yet E. Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious" II vol. though *we* think that you shall get disgusted with it. He is very incomplete H. Schleiden says—but yet the clearest of all German philosophers on *Principium Individuationes*, and with the help of Esoteric philosophy would find himself on the right track.

[1] The dotted line represents the blue pencil and the black line the red.—ED.

I shall send you in a day or two Mohini's "Man" *corrected* (passages that are incorrect only, of course). A *second* edition in view of *Secret Doctrine* absolutely needed. And the letter I sent you—as necessary. Correct and edit it and send it to me to copy and send to the *Theosophist.*

And now goodbye—Try to *etherealise* your thoughts—my noble colleague and confederate, and may the Lord God of Israel pour upon you a little of his Spirituality such as he poured on *Hoseah,* the cultured and chaste orator.

By the bye—speaking of the Lord God, I made a discovery: "worth a *twopenny damn*"—is not original with the cultured Myers. It is the spontaneous brain production of Lord Wellington, I find. "So glad"! for now I am on a real level for culture and poesy with English Aristocracy. Love to dear *Bossess* and household.

Yours in space and time, as out of it,

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CXIX

6, Ludwig St.,
Tuesday.

My dear "Confederate,"

I believe you are angry with me for my "dismay"? Well, I could *not help* it. There was Bowajee and Hübbe Schleiden too, who had just talked about the "materialistic" views you took of the whole thing. Now I know, that as far as the physical evolution of the planets goes—you are *quite* right and it is not *your* fault if you were not told more. Anyhow it is not *my* belief that it is "materialistic"—and why we should be compelled to *poetise* truth and *facts* is more than I can tell.

I do not say the new theory or vista "conflicts" with your impression; for to this day I am in the dark about that "impression." I talk so unintelligibly, so confusedly, I make generally *such* a mess of what I say, that no wonder I thought you had entirely misunderstood me, and thus sought to repair my guilt by making *amende honorable.* But why should you have felt displeased when writing your letter? Fot *I felt it in my bones* as soon as I began reading it?

Well you say you got that "impression" while reading some matter among the *Secret Doctrine* (in Dharbagiri's writing). I looked over carefully page by page and found nothing in D. N.'s writing, but in Damodar's which you probably mistook. It is about what the Earth (and other planets) does during "obscuration"? Is it this? For if so, then I can tell you that Damodar wrote it *under dictation*—but you have not understood the meaning

quite correctly. It *does* refer to the "worlds" I speak of and says (restoring it in its *full* sense) the following :—

"It (the planet) cannot be resting for such a length of time. The fact is, that after our exit from here, the Planet gets ready to receive another group of Humanity coming after us. On the Planetary chain there are *seven groups* of Humanity simultaneously evolving; each Planet receiving *another group*, after one has passed away to the next Planet. These seven are distinct groups and do not intermingle with each other." (But some of them do with *us* or our planet, as I shall show). Then, he goes on talking of *natural* and artificial Fifth Rounders. Is it this? I take it to be what you found among my papers and as there is nothing else so I shall talk on this.

No your theory *does not* conflict so far, with facts; but then they must be shown to you in their correct position, not in a fanciful one like Mohini's theory of *Rings* and *Rounds*. The conversation you had with me referred in *my* mind only to the *surplus* of Humanity or of the "family" left over when partial obscuration came, not to the *nature* of that family. I shall try to explain as well as I can. By the bye. Dharbagiri says that he never meant anything but the 14 Brahma lokas.

These are worlds—to their respective inhabitants as much *solid* and *real* as our own is to us. Each of these, nevertheless, has *its own nature*, laws, senses—which are not *our* nature, laws or senses. They are not in space and time *for us*—as we are not in space or time—for them, as the 3-dimens. world suspects the 4-dimensional, so the latter suspects the existence of our *lower* world. But this 3 and 4 dimens. calculation must not lead you into the belief that Zollner's theory applies to *Mahar*, that "world" which is next to ours, higher than ours, *in* ours (for of a different nature). In the corrections I have sent to Mohini I have given him correct notes on the same. Read them please and you shall understand the thing better. It made MASTER always laugh when he heard the "knots" made on a sealed rope or the *passage of matter through matter* referred to as the result of the action of a "4 dimens. space," when "dimension" has nothing to do with it, and that such dimension is a faculty of *our* matter—as the physicists and chemists know it, and not anything pertaining to one of the "Worlds." [1] These *are not* "other families *on the other planets of our chain*" and have no relation "with the intervening interplanetary periods." You are wrong there. As I said *each* of the 7 planets of our chain has a dual septenary *circle of rings*;

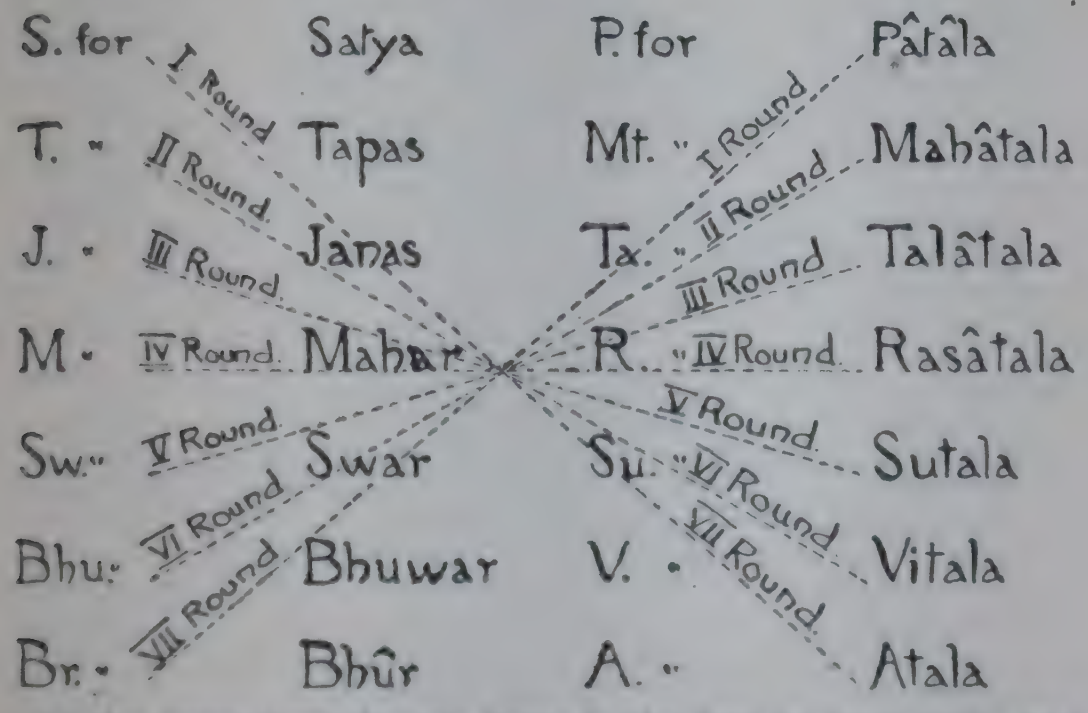
[1] The 4th dimension is developing now because we are in the 4th Round and by correspondence the 5th, 6th and 7th are to a degree latent in our Round.

but not an *objective* circle as in Saturn, for in Saturn things and *Nature* are again different and it is again a side-issue. The 14 Brahma-lokas are 7 worlds *within* ours so—and 7 *within* ours in this way. Now where are *the words* for me to explain you this? Of course if there was anything in those "worlds" approaching to the constitution of our globe it would be an utter fallacy, an *absurdity* to say that they are *within* our world and *within* each other (as they *are*) and that yet, they "do not intermingle together." For it would amount to saying that a physical man can be sitting within himself and dangling unperceived his own legs out of his nose, and yet I have to state, once I am allowed to speak on the subject, that although these worlds are of course in different *spiritual* states they are also in different physical states, but withal as *physical* as our own in the conceptions of *their* inhabitants. For what *is* a dimension of space? Such a dimension exists only in our conceptions. *We* understand space as of *three* dimensions, because so far the *fourth* is asserting itself only occasionally, *abnormally*. But it does not stand to reason that because we speak and think of it that 3 dimensional *stretch* or space should be present or existing *per se* in things that surround us. It simply means that space independent of the *inner* or spiritual eye of the thinking being—is *nothing*. The conception of 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 dimensional spaces depends on the spiritual, not alone the physical or intellectual organisation of man. When I say *exists* I mean existence in the sense *we* of the earth understand the term. These dimensions are like *Nirvana*. They *are*, they do not "exist." Take a being from our 3 dimens. and one from a 4 dimens. space world. Both are *organised*, both physical in a way (i.e. from the standpoint of the respective state of *their* "matter" or substance). Of course to these two utterly differently organised beings, things cannot seem alike and that their conceptions of them, their representations of the same and one thing shall be different. But this difference is not based or depend upon, or result from the fact that the said thing, or objects change or really modify in their nature, because one is in a 3rd and the other in a 4th dimens. world; but it is caused by the opposite natures of the spiritual prisma through which those two beings are viewing the manifestations in their respective worlds. There is no merging possible of one thing into another when no such thing exists for "merging." To be an occultist one has to reject in a way both the materialistic and the spiritualistic views on nature. The Modern *Neo-Kantianism* (a posteriori) is as

objectionable as the modern *a priori anti*-materialism to the sight of the *true* occultist—if you understand my meaning. And from this point of view (the occult) the full rejection of Materialism would lead *necessarily* to the full rejection of Spiritualism which is not the case. You and Mohini are two opposite poles—unapproachable to each other unless you meet on the strictly occult line, or rather on the lines of occultism. These words I am *forced* to repeat to you—understand this as you will. He soars in a 5 dimens. space which in our 3 dimens. world amounts to 2 + 2 = 5, and a broken umbrella in the bargain; and you remain steadily on the 3 dimens. sphere seeking to force the higher dimensions to slip down and fit themselves in, into your 3 dimens. sphere instead of raising yourself to their level.

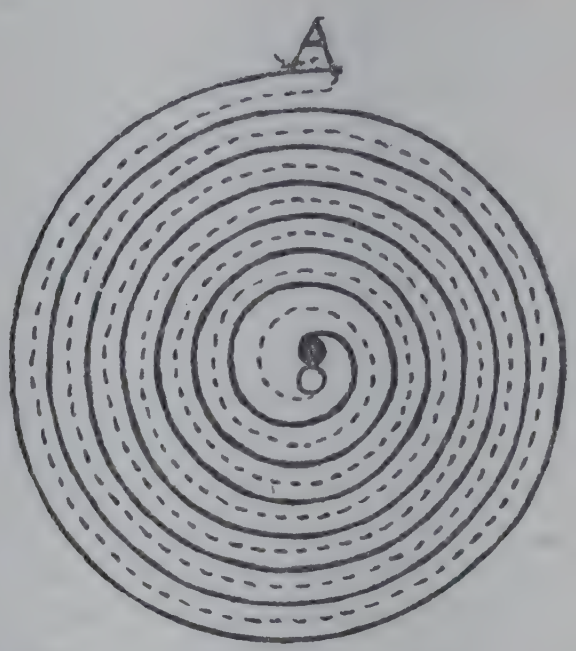
With this double "Compt." I proceed. But this word "dimension" is infernally misleading. But what to do! The seven, or rather 14 worlds, the upper seven *spiritualising* gradually *from* matter one within another, and the other group spiritualising as gradually *into* matter—are said to be evoluting *simultaneously* because they do; but as the *Satya* is the first to begin and then follows *Tapas*, and after it *Janas*, etc. etc. and that our world is "Mahâr-Rasâtala" in its esoteric name, the result is that you shall have to make an arithmetical progression for I be blessed if I can. I am strong enough on *occult* Metageometry and Metaphysics but no hand at arithmetics knowing nothing of its four rules but by name.

Suppose *Mahâr Rasâtala* stands thus, the points of departure being marked in red and blue:



At the same time though *Satya* is the first to start with *Atala* = Humanity in the 1st Round, all the others start during that

same Round—*Satya* with *Atala* (1st sub-race) *Tapas=Vitala* (2nd sub-r.) and so on till *Bhûr-Pâtâla*—the 7th s.r. But in *sub-races* they are gradually developing from 1st to 7th degree of a 49th part—and in *Rounds* from 1st to 7th degree, of the *Seventh* of the whole.



Red[1] is matter, or the nether 7 worlds. Matter evolutes from *without within*.

Blue is spirit or the "upper" worlds. Spirit evolutes from *within without*.

This double evolution represents our Humanity and world and the six simultaneous with it, the material; and our Humanity and world with the six simultaneous spiritual ones—or the *upper* worlds.

Now suppose that in this *double* septenary evolution, each world of the 12—extra being a *figure of speech* for *us*, and we being just such an *abstraction* for each of them individually and collectively, and that in the evolution through seven planets and *seven* Rounds, two out of the 14 must be always intermingled, so to say, within each other progressing towards spirit or "Brahma's Egg"—and retrograding towards Matter also. Brahma's Egg—both in their ultimate spirituality at the beginning and at the end (i.e.) on planet "A"—1st Round, and planet "Z"—7th Round.

In this double progression *our World*—the only one we can judge by objectivity is no *one* distinct world, but a compound of two on each planet from which radiate the others from which our world or Earth radiated in her turn. Thus in the 1st Round on planet A, Humanity partakes of *Satya and Atala*; in the IInd Round—on Planet B it is *Tapas-Vitala*; IIIrd—*Janas-Sutala*—IVth Mahâr Rasâtala, etc. and on the progression of gradations

[1] Red is represented by the black line and blue by the dotted line.—Ed.

in Races and sub-races it reflects according to ascent and descent, the qualities and attributes physical and spiritual of all and of each of those individually. Now *our* Round is Mahâr Rasâtala, and our Race is Swâr-Sutala, because the 5th. To us, in our conceptions it is only a reflection of qualities on the spiritual plane, and a reflection of attributes on the material or physical—a colouring upon us or the development in us of *extra*-senses, perceptions and so on. But in fact in the world of Reality of the (*One* Reality) it is quite different. We are a *Maya* in one sense all of us; but we are *realities* in our own sight, in space and time and so long as it lasts on our plane. The Mahatma would not speak of them for it seemed a hopeless task to mention these when no one could hardly take in simple rings and rounds. These words do not *inherit* our earth, but as the Satya Atala has 6 starts on the *Bhûr-Pâtâla*, which develops or starts only in the 7th Race—there seems to exist among adepts some calculation (of which I know nothing) that together with the *cream* of the humanity of each Round and race (since the IVth Round, for it was no developed Humanity to speak of on the preceding 3 rounds) together with the Sishta—the 7 Rishis and 1 warrior, remain those who are in the tail. Otherwise it would not help us out of the Obscuration and 5th Rounders difficulty.

So you see the sentient beings of those *locas* are not "transferable" but in each Round two of them—one spiritual and one material are interblended with us. Now in this Round for inst. they take from us what they gave us previously—our five senses and our dimensions, and begin reflecting on us their senses and dimensions but they have *plus*—their own, which throw back for them ours, and are the causes of the *phenomenal* occurrences on our globe and among us, always more and more as we progress onward. They are neither Heavens nor Hells, for the *states* of these are again a different thing.

As the Vedanta says truly *Vaisvânara* or the spirit of Humanity, (Virâj) is no better than the conceit that *it is* (Vaisvânara) or the whole of Humanity.

I am not myself very steady upon those things and liable to mix up things and produce mistakes. But Master said to me that if "nothing happened out of the way" (?) He would help and the Mahatma also, as They are often here now for the Secret Doctrine. And now good-bye.

Oh, say please to Mrs. S. I forgot to mention it in my letter—if Master wrote anything, as I understand, then it shows only that He cares no more for what *I* have to suffer than for the

miseries of a flea, and why should He ? What business or pleasure has He got in it ?

But He did promise me not to do so—at any rate, not so that I would be concerned with such writings—Well, what *can* I say!

Yours ever,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LETTER No. CXX

MAN

*All the private notes for Mohini and others are marked * thus.*

MISTAKES IN THE 1ST EDITION.	CORRECTIONS FOR 2ND EDITION.
	(* See please what precedes beginning with paragraph 2. *Monads* can refer only to the Humanity of the three Rounds that preceded. I mark with blue pencil corrections or passages corrected.)
Text, page 12, *par.* 2. " During these planetary circuits, which have been called Rounds, the monads recognisable as human cannot [1] properly be so called *when evolving on other planets.* [2] It is only in the present *fourth* Round, that men, at all like those we can conceive of [3] have developed ".	1 . . . could not. 2 . . . (while) or " when they were evolving on other planets " (i.e. the preceding). 3 " we " can conceive of—and what are the *Masters* for ? *
Par. 3 (*last line*). " The Ring [4] we are at present describing is the fourth ".	4 (If *Round* on preceding par. why *Ring* on the following ?)
Text. " Before reaching . . . (down to) . . . is the fourth." [5]	*Read* (*page* 12, *par.* 3). 5 " Before reaching the perfection attainable in *this* Round humanity had to pass through *four* Races, each of these having *seven* Sub-races or minor Rings (though Mr. S. objects to " Ring "). . . . The Round we are describing is the fourth."
Par. 4. " With each Round [6] a dimension is added to man's conception of space." " The fourth dimension of space, etc."	*Read.* 6 " With each *Root race* a dimension, etc. . . ." " The fourth dimension . . . before the fifth Root race is completed." †

† Do not confuse Mohini dimensions of Space with sensuous perceptions on the purely spiritual plane of the 6 worlds above. With every new *Round* the senses (physical and spiritual) are increased by the addition of those of one of the invisible spheres. Do not confuse *Rounds* with *Races*, or there may be again a terrible mess. The 3 dimensions and the 4th, 5th, 6th and

7th belong properly to our earthly matter (the one physical sciences are concerned with), and the fourth *dimension* is asserting itself because we are in the fourth Round and over the middle. The Earth progresses, develops and modifies as we do and the rest, and in the 7th *Root*-Race it shall be in its 7th development or dimension. But the 7 upper and 7 nether worlds, or Brahmalokas, are worlds *within* and *in* our world and ourselves. So the first Round Humanity was Satya and Atala—the two spiritual opposites or poles of Spiritual Good and Spiritual Evil (matter). The second Round preserving all the faculties and attributes of these got in addition—Tapas and Vitala, the third—Janas and Sutala, and the fourth or ours is all that and besides—Mahâr and Rasâtala. Do you understand now? We are just at the middle point of Good and Evil equilibrised, so to say, in this Round. It is a *blend* in Vedanta to have given the worlds sprung from quintuplicated elements in the order they stand. If you know their Sanskrit meaning, think over it and see what I mean. With every Round Humanity went a step *down*, in the *Spiritual* Spirituality, and a step *higher* into Material Spirituality. It is a double centripetal and centrifugal motion, so to say.*

Mistakes in the 1st Edition.	Corrections for 2nd Edition.
Page 12, *line* 2 *from bottom.*	*Corrections.*
" . . . in each Ring." [7]	7 " . . . in each Race."
Page 13.	
(oh Jesus !) [8]	8 Foot-note—what "four Rounds and four Rings" are you talking about? This is *beyond* me.*
	Corrections.
(From) "no human being (down to) . . . the mystery of such planetary existence." [9]	9 . . . (par. 2) before the 7 R. Races (not Rings). The whole of this par. ought *to be taken out.* It is *impossible* to correct it.*
	Corrections.
Page 14, *par.* 1. [10]	10 * All this par. refers to man from first to the fourth Round and can stand if you add a word or two to make it plainer.
Page 15, *par.* 2.	
(From) "It has been implied . . . (down to) . . . imperceptible by us." [11]	11 * These three orders evoluted before Earth herself was formed They preceded *Earth* not Man.
Page 16, *par.* 2.	
"Under the operation of this *law of retardation,* [12] the inferior kingdoms have made little or no progress [13] since the tide of man's evolution set in."	12 No such thing, take it out. 13 * A mistake; *they have*; but long to tell.
Page 16, *par.* 3, *lines* 8–10.	
" . . . next on the line of ascent is the vegetable kingdom, and the animal kingdom has developed most of the three."	* How about the gigantic ferns, and the antediluvian monsters—where is the correspondence and analogy?

Mistakes in the 1st Edition.	Corrections for 2nd Edition.
Page 17, *par.* 2. . . . "during this *Ring*." [14]	14 "*Round*."
Page 18, *par.* 1. "The seven purely spiritual Races which in this Ring [15] preceded the appearance of physical man. . . ."	*Read.* 15 . . . which in the three Rounds . . . (after the words "physical man" add) . . . "physical man in the 4th—the present Round."
Page 18, *2nd par.* . . . "that with the evolution of the 7 spiritual Races which preceded man the earth was fitted for his habitation." [16]	*Correction.* 16 ". . . that with the *seven Sub-Races of the 1st Root-Race* . . ." ["which preceded man" *must go out*.]
"The first Races were speechless, [17] as were their Spiritual prototypes." [18]	17 "The first Root-Race was speechless and a portion of the second." "Speechless"—but not *dumb*. 18 How can *Spiritual* prototypes be speechless or *not* speechless? Language as we know it *by sounds* is our Terrestial flapdoodle.
Page 20, *par.* 2. "The inner or soul truths which the men of this race but vaguely conceive will by the next sixth race." [19]	19 "The inner or soul truths which the men of this 5th race . . . the next, the sixth Root-race."
Par. 3. (From) "the first . . . (down to) . . . ethereal beings." [20]	*Read.* 20 The first human entities upon globe A—first Round, were living germs. . . . "From these germs through ages of time evoluted first on the globe preceding ours, during the end of its last period the seven races . . ." etc., and these races were they—which at the awakening Manvantara of our globe were the *last Spiritual Sishtas*, who preceded man in this Round and on this globe. (*These were our ancestors, the *Seven* races I spoke about at Elberfeld and elsewhere, who were the prototypes of the seven races of man that had to follow—their *models* so to say. Therefore from the 3rd such spiritual race they had Speech and were not "speechless," if you want to be accurate. I will give all this in the *Secret Doctrine*.*)

Mistakes in the 1st Edition.	Corrections for 2nd Edition.
Text, par. 3.	*Corrections.*
"... in this Ring [21] .... seven of the Ring ..."	21 "... in this Round ... (or World Period) ... through all the Races of the Round or minor ..."
Page 23, *par.* 1, *last line.*	
"... present Ring." [22]	22 "... present Round."
Page 24.	*Read.*
1st line. ... Ring [23] ...	23 ... Round.
4th line "... ethereal races ... in the present Ring was seven each of these races developed or ... admitted."	"... ethereal Sub-Races in the present Round was seven, as in every Root-Race. Each of these Sub-Races developed until the seventh ..." etc.†
Line 12. ... "Ring. [24] ..."	24 ... Round.
Line 19. ... idem [25]	idem.

25 On this page you mix up the seven spiritual races with the seven physical ones. The *prototypes* of each globe of a Round are invariably on planet A, each Root-race of the Septenary being the model for one of the globes. Thus:—

1st Root-race on planet A stands as a model for globe A (and its last 7th).
2nd " " " " globe B.
3rd " " " " globe C.
4th " " " " globe D.
etc., etc.

And each first Root-race on each planet, and in *each* Round contains the prototypes of all the following, in its seven *Sub*-races.

† Each Round being the prototype of the *Root-races* (or the globe period), and each *first* Root-race—the prototype of the six races to follow—the first Root-race of our globe and Round, was then the synthesis within its septenary of the 6 races. Our *last* shall embrace all the faculties of the *first*. Remember, the "prototype" is spiritual, physical and mental—a model, and that is why the Masters, knowing from their *predecessors* and seeing clairvoyantly what *was*, can say *what will be*.

The last twelve lines, on page 24, as you see are completely wrong, must be *re-written* according to what is said above.*

"It is difficult for men ... what the other two senses are" [26] (line 8).

26 * No, *it is not*. The *sixth sense* is the perception of *realities* and truth in the invisible worlds (*those we can* reach, of course) and of *truth* and *fact* on earth. All the words and sentences of a speech becoming *coloured* it is easy to see at once by the *colour* that accompanies *sound*—when truth is spoken or a lie—a *fact* given or a distortion of it.

Text, page 25, *1st line.*	*Corrections, read.*
"The succeeding races have carried [27] ..."	27 "the succeeding races up to the fourth have carried, etc."

Mistakes in the 1st Edition.	Corrctieons for 2nd Edition.
2nd par., line 3. " . . . the first sub-race of the first objective race. [28] . . ."	28 " . . . of the first objective purely *human* race, that appeared on our Earth in this Round."
Page 26, line 9 from bottom. . . . objective race. [29] . . .	29 objective *Root-race*. . . .
Page 27, line 4. . . . only to a limited extent. [30] That our eyes . .	30 . . . "only to a limited extent." This may be proven by the traditions of the *First* great Deluge at about the middle of the fourth Root-race when man perceived for the first the rainbow, with its full solar spectrum colours. There is a *real* meaning to this, not the Bible flapdoodle of the *Covenant*. I shall give it in the *Secret Doctrine*.*
Page 28, 3rd line from below. "fifth our present race [31] . . ."	31 * "fifth *Sub*-race of the first Root-race." This is why the sense of taste is now fully developed in our *fifth* Sub-race of the fifth Root-race, the prototypes of our Root-race and its fifth Sub-race being—the fourth Round and the fifth Sub-race of the first Root-race in this *our* World period—as you say rightly on page 31, (2nd par.). Remember that we are enveloped so to say (our earth life) by the two worlds *Mahar* (or *Tejas*, light, colour of purely earthly intellect) and by *Rasatala*—from *rasa* "taste"—I believe, for I was taught so. The prototypes of the Round being colour or sight and of the Sub-race and Root-race—*taste*. All correspondences you see.
Text, page 29, line 5. "But when the race *en bloc* rises up to [32] . . ."	*Corrections.* 32 . . . "the Race *en bloc*—from the first to the fourth Root-race rose up." . . .
Line 6. "and is enjoyed [33] . . ."	33 "and *was* enjoyed . . ."
Par. 2, line 2. "third sub-race of the third race." [34]	34 "third sub-race of the *First* Root-race. . . ."

MISTAKES IN THE 1ST EDITION.	CORRECTIONS FOR 2ND EDITION.
Page 31, *par.* 2, *line* 2. . . . sub-race. "At first [35] . . ."	35 "Sub-race, though it reached its maximum only in the fifth sub-race of the fifth Root-race. At first . . ."
2nd par., 5th line. "Man ate nothing,* [36] but imbibed . . ."	* Flapdoodle. 36 . . . "Man ate as little as the men of the third Round, who imbibed, etc."
2nd par., 12th line. "Man did not become . . . in our fourth ring until the close of the second race." [37]	* Of all the senses taste is the grossest and most material; but taste has nothing to do with *nourishment*, no more than loud or *verbal speech* with *talking* and understanding each other. You *materialise* considerably my Mohini also. 37 Man did not become an eating animal on this planet until the close of the *third* Round, though he began developing taste only in the first sub-race of the first Root-race and developed it *entirely* in the fifth Root-race of our Fourth Round.
Page 34, *line* 8. . . . "Son of the Fire [38] . . ."	38 "Son of the FIRE-MIST."
Page 35, *line* 16. "During Sub-races of the *second* race." [39]	39 " . . . Sub-races of the first Root-race.
Page 35, *line* 18. "But man even then was not crystallised and condensed . . . *to be recognisable by his present descendants as belonging to their race* (!!) . . . semi-ethereal . . . few attributes as *human* (!!! ???) . . . in fact in the physical sense he was really not a man at all." [40]	40 * You surely dream *dreams*, my gentle child. If you had Humanity of the second Round in your mind's eye when writing this—*passe encore*—but *on this Earth and in this Round!?* Why see what Master says in his letter to Mr. Sinnett. 1st Round man, an ethereal being, non-intelligent but *super-spiritual.* 2nd *Round* gigantic ethereal, growing more condensed in body a more PHYSICAL MAN. In the third Round—less gigantic, a more rational being, "more ape than *Deva*-man"—(sti! a HUMAN MAN). The Lord love you innocent sweety . . . go to confession dear, and learn from the *Padris* something of Chapter VI, 2nd verse, *in Genesis.* You *have* "Forgotten History."

Mistakes in the 1st Edition.	Corrections for 2nd Edition.
Page 37, *2nd par., 1st line.* "The third race [41] marks."	41 "The third 'Round' marks."
Page 38, *2nd par., line* 3. "Forbidden fruit." [42]	

42 Forbidden fruit, my son, is a question that would necessitate 95 volumes and ¾. "The Fall of Man" occurred during the fourth Round, in the seventh Sub-race of the second Sub-race. Until the third Sub-race men were pre-Adamites, or rather *Kadmonites*, dual-sexed—(see *even* Bible, first Chapter, verses 26 & 27 and compare with Chapter II, verse 7; and in Chapter V, verses 1 et seq.—begins the Kabalistic BLIND. Yes sir, *touch* was developed verily in the third sub-race. Thus, do not pray call the seven Spiritual races of man "OUR ancestors," for they are the ancestors only of the first and second Sub-races. Our ancestors are the shouting Post *Kadmonites*, the Adamites. Remember the *Deva*, *Pitri* and the *Manoushi* Kingdoms or Ages.

Text, page 47, *par.* 2, *line* 3.	*Correction.*
. . . death . . . unknown during the first two races. [43]	43 " . . . during the first two races it was unknown (and the beginning of the third sub-race of the first Root-race (fourth Round) brings it upon earth, after the Fall of Man ! !)"
"Enoch." * [44]	44 * Enoch is a stray descendant of the Spiritual races. So are many others *even in History*, but they are rare. Enoch and Hermes are one, as you know. And Hermes is Mercury or Buddha, etc., etc. !
Page 57, *2nd par., 1st line.* For "second race [45] . . ."	*Read.* 45 "third Round."
Page 75, *2nd par., 2nd line.* ". . . Ring [46] . . . ."	46 "Round."
Page 76, *2nd par., 3rd line.* "race [47] . . . ."	47 "Root-race," the so-called Atlanteans.
Page 77, *4th line from below.* ". . . with the Aryans," and consequently. [48]	48 "with the Aryans, then in their first sub-race, and consequently, etc."
Page 88. (Altan). [49]	49 Atlan.
Page 89, *line* 10. "Ring." [50]	50 "Round."
Page 90, *line* 6. ". . . Ring [51] . . . ."	51 "Round."

AMEN

Finis—save *my* error.

Bhu	Janas
Bhuva	Mahas
Suva	Bhuva
Maha	Bhu
Jana	Suva
Tapas	Tapas
Satya	Satya [52]

52 This is your arrangement. Madame says it is a flapdoodle; and I beg to corroborate. The order given on the left hand side is correct.

H. P. BLAVATSKY

+ (her cross).

These pages to be taken and read to Mr. Sinnett, please. I cannot be writing to both and he wants to know some things. Take this to him immediately, please.

Yours respectfully,

H. P. B.

SECTION II

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

I.—COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

LETTER No. CXXI

Private.

13th December.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Yesterday evening a loud rap was suddenly heard and Jual Kool was with us. He signified his intention of writing through my hand. I saw him close to me indistinctly, felt the influence, heard the few words he said to me, and wrote the following :—

Let Mohini be saved at *all costs*, write to Sinnett this, a conspiracy is being formed to over-throw the Society and disgrace Mohini. No delay, but act promptly, form your Committee quickly, get all possible evidence together, and find out all you can about Miss L.'s antecedents.

J. K. told me that you have a very difficult task before you

Now I will tell you plainly what *I* think in this affair. I believe that Miss L. has been a paid agent from the first to endeavour through Mohini's disgrace to harm the T.S. I believe that the Doctor was taken to Madame De M. simply to psychologise her, in which he succeeded, and that she is now unknowingly under his influence.

If a *good* Roman Catholic could offer Madame 25,000 fcs. down simply to omit the name of Christ in her S.D. believe me they can do a great deal more. They are fighting for *life*, for the S.D. has that which will give them their death blow, they may be a long time in expiring, but they surely will in time. The S.D. contains a translation of the *Secret Book*.

The public at present will have but a faint idea of its *real* meaning, but as years roll by—it will penetrate deeper into the hearts of men and then the death knell will be sounded.

Will you kindly try and get me a copy of Hargrave Jennings' *Phallicism?* I want Madame to see some passages in it. George Redway has it, but he asks 30/-. It was published at £1. Do try and get it for me as *cheaply* as you can, and send it as soon

as possible. Will you beg Mohini to write out the *esoteric* meaning of some of Shakespeare's *plays*. Madame wants it for the S.D. and will put it in Mohini's name. I am sorry to trouble you so much.

Yours truly,
C. W.

LETTER No. CXXII

16th December.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Madame is so miserable at the thought of the enclosed slander that it will most probably shut India on her, that I have been thinking that as a slander it should be refuted for you see, indirectly it concerns us all. I give you the following my own idea and leave it to your own superior judgment to act on it or not as you think best. I think the Editor of *Vanity Fair* would at once insert the article if threatened with Law, for Editors are rather chary of inserting libels; *Modern Society* had to pay £1,000—for that little game not long ago. Now this is my idea, do with it what you please. Madame Blavatsky has read with astonishment in *Vanity Fair* the following, "that carefully worded proclamations calling upon the people in India to rise and claim their political rights were being distributed (under her auspices) together with other documents of a less compromising nature." Madame calls this a gross libel, and calls upon the Editor to prove it by sending to her one of these proclamations, and also she desires him to give to her the name of the person from whom he received such a slander. Madame says that the Editor must at once insert the following refutation, or she will have him taken up for libel.

"Madame Blavatsky denies absolutely having in any way used her influence among the People of India to induce them to rise and proclaim their political rights; she denies absolutely having distributed any worded documents to that effect and she also denies having meddled with Politics in any way whatsoever during her sojourn in India. On her return to India in autumn, 1884, she was accompanied by one English lady and two English gentlemen, and as she was sick and ill the whole time they never left her side so that they are witnesses to the truth of what she says."

I feel that this step ought really to be taken. We are getting into such a tangle of troubles on all sides—that where we can protest with truth we should do so. And Madame swears the *truth* of what is written here. I am so sorry to trouble you again,

it seems to me that I am always troubling you, but you are a man whereas I am only a helpless woman.

My love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Much from Madame to you both.

Yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

I enclose the *slip*, but please *return it* and let me know in your next letter whether you will take this matter into your hands. Madame says that however much they may slander *her* she has only contempt for the same, but that this is too serious an affair to let pass, as it closes India upon her.

Cutting and Extract from the "Times of India."

Vanity Fair publishes the following cock and bull story, which will doubtless amuse Mr. Hume, General Morgan, and other "amiable enthusiasts" who dabble in Theosophy:—Strange rumours of Russian intrigue and political propaganda under the guise of religious research reach me from India. The High Priestess of Esoteric Buddhism, who left England last autumn on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the new faith, was followed, so I hear, by a person charged to watch that lady's movements. The result has been a discovery that carefully worded proclamations, calling upon the people of India to rise and claim their political rights, were being distributed, together with other documents of a less compromising nature. There is, I believe, no direct evidence of any communication between Moscow and Tibet, but it was a matter of common notoriety that intimate relations subsisted between Madame Novikoff and Madame Blavatsky during their stay in London last year.

LETTER No. CXXIII

28th December.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Madame begs me to write and thank you for your kind letter which she was delighted to get and hopes you will kindly send her as many stamps as you possibly can. It is a real pleasure to her to receive them and is always most eager to know how many there are, she is as careful of them as if they were precious stones. In a letter to Miss A. I have told her all about Madame.

A letter came yesterday from Lady Caithness, kind, warm and loving, it did the Old Lady's heart good and gave it a little cheerful spark of warmth for a few minutes. You will be amused to hear that Lady C. was enchanted with Mr. Sinnett's paper on "the higher life" particularly as it was *Marie Stuart* who inspired him

to write it. Fancy Mr. Sinnett becoming a medium!!! I heard in a round about way the other day (not through Theosophists) that Lady Caithness had been holding seances in Nice, and that the King of Spain came to her and said that he was very happy now, because where he now is there are *no women*; I wonder whether he was as tormented with them as Mohini is. No news to give you, the days glide away very smoothly and Madame says the S.D. goes on wheels.

Madame would be very glad if Mr. Sinnett would kindly begin to make enquiries about publication, etc., with prices, she would like the pamphlet to be about the size of the *Platonist*, different from ordinary magazines—there will be two chapters each month every chapter containing about 90 of her written sheets. She wishes the type to be a large and distinct one. Madame hopes shortly to send the Preface with 1st Chapter to Mr. Sinnett. I am very glad to be here with Madame for I feel that I am a comfort and of use to her. I also consider it a great privilege to be allowed to witness the marvellous way in which this book is being written. Madame sends much love to you and Mr. Sinnett and she hopes you will pardon her for not writing. May this New Year be a happy and prosperous one to you both is the sincere wish of

Yrs. very sincerely,
CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

Do not trouble to answer this letter but write instead to Madame for she loves getting *nice* letters though she cannot now answer them.

LETTER No. CXXIV

Private.

29th Dec.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I feel that I have no right to offer you any advice, but as we all have at heart the welfare of the one and same cause I hope you will not think it interference on my part, or mind my telling you a few thoughts which have come to me since my stay here.

Watching Madame as I do every day writing her S.D. and seeing how thoroughly absorbed she is in her work, it seems to me a sad pity that anything should come to disturb her and I have often asked myself whether it would not be advisable to crush all these slanders against Madame with the supreme contempt of silence. The more one attempts to refute the lies the more fuel one throws on the flames and so the scandal is kept alive. I do in my heart believe that nothing would be so galling to Messrs. Hodgson and Co. as allowing the whole affair to pass without

taking any notice of it. You see this very scandal gives them notoriety and brings them into Public notice, they are comparatively an obscure set and if you treat them as such and pay no attention to their accusations, well the thing will be just a nine days wonder and then blow over to make room for something else. You have been very good to Madame for you have been one of the few who have stood forth in her defence, but you see you cannot really make things clear for her, for the Occult laws are not yet known, and therefore I think it is far better to keep silence. No quarrel or discussion can be kept up when there is only one side to do all the talking, it must die out, and we Theosophists have borne so much already I think we can bear this too. Very few people have left the Society on account of this scandal and those who remain are truer than ever. In Germany the whole S.P.R. is very much ridiculed. Madame is now in a philosophical state of mind and says she does not really care what they say of her, she was annoyed about the Spy article for she feared it would prevent her returning to India, but she sees the truth of what is contained in your letter, and she thinks the whole thing had better be allowed to die out of itself.

The L. affair is very provoking coming just now, try and put an end to it as quickly as possible and say to the Secret Committee that you are commissioned by Madame to say to them that if Miss L. has any REAL PROOF that Madame has wrongly slandered her, even though what she said was said privately in a *private* and *confidential* letter, still Madame would make her every apology—but the Committee must be fully assured of her (Miss L.'s) innocence first.

You see Madame must have peace of mind to enable her to write this book and it is only by ignoring or crushing scandals that this can be done. Madame sends you much love, she always speaks of you so gratefully and kindly, and she said to me the other evening that you had been a true friend to her and that she had a warm affection for you and Mrs. Sinnett—she said that you, the Gebhards and D. Hubbe are her best European friends. Madame entirely approves of all I have written for I have told her its contents, she is in a calm and peaceful frame of mind and is perfectly happy writing the S.D. May this New Year bring you and yours many blessings and may we at the end of it be able to say that we have been staunch and true and have loved the Cause better than ourselves.

Yrs. very sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

P.S. Madame supposes that there will be about 100 printed pages every month in the S.D.

LETTER No. CXXV

1st January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Professor Selin brought Madame yesterday evening a nice New Year's gift in the shape of the S.P.R. book. You may imagine what a lively time we had of it. Palpitations of the heart, digitalis, etc. I did not bless him for coming and undoing my work of the last few weeks. He took it very philosophically and said it was only right that Madame should know what it said against her. Madame wanted to write off letters of protest right and left, but I have prevented her doing so. I have told her that the only thing *she could do* would be to have Hodgson taken up for slander and libel. That in the first place this would cost money which she has not got. In the second place as all the jury would be prejudiced against her, she would probably be pronounced guilty which would make things a thousand times worse than they are now. That if you undertake her defence that you will only draw down more accusations and the game of battledore and shuttlecock will go on until the whole thing becomes universally known. The only safe course to pursue is this I think, that you and Dr. Hubbe denounce the whole thing as slanders and lies, that the papers should be signed by every Theosophist and copies sent to all the members of the S.P.R. Ridicule and supreme contempt are our only weapons. The whole thing seems to me to be based on Mr. H.'s evidence and his very sagacious conclusions. How is it that he is infallible!

Ever yr. sincerely,

C. W.

LETTER No. CXXVI

Private and Confidential.

1st January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

My note written to you this morning and sent to Franz Gebhard to forward to you, you will probably receive at the same time as this. We have had a terrible day and the Old Lady wanted to start off to London at once. I have kept her as quiet as I could and now she has relieved her feelings in enclosed letter. I repeat what I said this morning, ridicule and contempt are our only weapons for the scandal must be crushed if possible and at any rate we must not feed the fire. If all Theosophists sign a protest treating the whole thing with contempt, in the first place, there can be no reprisal if the document is properly worded and in the second it has the good object of uniting us all more closely together

in this time of trouble which is what we need. If we all *keep true and firm* nothing can really hurt us. The enclosed will show you the *immense importance* of keeping cool and quiet and crushing the scandal if possible. I need not comment upon the result of such a Presidentship in India as the Sancharacharya—at the head of our whole Society.

As this news was sent from India with the command of the greatest secrecy, Col. O. begs Madame to tell nobody for the present. Her joy was so great however that she told me knowing that I am not one to violate a confidence—and now that you are in this great trouble I have told her that it was only right of her to *tell you* for I know you are a man the soul of honour, and I believe that this news will be slight comfort to you and help you to tide over the present troubles. Think of the magnitude and the vast proportions and importance the Society will in a few years have all over the world. Don't get downhearted and rest assured that you have the sympathy of all your friends.

Yrs. very sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXXVII

6, LUDVIG STRASSE, WÜRZBURG,
4th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Many thanks for your letter of *the* 30*th* received *this morning*.

Madame is delighted with your proposition about the S.D. She thinks it is a most favourable and satisfactory arrangement for herself, but she says the journal must come out every month or if you think it better every three months, for if she lives she believes so much will be given to her that it will last 3 years or more. The size of the Journal you can arrange as you think best. There will be no regular preface, only about 6 or 7 pages addressed to the Reader to give them an idea of what the book will contain, for otherwise they would be plunging wholesale into matter entirely unknown to them. Madame will send you shortly the Title pages, and in a week or so the address to the Reader with first two chapters. From this you will be able to judge of the general purpose of the whole work. I wish myself that some clever theologian could be found who would read and criticise before the book is put into print. Do you know anyone whom *you can trust*. It would have to be a man deeply read in all these particular subjects.

Thank you very much for sending *Phallicism*. As soon as I

know the amount of my debt to Miss Arundale I will send a cheque for the amount. Madame is much interested to find that " Phallicism " contains a few of the things which she has *already* written out in the S.D., only given in a Jesuitical point of view, and she intends to cut them up finely; it was in reading her manuscripts that I saw the resemblance in some points and so was anxious that she should see the book. Again another curious fact. Madame had written many pages on the signification of numbers, and that the words Jehovah and Cain are simply algebraical numbers, when she receives by post a book from Arthur Gebhard which he has found in America and sends it to her as he thinks it so interesting, it corroborates and confirms all that she has previously written, only from a mathematical point of view. The book is by Skinner. 3,000 rupees have been as yet subscribed in India for the S.D. I write to Col. O. this mail to let us know exactly the amount. I suppose many will have subscribed now during the Anniversary. I will also ask how many the different branches will require. The O.L. says you may do anything you please with her memoirs, she leaves all entirely in your hands. She is terribly upset to-day, has received a *brutal* letter from Selin telling her he resigns because he looks upon her and the whole Society as a fraud, that he does not believe in the Masters and that he thinks that " Isis " has been plagiarised from other books.

We are having a horrible time of it here. I thought Madame would have had an apoplectic fit—but fortunately a violent attack of diarrhea saved her, but I do weary of it all so much. I think sometimes my own strength will fail me, *physical* not moral. It is a mystery to me how all this dirt and filth seems to surround and oppress us. When all this has blown over if you go to America will you kindly let me know just before you start for I shall have something I should then like to say to you which will interest you much. My love to Mrs. Sinnett and much to you both from Madame.

Yrs. very sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

Madame was delighted with the card and cried over it like a child, she also thanks for the stamps.

LETTER No. CXXVIII

11th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I hope you will approve of the accompanying paper, and that you will read it aloud at the next meeting of the L.L. If you could get many testimonies similar to mine, it seems to

me that you could make considerable use of them in refuting the charges brought by the S.P.R. At any rate they would help considerably to restore the shaken confidence of many in the existence of the Mahatmas, and tend to prove that Madame has not been carrying on a systematic course of cheating for the last ten years as alleged by Messrs. Hodgson & Co.

I will add one more incident to my story which I know will *interest you*, but this you must if you please keep private. While writing I came to the second chela who visited us at Elberfeld, and this you must know was the chela who had to do with the Kiddle affair. I was on the point of writing his name when the thought struck me that it possibly [would] be unpleasant to him to be brought again before the public notice. I suppressed his name, as I did this I heard plainly the words " thank you " behind me, and on looking saw the chela once more. I had not seen him since those days at Elberfeld. Do not mention this for I should be sorry to bring him into trouble again, but I feel sure the incident will interest you. I intend also writing to Petersburg to Madame Jelihovsky [1] to add my entreaties to yours that she should send you all possible details about Madame's youth; the more interesting the book can be made, the more the public will like it.

Not a word has been added to the S.D. since the 31st Dec., but if we can only get a few days of calm and quiet I hope Madame will be able to begin writing again.

My love to Mrs. Sinnett,

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXXIX

15th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I send you the Russian pamphlet from Madame B. She says you may take anything out of it that you please and that if Mohini would go to Madam Novikoff she would translate it. It would be better to find someone else if possible, however, you will settle that to your own satisfaction. At last Madame has settled down again to the S.D.; *a whole fortnight lost.*

What did you think of my paper with the idea of collecting the experiences of those who have had phenomena independently of Madame. In the Scottish Branch I believe there are some, also Mlle. de Glinker, a few curious facts. I do not mean when she and Solovioff saw the Masters—but other phenomena quite independent of Madame B. Here the most curious phenomena

[1] See Letter No. CXXX.—ED.

take place every day when Madame is fast asleep, but as I do not care to mix any phenomena of a physical nature with the sacred name of the Mahatmas or even their chelas, I do not speak of them, besides they *are not* independent of Madame, as she is in the apartment. I only tell this to yourself ; not to be repeated.

Madame B. thinks all your arrangement about her memoirs a very good one and thanks you much ; having taken again to the S.D. she cannot now tear herself from it again to write to you. The German T.S. is still alive, though *entre nous* very shaky, but certainly if this squall does not kill us nothing *ever will*.

My kind regards to you all,

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

P.S. I have written both to Madame Fadeyeff and to Madame Jelihovsky and have told them how necessary it is for them to clear Madame B. from all charges brought against her by giving all possible details about her youth.

LETTER No. CXXX

To C. W.

ST. PETERSBURG,
15/27 *Jan.*, 1886.

DEAR MADAM,

Forgive me the long delay of my answer. My daughter's illness as well as my proper disease of health and mind—are my only excuses.

I am obliged to tell you, and ask you to kindly forward, or repeat this, my answer to Mr. Sinnett—that I am not able to add anything to what I have already written, about all I know of my sister's doings or movements.

As for her childhood, I remember it but very little, being several years younger and therefore having been bred apart from her and our youngest aunt Miss Nadejda Fadeyeff, who can indeed be a great deal more useful, in this matter, to your researches. Likewise in my sister's lifelong travels about land and sea, her only *almost regular*—mind the reticence—correspondent was this aunt and best friend of hers.

For my part, I only am aware that all her life was a continual migration between Africa, America and Asia—which certainly is known to her a great deal better than Europe. In the far East, I suppose, were spent most of the ten years, from 1850 till 1860—that we rarely had any news from her. I, for instance, for several years thought her dead and duly buried.

Now, all that I have seen of phenomena, while Hellen lived with me near Pskoff (from her return to Russia in the winter of '59) in my country house and lately in '84 in Paris I have described minutely, and have nothing more to say: so I pray Mr. Sinnett if he is willing and *able* "to fill up" as he says "*the deficiencies*" of my writings, to do it *in his name*, not in mine.

That would not do, you see, as well for his sake, as for mine and Hellen's. English is well known and much read in Russia. My name and writings are also known well enough. All addition to them shall be obvious and produce a bad impression.

As to her being a spy of the Russian Government—it's such a gross imposture, and nonsense, that not one sensible man in the world will pay attention to it, I am sure. Her opponents must surely well know that this sort of trouble is well paid for. If she had been *in the service*, she would not be obliged now, in her old age and illness, to labour for bread's sake. It is a monstrous calumny, and Mr. Sinnett may well throw it in the face of her stupid enemies.

I beg you, Madam, to agree my most sincere regard and thanks for the friendship you feel for my poor sister. May God help her in her troubles.

VERA ZELIHOVSKY.

P.S. Give the enclosed note to my sister if you please.

LETTER No. CXXXI

18th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

As Madame has sent her letter to you herself, I just add these few words.

I am not at all so sure whether it would be advisable to publish in Madame's memoirs our different testimonies of having had communications from the Mahatmas (*mine alone* would be *perfectly useless* as people would only say that I was either a "Medium" or "psychologised") whether in fact it would be advisable to bring their names into print at all. Sufficient desecration has already been thrown at them by the public. Is it well to give the public the opportunity of throwing more abuse at them. It is just like throwing out a *red rag* to an enraged bull and will only bring down fresh slanders and calumnies. It was right to gather these testimonies to restore the quavering faith of many Theosophists, but pray ponder well before you bring the Mahatmas names again before the public in connection with phenomena. Please read out to the Council these few words and see what they will say. Better have *many* opinions on such a subject than only

a few, because if it does bring fresh trouble all will have to suffer. My own feeling is that we should keep the Mahatmas names sacred within our own Society and never breathe them beyond it.

Yrs. sincerely,
C. W.

LETTER No. CXXXII

18th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Madame is very much delighted, because having just been told to open her Russian paper which otherwise she never thinks of unfastening until she is in bed at night, she finds a long article about herself and her childhood which you can insert in the *Memoirs*, saying by whom they are written and that they are extracted from accompanying paper giving date etc. Nobody then can doubt their veracity. I am glad you like my *Appeal*; before reading it out please add following words which are underlined, they will make my meaning clearer. Mme. Gebhard writes that she has sent you her testimony, also a letter from Professor Coues saying that he can make the Astral bell ring—I have forwarded your letter to Mme. Jelihovsky.

When I saw Dr. Hartmann in Munich he told me that you had never answered a letter of his. I think this is a pity for though an eccentric man he is a very earnest Theosophist and devoted to H. P. B. A few words from you would I think please him greatly and at such a crisis every effort should be made to keep friends, they become such inveterate foes when turned against us. I am so glad the O. L. is regaining her equilibrium of mind. Yesterday she was able to do some good work.

Ever yr. sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

Do you know what has become of Signor Damiani.

LETTER No. CXXXIII

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Will you be very kind and execute some commissions for Madame Blavatsky? Will you purchase for her four bottles of *No.* 3 medicine at Mr. Wallace's, Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus, and send the bottles here by post. Please do not tell the Wallace's that the medicine is for Madame B. or mention *my* name in connection with it. He has a most violent antipathy to her and has written to me several serious letters warning me against her, so I have been careful not to let him know that I am here or that Madame B. is taking his medicines with decided benefit

to herself. Since last writing I have had a private talk with the Doctor, and he says that her general health is better than it was last autumn, but that she has such an accumulation of diseases within her that any day she may die suddenly. Madame is terribly nervous about herself and once when I ventured to ask her if she had made her will and if all her papers were in order, she got very angry with me.

Madame asks also if you will kindly get for her from Redway the "Vishnu Purana," price 10/-. She cannot afford the other volumes, she begs that you will kindly deduct her debt to you from the money which is coming from America.

The Duchess gives a sad account of the French Branch. Are Christians less Christians because there was once a Judas Iscariot and a Magdalene!! Immoral Popes and Priests! *Perfection* is to be found nowhere.

Yours very sincerely,
C. W.

LETTER No. CXXXIV

22nd January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

A telegram brought me here yesterday as our kind friends were anxious to consult me on Theosophical matters.

Being here I have talked to Madame Gebhard about my appeal. We have both come to the conclusion that it would be most unwise to put into print that appeal I sent you, namely my experiences, therefore we both *withdraw* our *sanction* to its being printed, but give you full authority to read it at the meeting of the 27th and show it to any Theosophists you please—*but to no outsiders. I do not wish* to give the name of my Master. M. Gebhard was with me when the scene I described took place, she says I had my eyes shut and she does not remember how long it took, we used to sit together every evening.

I return to Madame in two days.

In haste,
Yr. truly,
C. W.

LETTER No. CXXXV[1]

WÜRZBURG,
Jan. 26th.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

My note written from Elberfeld will have surprised you, and now that I am back again here and am able to assemble my thoughts

[1] This letter appears to be a copy in Mrs. Sinnett's handwriting of a letter from Countess W.—ED.

which have been turning in a whirlpool, I think it is only right that as you are President of the L.L. that I should make you acquainted with the truth for your future guidance. The only person to whom you may show this letter is Mohini, but before doing so he must promise you on his word of honour, that he will keep the contents secret; so much harm has come already of gossiping that I am obliged to take this precaution. When I came here in the beginning of December I found Babaji perfectly miserable, he said he was contemplating running away or committing suicide. I could see that he was wounded and jealous that Mohini was doing so much work in London, while he was comparatively speaking doing nothing and *nobody*. I was delighted with his teachings and as he had a Tamil and some other books which seemed to contain much that to our Western minds was perfectly new I thought it most desirable that he shd. have facilities for teaching what he knew, and so with Mme. B.'s consent, sent him to Elberfeld where they are all so anxious to learn. Personally I had great sympathy for B. and was delighted to think that we had now a chela here who could teach us high morals and ethics.

Well a few weeks ago B. began by writing most insulting letters to Mme. B. so at last I wrote to him that I refused to hand her such letters any more; then I received from him a letter which was the letter of a madman in which he begged me to come immediately to Elberfeld or he wd. be lost, that the Dweller of the Threshold had come to him, that I and I alone could save him, that all the Gebhards could do nothing for him, that I on account of my psychic powers could help him, that he called on me as a sister, and that if I refused to come, that the consequences wd. be dreadful, and that all the Karma wd. fall on my head. Well knowing that Mme. G. is a sensible woman I wired to her "if my presence was really required"; the answer came "Yes." I started at night, had a most anxious journey, wondering which lunatic asylum he cd. be put into etc. and when I got to Elberfeld my first enquiry was, "is he raving, is he violent?" Mme. G. looked at me with astonishment and said no "B. is quite well, he only wanted to force you to come here, because he said Mme. B. wanted to psychologise you." B. received me with scoffs and jeers—and when I said to him "now B. tell me truly your trouble? I have come all this long distance to help you," he said "what do I want of your sympathy! What do I want of your friendship, I only want to get you away from Mme. for I hate her." I had a private interview with him and no words can describe the scene. He was no better than a wild beast with the most fiendish look of hatred in his face and finished by foaming at the mouth, he

knocked about the furniture to that extent that Mr. G. who was in the drawing room below said he thought the chandelier would come down and every piece of furniture was being smashed upstairs; the upshot of all this row was his intense hatred to Mme. B. He said he would draw her life's blood out of her, he wd. kick her out of the Society, that he wd. tear her to pieces, that he wd. write articles against her, that he wd. send to the public papers in London, that he wd. destroy the T.S. and wd. form out of its remnants a Society for himself where he wd. preach only ethics. On asking why he was possessed of such a violent feeling against Mme. B. he said firstly because she had desecrated the Masters by connecting them with phenomena, and 2nd because she had insulted himself several times, (*and I say wounded his vanity*). I thought at last that the exhibition was sufficient, told him I was tired and then left him. We met again at the drawing room tea table. B. was then quiet. I asked him to state the charges he brought against Mme. B. and which he wd. publish, they are as follows:—that Mme. B. had written to some Indian that Col. O. had never really seen the Masters, that she had herself pyschologised him to see them and that later on when the Col. was shown this letter, for 3 days he was on the verge of suicide; that Mme. B. and the Col. wanting money they had written a letter in the Master's name to some Indian, asking for money and promising that if he gave it his sick child shd. recover—the child died, and the Indian was furious;—that Mme. B. wrote you a letter about Mohini and women in which there were a few words from the Master M. and that naturally such a thing was desecration. The Gebhards had agreed that in consideration of these charges, with Hodgson's report etc. they had determined to destroy the Society unless Mme. B. made a solemn promise to never mix up the Masters' names again with phenomena, women, or common worldly matters, that, that must be done or either she must be turned out of the Society or the Society cease to exist. I said I thought we had kept silent long enough, and that it was our silence *and screening what we believed to be wrong* last year which had brought on all the trouble. I then wrote the letter which you will find enclosed—also a paper to Colonel O. abolishing the permanent fund etc. which we all agree should not exist; to this paper the German Branch will add different reforms which they think necessary and then the paper will be forwarded to you. Well I left Elberfeld, but before leaving told B. that I had been brought to Elberfeld through a lie, that I had never been so insulted in my life before, and that he had done me a great injury—namely, that looking upon him as a chela who had been many years with the Masters, that I thought at least that *he* would have learnt to be truthful and

honest, but that now to see a chela preaching such a high code of morals and ethics while in heart he was filled with duplicity, deceit and base passions was to me dreadful.

The Franz Gs. worship him and they tell me I must not believe his words. I must not look at appearances for when he says one thing he means another, but *that* you know will not do in England, and now he intends to go to London he says to make reforms, *he* is going to set everybody right, *he* will do this and that and if people do not *obey* him, *he* will burst the whole Society and then run back to India. Now you see the danger, and my advice is—do not have him in London ; but at the same time act *very cautiously* for he has a large correspondence *and could really* if he chose do what he says, because *being a chela*, people have the highest respect for his word. B. was furious at my returning here to Würzburg. He told F. G. that Mme. could if she chose psychologise me to the extent of committing forgery. B. told me that he *wd. never return* to Mme. B.—that he *would prevent* M. from doing so and that he had written to a 100 Hindus about Mme. B. and that he had written expressly to prevent any chela from coming here to replace me when I am gone ; that he wished she wd. go to Russia and throw the S.D. to the dogs and then he could preach his philosophy in peace.

LETTER No. CXXXVI

WÜRZBURG,
28th January.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Many thanks for your kind letter. I quite agree with you that anything that can be done to substantiate the veracity of past phenomena should be done to clear H. P. B., but you see my testimony brings forth new phenomena and so naturally a new element for the Enemy to pull to pieces—besides which it seems to me that it is time now to hang a veil before the Mahatmas. I grant you that I think it was quite necessary that Their names and that phenomena should be brought before the Public, it was the only way of drawing their attention towards the Theosophical Movement. I acknowledge that many foolish and ridiculous acts were committed, but when I think of the enormous undertaking and its development by two foreigners without money I feel that I have no right to blame, for placed in the same difficult position I might perhaps have done worse. We are all of us in a most critical position and it is only by our united efforts that we can possibly pull through. I am perfectly willing to contribute my mite and am working heart and soul for the Cause. Let us wait

a month and see what development of existing difficulties takes place. If at the end of that time you have sufficient testimonies gathered from other people that you think it could benefit H. P. B. and the Cause to put them into the *Memoirs* do so—only don't put me en évidence but one amongst the number—for else I know quite well that I shall be seized on for dissection, called a Medium and psychologised by Madame, an idea now implanted in peoples' minds by Babajee. At the end of Febry., write and tell me what you think of doing and then if necessary I will get Mme. Gebhard's consent.

One thing may interest you. Mme. G. recalled to my mind that last year '84—the chela had said that a chela would come to Elberfeld in winter '85. We thought then that he meant in astral form.

I wrote to you so hurriedly the other day that I forgot to tell you what I decided to do about Babajee's grave charge that the Colonel and Mme. had obtained money on false pretences in India from Prince Hurrysingee. This charge is doubly serious as coming from *a chela*, and so I determined that though I have often shut my eyes to little irregularities or at least what seemed to me as such, I have reconciled it to my conscience by thinking that as I understood so little about the Occult laws, I must not judge by appearances and that perhaps some day I should understand the real meaning; but Babajee's charge is quite different, it is a criminal charge and can be punished by law (Fletcher's case). Other supposed frauds were innocent and hurt nobody, but here a man is robbed and injured and so I have written most seriously to-day to Col. Olcott and have told him that his and Mme. B.'s word go for nothing in such a case—he must send me a paper exonerating them entirely from this base charge signed by the Prince and several other people; that if he cannot send me a declaration of innocence I leave the T.S. for I cannot remain in a Society where the Founders lie under the imputation of criminal fraud. I must see my way clearly and honestly before me and not blush to be called a Theosophist.

I do not myself believe Babajee's odious charge, but he may repeat it to others who will. Well, if such a fraud has been perpetrated, better that the Society should be dead and buried; if Babajee's charge is a false accusation, this will be a lesson never to be forgotten that in a Society of Universal Brotherhood, no member has the right to calumniate his brother or sister with impunity.

You as an honest man will I feel sure consider that I have acted rightly though boldly. Why even Hodgson exonerates them from such crimes—and then *a chela* is to come and accuse them of the vilest act that can be imagined.

My only excuse for Babajee is that he was really a lunatic during my visit to Elberfeld, even before, as his insulting and impertinent letters to Madame prove. His old grandmother, a Sorceress, must have thrown a spell on him, but when these fits come on he should be locked up for his words are dangerous. Coming from a chela and one who preaches to others such high morals and ethics they act with double force.

If you have Babajee in London he will throw the whole Lodge into confusion and set all members one against another. Far better that he should remain quietly at Elberfeld where they all adore him; there he can write his ethics and be really useful as he has given out some very good papers, which when Mohini has cut them into shape will serve for lectures. The contents of his Tamil books are most interesting and if he would only leave off intriguing and attend to his work he would be of real use.

As he wants to make reforms and refute some of the existing theories which have been given to us, I copy for you a letter written by Madame to Mrs. Gebhard. Read it to Mohini for it will interest him.

I thank you much for your warning about H. I will remember it, he must have felt sympathy for me in Munich, for I am perpetually getting letters from him.

The S.D. has again been put on one side, no work for a fortnight. Babajee's doing—it is too bad. I wonder what will come next.

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXXXVII [1]

The other day Mme. B. sent a box containing all Babajee's clothes etc. to him; before doing so she looked over his possessions to see what there was amongst them belonging to herself—there she found a book where she is in the habit of having the important letters that she writes copied; amongst those which Babajee copied for her are several from Babajee to his own friends, and being copied into her book she considered that she had a right to read them, as were they private he would not have copied them into her book. He speaks of the great privilege it is for him to be allowed to live with her and that he shall never leave her until either he or she dies [2]—then he describes phenomena as coming through her and his intense delight when it referred to him or when

[1] This statement is in Countess W.'s handwriting.—ED.

[2] It is interesting to compare this with Babajee's own letters to H. P. B.—see Letter No. CLXXII *et seq.*—ED.

he could get any communication from the Master *through* her, (he evidently did not think there were elementals then). In every word he writes, breathes affection, devotion and great respect and admiration for Mme. B. he says that for another century such a marvellously cultured and admirable woman could not be found and he expresses again and again his gratitude and thankfulness in being permitted to live with her.[1] Then comes the most extraordinary experience in one of his letters—he describes the working of it during seven days and nights—and could only Mr. Stevenson read it, he would see at once that his story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde *is* founded on fact.

Mme. B. tells me as Babajee also told me when here, that he has had a great deal to do with Hatha Yog, that he has lived several years among different Hatha Yog Yogis in the forests.

Mme. B. also found amongst her books and papers of which he had the care a manuscript on black magic written in an unknown handwriting—*not his*, containing most precisely all the formulas and the different mantras to be used. This she has confiscated as being too dangerous to be left in his hands.

Mme. B. says that Babajee's Ethics come out of his Tamil books, some of them are good but others entirely false and in opposition to the Masters' teachings; as long as he gives these out to a few devoted Members the harm is not great, but such a book published uncorrected might create great mischief. Mohini's "Man" is very incorrect and misleading in many ways—and it is stupid to bring out books which will only have to be contradicted and corrected later on, therefore it seems advisable in the interests of the Society, that all manuscripts should first be sent to Subba Row for inspection and correction.

[1] **I would like Miss A. to see this and then give her opinion—How has the *great change* come? Why has it come so suddenly and unexpectedly? I have all the above in his own handwriting.—H. P. B.**

LETTER No. CXXXVIII

1st February.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Your pamphlet is admirable, written with both verve and spirit, and I think will scatter confusion in the enemy's camp, for ridicule and sarcasm are so easily blended with reproof that I think Hodgson's vanity will be wounded to the quick.

Madame is truly grateful and has sung your praises ever since, she thanks you heartily and will write another day. She has settled down on the first day of the month to the S.D. All

January *has been lost*, next to nothing done, first Selin, then Babajee.

Enclosed is a card from Babajee. You see he writes in a humble spirit, and is repentant, whether sincere or not I do not know. In his last letter he told Madame that the reason he had accused her of trying to obtain money under false pretences, was because she had written to him to sacrifice her and save the Society ! ! ! ! I really think he must be mad. Madame says that you must tell the Arundales all, because if they have him to stay with them they should know the truth so as to be on their guard against any further duplicity and also that they should not foster to his vanity too much. I wanted to spare him this humiliation but Madame says it must be. At any rate the Arundales need not tell him they know. Enclosed is a letter from Madame Jelihovsky, not of much use as you see. Solovioff has told her that he has left the Society because it is anti-Christian, so Madame J. writes to Madame B. that no wonder she is tormented, it is all the devil, she entreats her to give up the T.S., and says she will get her a good income if she will only write articles for Russia.

Yours sincerely,

C. W.

LETTER No. CXXXIX

6, Ludwig Strasse, Würzburg,
2nd February.

Dear Mr. Sinnett,

Your very sensible letter of the 31*st.* has just reached Madame. We both of us entirely agree with all you say. There is only one sentence which puzzles me, that " Mohini will have to be forbearing with Madame for a while when he joins her "— why so—what has she done ? She will be forbearing to him I know for she is very fond of him, though she thinks that he has acted foolishly. My intention was to remain with the O.L. to the beginning of March, about the 10th or 12th, but if you think it advisable for Mohini to come sooner, send him for I am ready to leave any day. The O.L. is weary to death with ennui and no wonder, for life is monotonous here, but I tell her that she will have to bear it, for as India and London are at present closed to her, I do not well see where she would be better off. Besides if she has constant society, how is she to write. Life is a hard problem to some people. As far as Babajee is concerned, I wrote to you yesterday to use your own discretion in telling of his behaviour to those whom it may concern, only beg them to keep it secret for as he is now repentant I should be sorry to humiliate

him. In a Universal Brotherhood, one should have charity with each other's faults and failings, and I really believe he must have had a fit of madness. The lesson he has had has been a rude one and I think he will be quiet for the future. Certainly the theosophical path is strewn with thorns. Now please act just as you think right. If you think Mohini should leave London at once send him here. I am willing to do whatever you advise.

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

P.S. Madame says *keep silent* on double *chelaship* as that is the *only hold* we have on Babajee.

LETTER No. CXL

Private and Confidential.

7th February.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Many thanks for your kind letter of the 4th.

I must write to you another day about the "Eumonia." We are having terrible squalls here these days and at present Madame is strongly against having her *Memoirs* published *during her life-time*. All her family are against it and they worry the very life out of her; they fear so much that her enemies may revive old family scandals and quarrels and *that they* will have to suffer for it. I tell Madame that you can at any rate write these *Memoirs* and let her see and correct them, then not publish them until an opportune moment comes either before or after her death; to this she turns a very willing ear but adds "poor Sinnett he would be losing all his time for nothing." Now what say you to this? Your pamphlet was such an excellent one that perhaps it would be as well to rest on that and if possible let the Hodgson affair die out quietly, saying always that you are writing the *Memoirs*—that they are only delayed etc. etc. During the short time I have been here attacks have been showered down on Madame from all sides. It seems to me incredible how one person can have so many bitter enemies, I suppose it is in a great measure because she lets her tongue run wild wounding people's susceptibilities without meaning it or thinking of the consequences. Certain it is that her Master told her that if she consented to live she would have bitter trials to go through and all would turn against her, but seeing what I see and knowing what I know, I believe there would be positive danger in bringing out her *Memoirs* this year. I will remain here until the 12th March and then I go to Elberfeld for a

few days and then on to Sweden. I return home earlier this year so as to be present at my son's coming of age, he is at the University now.

I wrote a letter to Miss Arundale the other day which I begged her to show you. Do use your best influence to make Babajee sign that paper, it is the least he can do after his cruel accusation of fraud against the Founders. It would be a safeguard in the future in case another fit of insanity came on. Tell him that if he signs that paper I forgive him freely his conduct to me and will do my best to make matters smooth for him everywhere. I only long for peace and quietness but his conduct at Elberfeld was such that I was compelled to act for there was danger to the Society, but I think that he will not easily forget the lesson and will remain subdued and quiet and attend to his own work where certainly he has got a sphere of usefulness before him.

Don't trouble any more about the two D.N.'s—*there are two* —but there is also a Mystery. Unfortunately my tongue is tied. Probably if all were known Babajee would go mad or commit suicide. D. N. is his mystery name as I suppose it might also be the name of 20 more—that has nothing to do with it. I hate mysteries as much as you do, *but I* must have patience and you must have patience. Some day *you will know all* for Madame has told me that at her death all that she has ever received from the Mahatma K. H. will be given to you, so you *must please have patience,* till then. Babajee is a chela, though not the high one he pretends to be. All chelas have terrible trials to go through and so we must have more patience with them than with common every day people. When you see all the transactions and all the papers, much will be made clear to you and you will realise that it is no easy thing to be a chela. I have learnt much in this short space of time in Würzburg—and my reverence for the Masters is increased in seeing how tolerant and charitable they are in all their dealings. Let us go on having patience to the end, for the Society must and will flourish eventually.

I do hope you will succeed in letting your house. Absence for a few months from London after all these worries and troubles will do both you and Mrs. Sinnett good.

Ever yr. sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

P.S. Madame has just given me her letter to you to read. Smooth down things between her and Mohini if possible. I suppose he sent her letter to Paris in self defence, it was foolish, but try and avoid more rows. Don't be alarmed at her letter, all will go well in the end I hope. I do my best to keep the peace.

LETTER No. CXLI

11th February.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have today received the enclosed testimony from Lady Caithness. If you publish it Madame begs that you will suppress the "tears." I wonder if you have received many testimonies from different people. The more you get the better.

Mr. Gebhard writes to me that he has shown his letter from the Master K. H. with a letter of H. P. B.'s of 8 pages, to a sworn expert in Berlin [1] and he says in the most absolute way that it is *not possible* that the two could be written by the same person.

Madame says that she can give you no more information about the steamer than what she told you. The idea of old Blavatsky being alive terrifies her on account of the phantom marriage in America—she says that she and everybody took him to be over 80, but he said he was much younger, and never having seen the certificate of his birth could not swear to his age, she only knows he was an old man. Now you know there are differences of opinion as to age, and a young girl of 17 looks upon a man of 50 or 60 as quite old, so that it seems to me in my own mind as just quite possible that he is still alive. Madame only heard of his death from her Aunt, nothing official has ever been known. You see it would not matter in the least if he were still alive or dead were it not for that unfortunate American episode. They might end by bringing up a charge of bigamy against her. Mme. de M. declares that Solovioff has got his hands full of proofs and charges against Madame, this may be false or true as the case may be. At any rate weigh the consequences well in your mind before you publish the *Memoirs*. I have been obliged to write to Mme. de M. twice lately in this sense "that she is irritated against Madame because she believes her to be trying to screen Mohini knowing him to be guilty." I tell her that she is absolutely wrong in her conclusions that having seen the correspondence on both sides both Madame and myself believe him to be innocent of both intention and act, and that Madame cannot sign a paper of apology to Miss —— which would incriminate Mohini—because that would be bringing a false accusation on her part against Mohini whom she believes to be innocent—and so a lie. That I know from the tone of Mme. de M.'s letters that she believes Mohini to be guilty. To believe a man guilty, one must have proofs and facts of his guilt, these of course Mdme. de M. has, and so instead of writing letters filled with innuendoes and accusations she would kindly clearly state and in

[1] See *post* Letter No. CLXXXIII.—ED.

detail—the proofs and facts given to her which have made her believe Mohini guilty—if these statements overwhelm the proofs that we have of his innocence, I promise on my word of honour Madame will sign an apology to Miss L. for all she has said against her. I hope I have done right. I believe myself so strongly in Mohini's innocence, he may have been weak in not putting an end to a correspondence as soon as it assumed a compromising and tender character, but that is all. I hope you will approve of what I have done but the fact is Madame would have started there and then for Paris (do not repeat this) had I not taken things into my own hands. How it will all end it is impossible to say. But if Madame could sign an apology to Miss L. for what she said of her without compromising Mohini, it would be a good thing and perhaps prevent this dirty affair from going into a Court of Law and saving trouble to many persons. If you can word such a paper, send it to me by return of post and I will get it signed and will send it to Mme. de M. Consult Mohini on the subject and tell him what I have done.

No more news to give you. There is only one thing I would ask of you and Mrs. Sinnett, that is, that if you see my sister and nieces this spring, to say as little to them about me as possible. Turn the subject to other things. I keep them myself in the dark as much as I possibly can knowing that in their hearts they are dead against my work.

You see we have all our own particular trials.

Ever yrs. sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXLII

17th February.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I must add a few lines to Mme. Blavatsky's letter which I have read, to tell you that I fully agree with her that her position is a horrible one. Do you know that ever since the 1st January, my first thought on waking in the morning has been "what impertinence or annoyance will the post bring to-day," and a feeling of thankfulness on going to bed if there has been nothing, which is *very rare*.

Just imagine what a life to lead, particularly for one who is in bad health, constantly suffering and has to write the "Secret Doctrine." I tell you the book *does not* progress and cannot progress with such constant persecutions. Also what is to become of Mme. B. when I am gone. When she left India, Leadbeater offered to accompany her, and remain with her, but yielded to

Babajee's earnest entreaties that he might come to Europe. The January *Theosophist* will shew you what his professions of devotion etc. were. Now he has turned traitor to the Cause, throws stones at the Founders accusing them of fraud, and so naturally leaves undone the duty which he took upon himself and promised to do. Mme. B. thought that Mohini would come to her after my departure as his letters have always professed the warmest attachment to her, but being now under Babajee's influence, his *latter epistle* has quite a different tone to any of his former letters and he also begins to throw stones at her. If this is the stuff of which Chelas are made I hope no more specimens may be sent to Europe.

I wrote to Mme. Blavatsky's Aunt yesterday to tell her of the cruel position in which she is placed and to beg of her to think of some solution to the difficulty—for if she is left alone I verily believe some misfortune will happen.

Do not think that Mme. B.'s letter is written to you in a passion for it is not, but she is so tired and disgusted with all these slanders and accusations freely launched at her from all sides, that I believe she will finish by doing something desperate. Her affection and trust in you is unbounded, and it seems to me that here in Europe you are almost the only true friend she has. Just try for one moment and place yourself in her position; after so many years labour for the Society which she created to find all the Theosophists either tearing herself or themselves to pieces—then wanting to write this book, which is to benefit the world by giving out truths hitherto unknown—and to find herself literally unable to do it through all the wounds and contusions she receives from all these stones so liberally shied at her from all sides, but the hardest from those whom she has loved so dearly.

I shall soon leave this and be out of all these *rows* in my quiet home in Sweden, but I think it right to tell you plainly how the position stands. All your interests are bound up in the Cause, and so you must unravel the mystery and put a stop to these *persecutions.*

Yrs. sincerely,
C. W.

LETTER No. CXLIII

18th Febry.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

This morning's post took you some nasty letters as usual, but Heaven be blessed at last I can send you a real good one which did the old Lady's heart good, after all the dirt and stones which have been recently thrown at her. Mr. Judge has had ten

years experience of her phenomena and yet he does not cry out FRAUD like Babajee. Mme. B. wants you to read this letter to him and Mohini.

I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Judge can give you some testimonies to be mingled with mine, Mrs. Gebhard, Lady C—— and others for the *Memoirs*, try and get as many as you can—do write to him!

Will you kindly find out what is the English name of Piazzi Smyth's book—called in French "La grande pyramide pharaonique de nom humanitaire de fait, ses merveilles, ses mystères et son enseignement." Perhaps Mrs. Sinnett would kindly write to Madame about it for you have so much to do.

What do you say to Madame going to America, there, she would I think find friends—and nobody would trouble her about the Hodgson report—and she would be free of all this web of entanglements, the M.L. affair, Paris persecutors and Babajee; she would I think be far happier there than here—the only trouble is about the S.D. there would be such delay in sending backwards and forwards. Write if you think the idea a good one.

Yours sincerely,

C. W.

LETTER No. CXLIV

23rd February.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Will you kindly speak very seriously to Mohini—and ask him if he intends coming here or not. Madame says she would not for the world force him to come against his will—but you see we must know how matters stand. Of course his life here would be a very great contrast to the pleasant comfortable life he is leading with the Arundales, but it is of course for himself to decide, he knows best what is *his own duty*.

If Mohini does not come, among all the Theosophists do not you know some lady in London who would come and spend a few weeks with Madame free of expense (this I know is always an inducement). It would have to be some one on whom you can *thoroughly depend*, not one who will worm herself into Madame's confidence simply to go against her later on. If you do know such a lady let the proposal come from *her*.

Do not refer to this when you write please, as I have said nothing about it to Madame. I feel so sorry for her—and cannot imagine what she will do without me here, all alone without a creature to speak to, and though her servant is most good-natured, she has no head or memory and I have constantly to remind her what she is to do. Could Madame go out and get

about like other people it would be different but to be shut up in perfect solitude in these three rooms is enough to drive her mad with her excitable disposition. I pity her with all my heart.

I do hope you will be able to get rid of your lease. You must long to be away from London with all these worries and troubles around you, but you see we all share alike. Selin has now written to Von Bergen and is doing all the mischief he possibly can. I hear he is going to London at Easter to try and break up the L.L. so you had better warn all the members against him—for forewarned is forearmed.

Col. O. is very happy over his Naeligranthan and the end of troubles, and a little taste out of the bitter cup here would soon make him change his tone. One comfort is everything must come to an end, so this strained situation cannot last for ever. I hope we shall soon have tided over it.

I think Col. Olcott's idea of bringing out two books a year instead of monthly not a bad one, because then people cannot purchase a monthly No. just to criticise they will think twice if they have to buy a large book.

Ever yrs. sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXLV

Private.

LUDWIG STRASSE,
8th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

We have just received Redway's "Catalogue" and are surprised, *indignant* if you please, to see that he advertises Mme. Coulomb's book! As he has undertaken to be the Publisher for the Theosophical Society it seems to me very strange that we should sell the works of our enemies. I find myself in close quarters, do you not think that the book and name could be suppressed entirely in the next catalogue. I should also like to make an observation about my little book. It was published at 6d. I was told *that* was too expensive. I then reduced it to 4d., the publisher, Redway, gets it at 2½d. I believe, and I see he sells it at 2s., rather unfair I think because by that people will naturally think I want to make money, whereas if the whole were sold at the price I have named, it would not cover the publishing expenses.

As the chelas have agreed that Mme. Blavatsky is to be deserted and abandoned in her helpless condition when I leave her, I have determined to try and defer that painful moment as long as I can, and so have given up my visit to Elberfeld and

other friends on my way to Sweden, and stay here until the 28th of this month. In this way I just arrive in time for my son's birthday.

I shall be curious to see in the *Memoirs* how you have inserted our different evidences. You will be amused to hear that you have been flourishing in the Swedish papers. A long article has suddenly appeared from an unknown individual—giving a flourishing account and the whole history of the T.S. All the Notabilities are mentioned, and you shine conspicuous among the number. This article has aroused great interest on the subject, and Von Bergen has received invitations from all sides to lecture on Theosophy. This is of course very delightful and charming, but I suppose the " Revers de la medaille " will soon show itself.

I have heard news lately which is annoying, viz., that Mrs. Going, her maid and Mrs. Kingsford have lately been possessed by bad influences. They attribute these persecutions to the fact that they have had some contact with Madame B. and the *Mahatmas*. They say that Madame De Steiger was tormented in the same way before going to the East, and in consequence of all this I have been advised very seriously to withdraw myself from the dangerous and unholy influence. I have thought very seriously over this and have come to this conclusion. In working for the T.S. we place ourselves under the protection of the Masters, and all goes well as long as we *believe in them*, but from the day when insidious doubts creep into our minds (as happens to so many) the protection of the Masters is withdrawn, and thus the evil consequences just related occur, and more particularly so with those who have attended many séances. What remedy would you suggest against this growing evil ?

Yours sincerely,

C. W.

LETTER No. CXLVI

Private.

9th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

You know by this time that I have decided to stay here until the 28th so all is safe until then. The Old Lady has her apartment until the 15th April. After that my advice is that she should not stay here on this account. A Sanskrit Professor here has received *unfavourable intelligence* from some *Indians* concerning her; this Professor is a friend of Selin's and together they might play her some dirty trick were she left alone. For a short time nobody will know that I am gone as I will keep my departure secret. My proposal to Madame is, that she should come to

Sweden on the 15th April and stay with me for two months; by that time you will have let your house probably and then your scheme can come into play. Madame's objections to my plan are these—the cold and the fear that she will get me into trouble with my relations. My reply is—(1) double windows and Swedish stoves would keep her rooms as warm as they are here—and with heated railway carriages and steamers the journey could be got over in tolerable comfort—(2) Until the 15th June I shall be quite alone as my son remains at the University and then has to serve his military fortnight before he comes home.

Madame's mind however seems to be set on Ostend and certainly if Mrs. Sinnett remains with her the plan is a very good one, but I tell you honestly I do dread her being left alone, she *must always* vent her feelings in letter writing and though since I have been here she has written much that I would have given anything to throw behind the fire—*I have saved* her again and again from these indiscretions. Only yesterday she wanted to write to "Redway" and give him a piece of her mind about the "Coulomb pamphlet"—you see the danger—and so now knowing exactly how the position stands make the best of it. In her heart she prefers the Ostend scheme and in Sweden she certainly would be *very dull*. I think she craves for a little change both of scene and society. Do not tell the chelas or Miss A. all this please, keep it to yourself.

How thankful I shall be when a better time comes to us—but out of evil good always comes—and this winter has taught us patience and perhaps also a truer knowledge of self.

My love to Mrs. Sinnett.

Ever yours sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXLVII

6, LUDWIG STRASSE, WÜRZBURG,
12th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Madame Blavatsky has begged me to answer your letter, as writing takes up so much of her time. She is all eager to get away from here and most willing to go to England if you think it prudent for her to do so. As Madame never goes out, the place selected is immaterial to her; you and Mrs. Sinnett must therefore consult your own convenience on that point. If I may be permitted to make an observation it seems to me that Ventnor is very far away from London and a long journey for you to go backwards and forwards. Do you know Westgate?—about

three miles from Margate, a quiet little place with detached villas everywhere. The express goes there in less than an hour. Madame B. would give her directions at " Redways " and nobody need know that she was in England except you and myself. Do not tell the Chelas for they worry her terribly. And for the present at any rate it would be far better for her to have no communication with them.

If Mrs. Sinnett will really stay with Madame, I believe this will be the best plan, and then your short visits will relieve the monotony and prevent the old lady from feeling as bored as she does here. You see she has been accustomed to society all her life and this quiet inactive life with nothing going on around her is dreadful to her. The apartment is paid for here until the 15th of April and though Madame would like to pack up her things and be off at once I tell her it would be very foolish to throw away money recklessly like that—and that she had much better stay here until the 15th of April. If you decide on this plan will you take a little cottage for Madame B.—she had better have her own servants and avoid having anything to do with a landlady—that class of people are always " gossips." As soon as you have taken the house I will pack up the furniture and books here, for as they will have to go by luggage train they will be about a month on the road.

Please send me back the letters written to me by Madame B. when I was at Elberfeld ; also the copy of the one written to the Gebhard family.

What do you think of the following idea. In reading the first chapter I got so confused over the " Stanzas " and the " Commentaries " that I could make nothing of them. Madame then wrote the former in *red ink*, the latter in *black ink*, and now they are far easier to comprehend as confusion of ideas is avoided ; this has suggested the following idea, that in the S.D. the Stanza should be printed red and all foreign words of a separate colour, Tibetan yellow, Chinese blue, Greek violet, and so on. It would be original, and prevent confusion.

Ever yours sincerely,

C. W.

LETTER No. CXLVIII

Private.

13th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The English cottage scheme has been knocked on the head this morning by the lawyer's letter. It would be impossible to keep Madame's residence in England secret, for feeling dull

she would write right and left and everybody would know, then these lawyers would send her insulting letters, if they did nothing worse, and she would be quite capable of going up to London and having a personal interview to give them a bit of her mind. Had I not been here to-day she would have written to them direct—so you see where the danger lies and I am terribly afraid she will get into trouble when I am gone. I feel very sorry for her, but we all have to grin and bear our own trials, and so must she.

Considering all things, Ostend is the best place. The place is empty now and she could get an apartment very cheap—for 1 or 200 francs a month, the only thing is, she *must not be left alone*, if we want to save what remains of the Theosophical Society. If Mrs. Sinnett will only come to her next month perhaps later on some other arrangement may be made. Madame refuses to come to Sweden so there is an end of that. Do not allude to this letter when you write back but I thought it was only right to tell you exactly what I think, and to me there is positive danger to the Society in leaving her alone, for her great misfortune is that she continually writes letters which only bring down trouble upon herself—it is dreadful for her to be inactive and to be patient under injury. You see it is her character and she is too old now to alter it.

Just burn this letter please and act as you think best. I at any rate have told you the dangers of the position as I see them.

Ever yrs. sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CXLIX

WÜRZBURG,
19th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The news I am about to give you will I hope relieve your mind of a slight portion of its burden. I stay on with the "Old Lady." My son writes to me that the Sound is frozen and so much snow in the country that he fears that "Mary Hill" will be too cold for me as the house has not been heated—during the winter. He, therefore, advises me not to come to Sweden, particularly as he is now very busy with an examination, so much so, that he will not have time for any rejoicings on his coming of age, as he is studying from morning to night. This being the case I have decided on deferring my return to Sweden until the month of May, therefore between this and then much may happen and things may be looking brighter than they are now. Perhaps

your house will be let and then it will be less difficult for Mrs. Sinnett to leave London.

At any rate let us look on the bright side of things because that is our only way to keep up our courage and you know we are determined in our own minds that the Theosophical Society shall survive these troubles at any cost, it is the only way to prove to our enemies that we are sure of our ground and have not been taken in and are no fools as they delight in calling us, but that we have a steady purpose in life and that no persecutions or trials will swerve us from our course. It is the only way in which we can show our gratitude to our revered Masters for all they have taught us. One of the first lessons taught to us when we became theosophists was, that if we became workers in the Cause we must go through severe trials. Well! *here they are*! and let us be bold and face them, let us all *will* that we will surmount and vanquish them and we *shall surely do so*. Could not you get all the working theosophists together and talk to them very seriously, and say to them that now is our hour of trial, and ask each in turn whether he really feels true to the "Masters," and if they all answer "yes"! ask them why it is then that they do not all work together in unity and concord. Speak to them really very solemnly, appeal to their higher natures, and ask them whether they will not then and there take a vow to drop all *personal* feelings and work with one will to the restoration of amity and peace in the Society; then lay all the difficulties plainly before them, make one and each of them give their views on the subject and then amongst you all try and decide what is best to be done and tell them that if they only overcome within themselves the very natural feelings of apathy and despondency, that then half the battle is won already. I quite agree with you that lectures at the present moment are useless, it is better to try and get hold of people privately, but do not let the workers drop their work or you will find a great difficulty in making them take to it again.

There is something so inexpressibly comforting in the thought that the Masters *are* watching over us, and as your Master has said to me that *every individual act to help the cause is noted and recorded*, so you may feel sure that every effort on your part meets with *His approval* and that you will surely some day get your reward.

I quite agree with you in wishing that the chelas were back in India, but until the poor old lady dies and Miss Arundale is free to march off with her three chelas in her rear, I fear we shall not get rid of them and all the troubles they have brought on us. The only plan is to see if there is not some way of diminishing the evils. In the first place tell me honestly please, is there no possibility for Madame to make a private apology to Miss L. and so

induce her to desist in her persecutions, which will go on indefinitely unless something is done.

Had Madame B. at that time known that M. had written her nearly a hundred letters in six months filled with idealistic sentiment she would never have written as she did to Madame M. You see Miss A., Babajee, and Mohini himself had given such very different colouring to the whole affair, that only judging from appearances she wrote what she thought was true, and Babajee entirely approved of it. I had only just arrived here at the time and looked upon the whole thing in a very different light to what I do now—I have seen the letter which Mohini wrote to her after the disgusting scene in the wood, and that is sufficient to show that at any rate it did not disgust him.

Think it all over in your own mind and see if no compromise could possibly be made. I would willingly go to Paris and try and bring Madame de Morsier to her senses. I would even go to Miss L. if I thought any good to the *Cause* and *Society* could come of it. Letters are dangerous and compromising but a personal interview might perhaps bring about satisfactory results. I have been told in a round about way, that she says she would be satisfied if Mohini returned to India—and if Madame made her an apology—for those words—both things reasonable in themselves if the matter could be so arranged. If you can see any possible outlet to this difficulty and that I can help you in it let me know.

Let us decide that all our personal feelings shall go to the wall if only we can put an end to all this gossip and these persecutions.

Madame Blavatsky sends you her love, she seems pleased to keep me here, and we must make the best of our monotonous life here and hope that the future will bring us happier and more peaceful times.

Ever yours sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.

P.S. Apathy is like the measles very catching! Motion and energy are the only really vivifying forces.

You want to see the "Master's hand." I can see it in the unexpected circumstances which have enabled me to remain here where I was so sorely needed. It was the *same* force which brought me here to Würzburg. Though I had made other and pleasanter projects I felt this invisible force draw me here and I told Mme. Gebhard that I knew I must come, and with tears in my eyes told her I also felt and foresaw all the troubles and trials which were coming down so thickly on me. I felt them like a heavy dark cloud overshadowing me. This same invisible force

drew me to London in '84—where I met Mme. Blavatsky for the first time. I left Sweden most unexpectedly, at one day's notice, the opportunity arrived in an unforeseen manner. I knew *then*, as I know *now* that it was the Master's hand, though it was only three months later that I knew why I was brought to London. I have *perfect confidence* in my Master and I know that when ever He wants my services the way will be cleared for me.

Mme. B. wants me to go to London for a few days, she is afraid that the chelas will split up the L.L. into two factions, I think myself that my presence would only make matters worse. What say you ? tell the truth !

P.S. Do not tell the Chela party that I stay on here, they have deserted Madame in her hour of need, and so they may remain in ignorance.

LETTER No. CL

Private.

28th March.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Many thanks for your long and admirable letter which I am very glad you wrote as it gives such a clear rendering of the whole position.

I had fancied that there were many earnest workers in the L.L. but as you say there are but few—the present passivity cannot paralyse the working energies that do not exist. You have not been idle at any rate and literature certainly arouses the public interest in these Occult subjects more than anything else.

As you were unable to obtain other testimonies concerning the existence of the Masters, you did quite right not to publish Madame Gebhard's and my own experiences in Madame's *Memoirs*—because it would simply be bringing phenomena again before the public in a new form, giving them fresh incentives for attacking us all round and new victims on whom they may hurl their anathemas. Madame's life is published as a vindication of her own conduct and when once it is out I think the wisest plan will be to let " phenomena " and all discussion on that point die away entirely as far as the outside world is concerned. I know for my part I shall never mention it except to those who have much knowledge and experience on these subjects. The Secret Wisdom Religion and the philosophy, is all that can be given to the public.

We have all of us had a very hard winter but you have worked indefatigably and certainly without you the L.L. would have melted into thin air. You are the soul and life of it, and we must live and hope for better times.

I hope that the exchange of letters will be effected, it would be a mercy to have the business settled. *Do not refer to this letter* when you write.

Yours sincerely,
C. W.

I hope Madame will *live* to write the S.D. The doctor here does not seem very hopeful of her case. She is *very nervous* about herself and her health now is her great preoccupation.

LETTER No. CLI

13th April.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The sad news from the Gebhards has reached us today. I feel so much for them all in their trouble that I cannot turn my thoughts to other things and so can only just thank you for your kind letter and tell you that H. P. B. is occupying herself with her *Memoirs*. If they are to be published now I certainly agree with you that they should be made as complete as possible and am using all my influence with Madame to make her write as much as she can. I have an ally here in Dr. Hartmann who is also of the same opinion. It seems that he also had had an idea of once writing H. P. B.'s life, and has collected some material which he will if you please send to you. We both think Mme. Jelihovsky's account is wonderfully dry reading—and that it should be interspersed with a little flowing language. Something in the style of *Ghostland*, a book so interesting that when you take it up it is with difficulty that you put it down again, or even Lord Bulwer's life, thrilling incidents told in a thrilling way. You see there is a halo of romance round Mme. Blavatsky and if her life is put before the public in a matter of fact way, the *ideal* Mme. B. will be forever lost.

If you want to run after the scientists you are running after a shadow. But if you want to create an enthusiasm in the minds of your readers concerning her and the system of thought advocated by Theosophy, the book should be written in a style touching not only the intellect but also the heart, offering at the same time nutriment to the imagination—but I am letting my pen run away with me.

The enclosed is a copy of a letter sent to Babajee—Madame attributed Walter's death to him—it is too horrible ! !

Dr. Hartmann says if he can help you in any way with the *Memoirs* he will be very pleased to do so. He is now very much occupied with his books which are all to be published at

Redways. I find that he has great occult knowledge and he is a man replete with *common sense.*

Madame sends you her love,

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CLII [1]

To Babajee.

ON Saturday—April the 10th, Walter Gebhard was found dead in his bed, having *shot* himself without *any reason* and *no cause,* his things packed up and ready to start home. The fiends of rage, of vindictiveness, malice, and hatred let loose by you in their home have fastened on the poor boy you boasted to influence so forcibly, and *have done their work.* It is not his *twin* brother who committed suicide five years ago who influenced him. Herman's astral form is in Deva Chan, sleeping to the day his natural death would have summoned him. It is a host of the *Pisachas* of murder and post mortem criminal impulses who, copying from the record in the astral light around him of his brother's kind of death, led him to shoot himself during a state of somnambulic unconsciousness and irresponsibility. He is the first victim of your wicked father's son, and your grandmother's worthy grand-son.

A letter from Masters would have warned them to keep Walter away from his home without saying any reason for it—and the Gebhards would have obeyed the advice, had they not been made to believe, by one *whom they regarded and revered* as a *chela of Mahatma K. H. who lived ten years with him*—as I found out too late about them—that "*no Mahatma would bother Himself about the sons of Theosophists,* caring little whether *they lived or died,*" etc.; and that, with hardly any exception—all the notes and letters received by them from the Masters were the productions of elementals—*at best*—H. P. B.'s fraud occasionally.

To this you will reply that you have not killed Walter consciously. No! But he is killed nevertheless *through you.* The conditions that surrounded him psychically—his twin nature with his brother, who committed suicide *under the very* same conditions; his great sensitiveness and receptivity made and helped the infernal fiends evoked by your savage outbursts of rage and hatred to fasten upon him—the first one. May your karma bear fruit.

Mr. Sinnett writes in despair: "Mohini used to attract all

[1] Transcribed from a copy in the handwriting of Countess W.—ED.

the theosophists [to] Elgin Crescent—and now they have nearly all dropped off from doing this; . . . I think he and Babajee together *are ruining* the Theosophic movement here." He says he is helpless and the L.L. is going to pot. The German Society died owing to what you said to Hübbe Schleiden about the two notes received by him. The Society being ready to die, two or three months longer of agony will not save it. The fools who listen to *a chela* of Mahatma K. H., and were made to believe that the Master had turned away from me—will reap the fruits of their credulity or—made to choose between yourself and me. They will *shake us off both*—most likely when they learn the *whole* truth. However, they may open their eyes and see it in the light of the *proofs I have*. I will play my last card if you please—you were offered friendship and *alliance*, you preferred reigning alone—it is your own choice and since you are against Mr. Sinnett there's an end of it. I will be in London before you expect me.

H. P. B.

DEAR GOVERNOR,

I am very much astonished to see from some accounts that have reached me of late, that you have become quite cranky. Ask Miss A. to get some very hot water and have yourself baptised when I come to London, and I will stand your God-father.

Yours truly,
F. HARTMANN.

P.S. If anyone asks anything about me, you may tell them, that if I ever had any doubts about H. P. B. and the Masters, they have all been cleared up forever by something that happened this morning to me.

Yours, H.

I remain a few days with H. P. B. and the Countess, we often remember you and wonder about the result of your Ethics.

LETTER No. CLIII

6, LUDWIG STRASSE,
20th April.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Madame Blavatsky has received this morning your letter of the 18th, also the £50 and thanks you much for the trouble you have had in getting it for her.

Babajee's conduct is very annoying, and certainly if something

is not done he will carry out the threat made to me, that he would destroy the London Lodge by breaking it up into factions. Madame Blavatsky says the best remedy to this evil would be if Colonel Olcott were to write and tell Babajee that he must either leave the T.S. or else work in unity with yourself and the Doctrines; she hopes that you have written to Colonel Olcott to this effect.

Madame says that she is quite willing to come to London and use all her influence with Babajee and Mohini to try and bring them round to a better state of mind. Madame Blavatsky would leave this about the 8th and arrive in London about the 10th or 11th, but should she come there it would be quite necessary for her to take a lodging on the ground floor, as she can no longer mount stairs. She would bring her maid with her and would also travel with Miss Kislingbury who has just come here on a visit to her and would return to London at that time. Madame B. only fears that her visit to London may bring her into trouble either with the lawyer or with Miss L., for though she would of course keep it secret, still directly Babajee knew that she was there, he would tell everybody in the hopes of driving her away.

Will you kindly think over this plan and write and say what you would advise.

If it is advisable for Madame B. to go to London, the opportunity of having a travelling companion would be a boon to her, but pray write and tell us how the M.L. affair stands at present, if there has been any new development in the case since last you wrote.

The second part of the *Memoirs* is far more interesting than the first, Madame Jelihovsky's narrative being simply a bundle of dry facts.

Have you asked Dr. Hartmann to send you his manuscript? On small points, he is very sensitive.

Ever yours sincerely,

C. WACHTMEISTER.

LETTER No. CLIV

26th April.

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The enclosed disgusting "burlesque" I have been careful *not* to show to Madame B. Her plans at present stand thus: that she leaves this on the 8th May and travels slowly to Ostend. You I hope will be able to run over and see her there, and then together you can settle what is best to be done, talking is so much

better than writing when it is so easy to misunderstand each other. The Master says that the Society is throwing off its linga sarira and it depends upon whether the whole body has the strength to get rid of it. Whatever comes or whatever may happen I remain true.

Wishing you every success to your novel and begging you will not take up your valuable time in answering this letter.

In haste,

Yrs. truly,

C. W.

II.—A. O. HUME

LETTER No. CLV [1]

Extracts of a letter from A. O. Hume to K. H.

. . . "I not only do not dislike your exercise of this right, but I crave for it—and should be glad indeed if you were always to speak your mind far more freely than you do. ***I object to rudeness—some people are rude*** [1]—and this without offending me,

[1] **Does he call his letters to M. and H. P. B. *polite*?**

grates against my feelings as a gentleman, just as a bad smell offends my olfactory nerves.

. . . "As to the particular point that you urge, viz. my great changeableness—I quite think you have a *prima facie* ground for attack; but yet the case is not exactly as you think. ***I am not really so very changeable*!!** . . . I cannot rely solely on you—you have too little time and the only manner in which you appear able to teach me, by letter, is so slow and so unsatisfactory, that it would not be right for me to look nowhere else." [2]

[2] **C. C. M. would perhaps call *this* "candid"?**

. . . "Circumstances have prevented . . . your placing me in such a position that I could feel certain you were correct in what you teach. Very probably you are—but others of ***the highest learning who have apparently gone over a good deal the same ground as yourself—traverse your views to a great extent. In the first place they*** seem to hold that you Arhats all are ***on the wrong road***—that you are ***but refined and highly cultured tantrikists striving for the Upasana of Shakti or Kamarupa*** instead of that of Pranava or Brahman!! . . ."

They equally disagree as to your ***view that there is no God.*** [3]

[3] **Vedantin *Adwaitas?***

. . . Now I do not pretend to say which of you are right. ***As far as I can judge their learning and yog powers are not inferior to yours.*** [4]

[4] **His "good old Swami" having no *powers* whatever—the logical inference would be that we have none at all?**

[1] The passages printed in bold type are K. H.'s comments, while those in bold type italics have been underlined by K. H.—Ed.

But my dear friend . . . *supposing that you are right—then I greatly fear that a philosophy crowned by the bald, crude atheism, that you insist on in your notes (for you would not have my veiled enunciation* of this),[5] will not be accepted even in this sadly

[5] **Is this *candid*? And should we accept such a policy?**

materialistic age. Europe will not have it neither will Asia. . . . But moreover even could we diffuse it, would it be productive of good in the present state of the world? . . . To you and men of your purity and elevation of character—even to men low down in the scale like myself, pure atheism may do no harm—but to the untaught and spiritually wholly unawakened classes it would I fear bring evil.[6]

[6] **And can a superstitious *fiction*, belief in a pure myth, be ever productive of good? We are called by him Jesuits and yet his policy would be purely—Loyolian.**

. . . . . *but the effect of early training as you will say, intuition as I claim, does not allow me to accept your view as proved.* . . . . . I cannot *truly say that I believe that there is no God. I believe rather that there* **is a God.**[7]

[7] **"I am more of an Adwaitee than M. or K. H." he wrote but yesterday.**

. . . I do not think you are correct in the view that you take of my changeableness—*I am manysided and as I travel on I revolve and you see different sides at different times*—but you will find that my orbit barring minor mutations is direct enough, and any apparent retrogressions *are optical delusions due to your standpoint.*—At any rate that is an extremely *ingenious* explanation.

Yours ever sincerely,

A. O. HUME.

Of course, no doubt he is very "ingenious."

LETTER No. CLVI[1]

SIMLA,
Jan. 4th, 1881.

MY DEAR OLD LADY,

And tho' I am desperately inclined at times to believe that you are an impostor I believe I love you more than any of them.

I have just got off the last pages of a pamphlet I am preparing.

[1] Marginal comments in M.'s handwriting are printed in bold type. Passages printed in bold type italics have been *underlined* by M. The numbers in brackets in bold type refer to M.'s comments at the end of the letter.—ED.

These last pages are an extract from your letter about Madame* *Thekla Lebendorff.*† But your explanation in this case is not intelligible—so after trying to make out what you meant—I have entirely rewritten this out of my inner consciousness—Buddha knows if I have got on the right scent—*I* do not—but you will see the proofs and you or the Brothers, ? must correct any blunders.

*** As there are perverted natures which come to love physical deformity as a contrast to beauty, so also there are those who find a rest in the moral depravity of vitiated persons. Such would consider *imposture* as *cleverness*.**

† Mr. Sinnett has to use his influence to forbid such breach of trust. Her letter to Mr. Hume was a private one. The case may be given fully. The publishing of names—names of persons whose kin survive and live to the present day in Russia must be forbidden by M. B.

This pamphlet consists of (1) a long letter denouncing theosophy as a sham, and setting forth all the objections to it and the Brothers, put forward by *the more intelligent men* who do *not disbelieve in the facts of spiritualism.*

Such as Mr. Chatterjei—for instance ?

(2) A very much longer letter alas, an awfully long letter, picking the first to pieces and turning it inside out.

I have in this done my very best. I think it reads fairly well—it is not conclusive—(for that you *must thank the Brothers*) (1) but it puts the very best face possible on every awkward fact, and gives the fullest view of all the favourable ones. The facts being as they are I defy anyone to do more. I mean anyone short of a brother, and my hope is that if there *are* brothers, some of them may when the proofs are before you favour us with some hints by which I may strengthen the case. I have taken this opportunity to let in a lot of light upon the principles of Esoteric Theosophy and on matters connected with the Brothers and their *modi operandi* etc. etc. ***There is a great deal in this letter* (2).**

But tho' I think I have made out a good case ; though I may convince others—I have ***almost unconvinced myself*** (3). ***Never till I came to defend it, did I realise the extreme weakness of our position.*** *You*, you dear old sinner (and wouldn't you have been a reprobate under normal conditions ?) are the worst breach of all—your entire want of control of temper—your utterly un-Buddha and un-Christlike manner of speaking of all who offend you—your reckless statements form together an indictment that it is hard to meet—***I have I think got round it* (4)**. But though I may stop others' mouths, I personally am not satisfied. Now perhaps you will say "Are you any better ?" "***I shall reply at once***

certainly not—probably in other ways ten times worse." *But then I am not the chosen messenger of the embodiment of all purity and virtue—I am a mudstained soul that, though a cat may look at a king, may not even look at a Brother.* (5) *Now I know all about the Brothers' supposed explanation* (6), *that you are a psychological cripple*, one of your seven principles being in pawn in Tibet—if so more shame to them keeping other people's property to the great detriment of the owner. But grant it so, then I ask my friends the Brothers to "precisez" as the French say—which principle have you got old chaps?

It ain't the Hoola sariram, the body—that's clear for you might truly say with Hamlet "Oh that this too solid flesh would melt!"

And it can't be the linga sariram, as that can't part from the body, and it ain't the kama rupa and if it were, its loss would not account for your symptoms.

Neither assuredly is it the Jivatma, *you* have plenty of life in you. Neither is it the fifth principle or mind, for without this you would be "quo ad" the external world, an idiot. Neither is it the sixth principle for without this you would be a devil, intellect without conscience, while as for the seventh that is universal and can be captured by no Brother and no Buddha, but exists for each precisely to the degree that the eyes of the sixth principle are open.

Therefore to me this explanation is not only not satisfactory—but its having been offered—throws suspicion on the whole thing.

Very clever—but suppose it is neither *one of the seven* particularly but all? Every one of them a "cripple" and forbidden the exercise of its full powers? And suppose such is the wise law of a far foreseeing power!

And so in many cases the more one looks into things, the less they seem to hold water. The more they bear the look of contrivances thrown out on the spur of the moment to meet an immediate difficulty.

If as is quite possible, everything could be explained—then I only deplore the fatuity of the superior beings who send you to fight the world armed with only a part of your faculties, and carefully surround you with a network of such contradictory and compromising facts, as to render it impossible for your most loving and by no means least intelligent friend to avoid at times grave doubts not only as to their existence but also as to your good faith. (7)

In letter No. 2 I have doubtless answered every objection—after a fashion—but if I was to write a No. 3 on the other side couldn't I make mincemeat of some at least of No. 2's arguments. No one outside can perhaps.

As said before—a good reason for it. For the arguments on both sides are faulty and easily made " mincemeat " of.

All I can say is—if as I still believe on the balance of evidence the *Brothers do exist—entreat and pray them so to strengthen you as to make you more what a great moral reformer*—should be—and so strengthen our hands to defend you and advance their cause. **(8)**

Well No. 3 is Olcott's letter from Ceylon—with one passage left out and a few words modified—to me an excellent letter—the passage which the world would at once hit upon as pointing to a transcendental flirtation between Morier and his " most exquisite specimen of perfect womanhood " K. H.'s sister, I have naturally elided—also the one about his supposed exit from the body in New York, which is weak and explicable as simple somnambulism.[1]

Mr. Hume acted judiciously in eliding that passage in O.'s letter though the writing of the three words would *not* be covered by the theory of somnambulism, as somnambulists do not pass through solid walls. As for the sentence about my brother's sister, no one with any delicacy would have thought of giving it to the public. The public, represented so brutally indecent in thought, that even one of its most accomplished leaders could not read of the pure sisterly friendship of a holy woman for her brother's lifelong brother in occult research without descending to the grovelling thought of a sensual relationship, must be but a herd of swine. And still that same leader wonders that we do not come to his study and prove we are not fictions of a mad fancy !

No. 4 is your story about Thekla—rewritten—I only hope it is quite true—and that when it gets round to Russia as it is sure to do, that people *will* confirm and not contradict.

There is a preface in big type which anyone who likes may suppose to be written by the Brothers—or by you or the President, saying that these letters though by no means entirely free from errors and misconceptions are yet published as throwing some light upon difficulties which have been felt by many interested in Theosophy. The proofs will come to you in due course—strengthen the defence if you or they can—don't attempt to weaken the attack—the strongest position is always gained, by putting out *yourself* all that can possibly be said against you.

By the way how many copies should be printed of the Bengali translation of the *Ladies Rules* etc. Sinnett only printed 100 of the English and there appear to be none left now ! It is no use printing more of the Bengali rules than are likely to be of use—but I think 100 too few. Please tell me how many—I am paying for the printing of this, and S. K. Chatterjee who is

[1] This passage is scored through in red ink in the original by M.—Ed.

going down to Calcutta—and who has taken great pains with the translation, will see it through the press, and I have to write to him there to say how many copies, so *please, don't forget to answer sharp, how many copies.*

Chatterjee is a very clever fellow but though he does not disbelieve in spiritualism, or spiritual science, I can't get him to swallow the Brothers nohow! I have just sent him on Olcott's letter and Ramaswamier's certificate with Morier's postcript—to the effect that you are all dzing dzing. Most people are dzing dzing in the opinion of the illustrious.

If they *don't* exist ***what a novel writer you would make!*** (9[4]) You certainly make your characters very consistent. When is our dear old Christ—I mean K. H., again to appear on the scene—he is quite our favourite actor (9[8])—well I suppose they know their own business best, but humanly speaking they make a mistake in crippling my energies by leaving me without any certainty of their existence, and thus harassing me with doubts whether I may not be preaching doctrines which however pure in themselves may be founded on a fraud—and which if so founded can never ***do any good***—by doubts whether I am not wickedly wasting my time and brains over a chimera, time and energies that I might devote to some humbler but possibly truer and more good producing cause (9[9]). However I engaged for one year—and during that shall do all I can, honestly and fairly—but if within that period I can acquire no certainty I shall retire from the Society feeling that true or false, it is no truth for me. I shall not give up the life (10) for that imperfectly perhaps as I may as yet have succeeded in living it, commends itself wholly to me—but I shall withdraw from the Society; if founded on truth I shall at least have done it some good by all I have written and done—if not so, I cannot have done much harm and I have not so far as I know gone beyond what I do believe.

You will say that this is nicely complimentary [to] you—but between you and I there must be no euphemisms if put into a witness box to-morrow. I *could* swear, that as at present advised —I *believe* you to be a perfectly true woman—but I could not swear that the whole story about the Brothers was not a fiction, though I could swear that on the whole I *believed* it to be more likely to be true than false.

Sinnett however—lucky fellow, has no shade of doubt—and with his *conviction*—position and abilities he will be a tower of strength to you—and to Theosophy—so that I shall have less compunction in washing my hands of the business than I should have had were you left without a champion in the hands of the Philistines.

I shall take up Terry's letter next and see what I can make of it. I have not had time to consider it yet properly.

I wish you would put me in communication with your Triplicane Pundit, and induce him to favour me with a few more letters like that last. If I had only had that before I wrote that Fragments!

Love to Olcott.

Ever yours affectionately,

A. O. HUME.

(1) Who refuse to send their portrait-photos to illustrate the forthcoming revised and corrected edition of Hume's "Essays on Miracles."

(2) So there is. But great intellectuality does not always go hand in hand with great discernment of right and wrong.

(3) Quite so. There are natures also so much psychologised with their own eloquence, so completely subjugated by their own great oratorial powers that they are the first to fall under the charm. Mr. Hume will as easily bamboozle himself *into* as *out* of any belief, provided he is allowed to take all the points *himself*.

(4) Yes—but at what a price!

(5) *Hypocrisy* is not always "the necessary burden of villainy—" but often the outcome of vain coquetry with one's own nature. The inner Hume assuming attitudes before the mirror of the outer Hume.

(6) He is mistaken—*he does not*.

(7) Never for those who know her well.

(8) Nor shall we fail to do so when the time comes.

(9[A]) Yes; and what a sculptor and painter she must be as she justly remarked.

(9[B]) The man blasphemes! K. H. will never be an *actor* for the gratification of anyone. Let him doubt it, he will not doubt much longer but soon find out his mistake.

(9[C]) If he has the slightest doubt and yet does so *he is no honest man*.

(10) Let me draw your attention to a sentence in my letter to Scott in which I allude to certain implied threats. The date of Mr. Hume's letter is Jan. 4th. I projected myself before Scott on the 5th and wrote to tell him that I was glad I could do so without appearing to yield to implied threats. Whoever else will see us it will *never* be Mr. Hume. He can retire but Mr. Sinnett need not break with him.

Finally we do not approve in its present form of Mr. Hume's pamphlet. Comparatively few of the members of the Society

occupy themselves with Occult study or believe in our existence. His pamphlet commits the whole body to both. Therein he errs as plainly as Wyld of London in giving out his private views and his preface suggesting us as its authors must but compromise the Society the more.

Your proposal to compile a manual for the instruction of young members is approved by K. H. Consult with Moorad Ali and Olcott. K. H. desires me to say that he has no objection to your bringing out 2nd edition provided you include [in] an appendix and the different proofs that have since accumulated. He desires you to stay here as long as *you possibly can*. He will write through the Disinherited.

M.

LETTER No. CLVII

Original Telegraph Form

To : A. O. Hume :
Rothney Castle, Jakko, Simla.

From : H. P. Blavatsky :
Bombay, Byculla.

SIMLA, 5.9.82.

Our ways not their ways. Brothers may not care but dare not go against oldest rules. Two Chohans Chelas protested and ten more signed Subba Row first. Dangerous experiments.

Letter Written on Back of Above.

DEAR OLD LADY,

Just received this—not sure if I understand it—if the Brothers understand things so little that they allow not only you, but all their Chelas to misconceive wholly alike the purport, spirit and practical bearing of a thing, so that they protest against what they ought to give thanks for—I really think the thing is hopeless—and I give it up—no ship can make anything of a voyage unless the captain knows navigation—his being a great chemist will not help the matter and the great powers and virtues of the Brothers will not help the Society, if they the Captains are so ignorant as this incident seems to indicate of the navigation of the ocean of worldly life. Ta-ta.

Yours ever,

A. O. HUME.

III.—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

LETTER No. CLVIII

71, Broadway, N.Y.,
Augt. 1*st*, 1881.

A. P. Sinnett, Esq.

My dear Sir—and Brother,

I have had great pleasure in reading your *Occult World*, and in this country so far away from India, it has been for me a source of great profit as well as encouragement. I never have had the pleasure of speaking to you, but hope one day I shall; but there is, for me at least, between us a close bond of sympathy in that we both have been in the same current. Although I never had the name given me I have when Mme. Blavatsky was here had the honor of hearing from him ∴ *viva voce*, I mean Koot Hoomi and also from others. And I would give much to see some of the handwriting of those letters to you if it were only one word, because I have a handwriting here in a certain blue material with which I would like to compare it.

You certainly have been exceptionally honored, and why, they must have some reason. While H. P. B. was here, they came many and many a time and spoke with Olcott and myself. But their identity was secure because neither of us at that time could pierce the wall of matter and see the true occupant. We had to depend entirely upon changes of expression.

I thank you for the book; it will be so much on the way, and will aid to establish the counter current now so much needed. For myself it serves to keep vivid and green the facts I once witnessed and which time perhaps might without it, render weak and maybe incredible.

I am, fraternally yours,
because "there is a spirit in man."

William Q. Judge,
N.Y. Rec. Secy. T. S.

LETTER No. CLIX

Feby. 5, 1886.

My dear H. P. B.,

So they have *reported* on you. You are a corpse. You are squelched, you are a mere Mahatma fabrication. But they

praise you too, for you must ever remain the chief, the most interesting, the hugest, the most marvellous and the most able impostor and organiser of great movements, who has appeared in any age either to bless or to curse it. Not Cagliostro had such honour as this! Well you deserve honour; I only wish it were not accompanied by such vile lies and trash as they put on you. You revisit these glimpses of the moon, and these madmen forthwith assail you and while they admit you have no motive they will not if they can help it permit you to do the great work which without you, might have waited longer yet for its beginning.

I shall have written before you get this a letter to the *Boston Index* which reprinted the report. You must have observed that Hodgson has left me out. And yet I am an important factor. I was there. I examine all, I had all in charge, and *I say there was no aperture* behind the shrine. Then as to letters from ∴ you know I have many that came to me which *resemble my writing.* How will they explain that? Did I delude myself? And so on.

You can rely on me at this point for all the help that may be thought necessary. You will remember that I was at Enghien with you the day of one of the phenomena. They did not get those times when I got letters from the postman with messages inside. I have here some old letters, and one of them relates to the cremation of De Palme.

But people here are not distressed by this report. They see that truth runs through our whole movement and they are not so hidebound by reports and authority as in other places.

Gebhard is my pupil! He and I have been crowding the mourners, and in Boston and Cincinnati great interest is growing. They find me back from India still a believer and still explaining away what they call your "impostures."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Forbes Waters of Boston, have returned to the field. I reinitiated them the other night. They control many intellectual people and we expect to do something in Boston, great. We had meetings there night after night and you can imagine them plying poor Gebhard with questions who referred to me when they desired to know all the laws of Occultism, the residences of Mahatmas, how they appear, all the fine "ramifications" of Karma etc. etc. Well, as they know nothing the little I do know seemed much to them. By the time they find themselves with the same amount of knowledge perhaps I will have acquired more.

Now as to me will you ask ∴ if there be anything to say to me. I work all the time. How does he explain the meaning of his message through you that I "showed intuition by leaving

India" ? If you do not care to bother with [it,] it will not make any difference. If 10 years have not made any change certainly failure to get this will not.

As ever yours,
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

LETTER No. CLX [1]

Mar. 22, 1886.

DEAR H. P. B.,

I called on Bouton the other day and arranged that henceforth he should send you the money in regular drafts on London, easy to cash.

The explanation of the ***Holloway*** matter is, that you in 1884, appointed her your attorney and agent in writing to attend to Bouton. When she came back she employed a lawyer, and thus so far as that is concerned you are bound by your own acts. I thoroughly agree with what you say about her.

I understand that she ***is writing a book on the theosophical movement, to be embellished with pictures. She is great on catching the passing emotions of the people, for a sale.***

Now will you do me the favour of sending me an authoritative letter stating that you do not send ambiguous telegrams to W. Q. J., and that any such message to have any effect on W. Q. J. will contain a sign he will understand. For some person has been sending me telegrams from various parts of U.S. signed "***H. P. B.***" with ridiculous orders in them. The last was the other day from Baltimore reading "Your enemy is a woman; now as then she has betrayed you. Now you know why the Master did not cure you in India. H. P. B." **(! !)** I cannot place it. I do not connect ***L. C. Holloway with it.*** Can you give me any light. **(I don't know !)**

I shall certainly expect from you an article for my Magazine, *The Path*. It is going to create a buzz here, and if H. P. B. redivivus appeared there, great benefit would result to the Cause. This journal will help the *Theosophist* and all theos. literature. So look kindly on it and take higher advice.

The "*Oregon*" sunk off this coast the other day and I think had some letters of mine on board.

I will write again soon regarding Bouton and duly inform you.

Your Secret Doctrine ought to be protected here. As you are an American citizen that can be done. ***Have Sinnett attend to that from his side.*** If you do not he may neglect it.

[1] The passages printed in bold type are comments in H. P. B.'s handwriting; those printed in bold type italics have been underlined by her.—ED.

The Mohini affair is not good. I do not know the facts and refrain from any judgment. *Is he at fault?*

Can't understand Babajee unless in carrying out orders to suppress phenomena he has erred in his method. I notice he does NOT say you are in with Dugpas. But that accusation about money is the *most reprehensible part of it.*

Well I stick to what I do know and let the rest slide.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q.

Persecutions and trials are now beginning in America. Poor Judge and poor Coues. May Masters help them!

H. P. B.

Send me back both those letters.

IV.—T. SUBBA ROW

LETTER No. CLXI [1]

TRIPLICANE, MADRAS,
3rd February, 1882.

To Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

RESPECTED MADAME,

I thank you for your letter of the 28th ultimo. I think it is highly desirable that you should come here, if circumstances permit, by the time Colonel Olcott comes here from Calcutta. No doubt, I individually am very anxious to see you; but that is not the important reason for asking you to come here. Though no Branch Theosophical Association has yet been established here, there are a good many gentlemen here who sincerely sympathise with your aims and objects and who would be very glad to see you. They know very little of Colonel Olcott except what they have gleaned from his public speeches. But your "Isis Unveiled" has made a very strong impression on their minds. I have already informed some of these gentlemen that Col. Olcott would be coming here before the end of this month and they have earnestly asked me to write to you requesting you to come here also. I am very glad to hear that you have almost succeeded in converting Mr. R. Raghunatha Row to theosophy. He is a man of very strong convictions and an earnest seeker of truth and he is likely to prove very useful in course of time, in promoting the cause of theosophy. There are, I believe, some Europeans also, here, who are very anxious to see you. Please see therefore, if you cannot spare a few days to gratify the expectations of these gentlemen.

To tell you the truth, *it is* my "sincere belief" that India has not yet lost its adepts and its "INEFFABLE NAME"—the lost Word! India is *not* yet spiritually dead though it is fast dying. We *still have* even men amongst us—secure from the molestation of haughty British officials and impertinent missionaries, in dark mountain caves and trackless impenetrable forests—those who

[1] The passages in bold type are comments in the handwriting of Mahatma M.; those in bold type italics have been underlined by M.—ED.

have almost reached the shores of the ocean of Nirvana. We *still have* the clue in our hands to understand the teaching of our old Rishis and the doctrines of every other system of Philosophy which has sprung up from the Ancient Wisdom Religion. And I venture to affirm (though you may doubt it) we *still have* the clue to find out the "LOST FORMULA," if it is indeed already lost. This is not a vain boast, I assure you. *The real truth will come to light when the proper time arrives for it.* ***It should be strongly impressed on the minds of the English theosophists that these men are not very anxious to get their existence recognised by them.*** It is of very little importance to them whether India is governed well or ill by English officials, whether natives are treated with haughty contempt by Europeans or not, and whether the truth of Yoga Vidya is admitted by modern sceptics or not. They have, I believe, adopted every conceivable precaution to conceal their existence. It is only to sincere believers in Yoga Vidya and the existence of Adepts that these stern mystics are accessible. Even if an English theosophist like Mr. Hume were to catch hold of one of these men by accident, he will soon put his philosophy to the proof. His external appearance will be revolting to the refined taste of an English gentleman. *Apparently*—his behaviour will be that of a madman or an idiot, and he will talk unintelligible nonsense *purposely* to drive away the visitor.

If, however, the visitor still believes that the *madman* before him is an adept, the mystic will certainly ask him to give up his family, wealth and position, clothe himself in rags and follow him into the midst of the forest before he consents to have him as his chela. Is there a single English Theosophist who is prepared to do so?

But, it is *almost impossible*, Madame, to induce any of these mystics to come before the public and clear the doubts which the sceptics entertain as regards the reality of Yoga Vidya and the existence of Adepts. I am afraid they cannot be persuaded to do as much, at least even as Koot Hoomi and M. have done already for the English theosophists: and the reason for it is not far to seek. The Himalayan Adepts are *not* afraid that they would be in any way molested by Englishmen if their existence is known to them. But the Adepts in India are I suspect, ***really afraid that if their existence is known to the public there would be an end to their peaceful Samadhi and seclusion.***

Not physically "afraid" but justly fearing to see their secure retreats desecrated and themselves surrounded by an antipathetic crowd.

It will take some time before these mystics can be asked to do anything for the theosophists.

I do not know *to which* you are referring in your letter when you say that one of the two adepts in India whom you know is not far from me now.

The little of occultism that still remains in India is centred in this Madras Presidency; and this fact you will be able to find out for yourself in course of time. The great revival of Yoga Vidya in the time of our great Sankarachariar had its origin in this part of India; and from that time up to the present day, Southern India never had the misfortune of being deserted *by all its initiates.* As the few initiates that still remain here *cannot* live in small communities as your Himalyan Adepts do, they are, therefore, living as solitary hermits in a few sacred places in this Presidency.

We can in course of time, adopt some ritualistic system of Initiation for the IInd Section; and I do not see any reason why we should not be able in future to have a certain amount of systematic occult training for those who are admitted into the said Section. I shall lay before you hereafter my scheme for doing so. I shall be very glad to see this section in future as a section composed of *real initiates* acting under the instructions given by the Adepts of the Ist Section.[1]

One might do worse than consult the young man about the proposed manual also.

M.

LETTER No. CLXII[2]

TRIPLICANE, MADRAS,
10*th August*, 1882.

To Madam H. P. Blavatsky, etc. etc. etc.

RESPECTED MADAM,

On account of heavy professional work I have been unable to send you a reply to your letter of the 1st inst. up to this time, and now I heartily thank you for your kind letter and the photo you were good enough to send me. I have forgotten to inform you in my last letter that I had already despatched a reply to Mr. Hume. Of course, I said nothing in my answer about "giving him a place in my heart" or about his sympathy and kindness toward my countrymen; nor did I say anything about his coming here.

[1] This letter is unsigned, but it is in the writing of T. Subba Row.—ED.

[2] Passages in bold type are comments by K.H.; those in bold type italics have been underlined by him.—ED.

(So deep is the prejudice you see, that he will hardly believe M. or myself, when we *assure him* of your sincerity.) *

*** (I have erased the sentence for I have no right to place him in a false position. He *does not know you*.)**

It will not be a very easy thing to make me believe that any Englishman can really be induced to labour for the good of my countrymen without having any other motive but sincere feeling and sympathy towards them. For the sake of M. and K. H. and for your sake, I consented to help Mr. Hume and Mr. Sinnett in their occult studies.

Under present circumstances, the assistance of some influential Englishman is certainly necessary for the Cause. Hindus are as yet, helpless, dispirited, disorganised and almost stupified by their own misfortunes. The countenance and support of some men at least of the ruling race seem to be absolutely necessary for initiating any movement or reform. Nevertheless it is quite clear to my mind, that the real work of reform or regeneration must be commenced by Hindus themselves. But until the people are roused up from their present condition of lethargy, we must somehow or other pull on with the few Englishmen we have got. But there are formidable difficulties in our way. These gentlemen do not consent to obtain occult knowledge in the way in which ordinary chelas do. If one or two of them whom the Brothers may be pleased to select were to go to Tibet as other chelas do and acquire some knowledge of Occult Science in the manner permitted and prescribed by the rules of the Himalayan or Tibetan brotherhood, come back to this wretched world when they are allowed to do so, and preach to their own countrymen and labour for the good of humanity, there would be no difficulty in the matter. But now the Brothers cannot teach them as the chelas in Tibet are taught. Some things only are to be revealed to them ; and it is very difficult to draw a very clear line of demarcation between that which can be taught to them and that which cannot be taught, so long as they are not proper candidates for initiation. Besides, the conditions under which Occult Science is to be taught now are quite different from the conditions under which it was taught in former times. In ancient times the ordinary multitude had implicit confidence in their initiates and Rishis. They never asked for reasons for any of the truths revealed to them ; and the Rishis never cared to demonstrate the truth of their teachings according to the formal rules of logic. A student of Occult Science generally realises the truth of his Guru's teaching by actual *perception*, and not by assuring himself that his Guru's *reasoning* is correct. But now, Madam, the attitude of the student and the enquirer is altogether different. Every proposition, however plain it may be,

must be supported by reasons thrown into the proper syllogistic form before it can be accepted by those who are supposed to have received the so-called liberal education. If a Guru for instance, were to tell his disciple that he should not commit murder or theft, the disciple is sure to turn round and ask him " Well sir, what are your reasons for saying so." Such is the attitude of modern mind, and you can see that it is so from Bentham's works.

Under such circumstances, you may very easily perceive how difficult it is to give reasons for any of the truths (they are mere *assertions* to sceptics) of occult science. Suppose I tell Mr. Hume that an adept can project his astral body to any place which he may wish to see, he is sure to turn round and ask me " How do you know it ? How can you prove it ? " In the case of an adept teaching his chela, he will either prove his proposition by actually projecting his astral body to any particular spot or by teaching him the practical method of doing it himself. Supposing these two ways of proving the statement are not open to you, see, how difficult it will be to give *a priori* reasons in support of the proposition in question. Such reasons, even if given can never be satisfactory to one acquainted only with the methods of reasoning and proof adopted in the so-called modern Science ; hence arises the difficulty of teaching Occult Science to men in the position of Mr. Hume and Sinnett. And in my case the difficulty is considerably enhanced for two reasons :—

(1) *Because I do not dare* show a thing of Occult Science *practically*, and (2) Because **You now see what he fears. Promise him in writing *not to question him* or press him to answer your questions about us and he will give you instructions with pleasure and as you see he is not altogether wrong.**—I am constrained to act as if I did not know the Brothers when I really only refused to speak about them. Hence there is some danger of these people getting disappointed in course of time and relapsing into their former state of scepticism, if there is no danger of their turning out our enemies when they find that *practical* instruction will not be given to them. It was for these reasons that I was very reluctant to undertake the work of instructing them in our ancient philosophy and science. ***But as M. and K. H. have asked me to do so, I cannot but obey their commands ; and I am fully prepared to do my best in the matter.*** But the danger which I expect in future will very soon overtake us if Mr. Hume comes here and sees me personally.

(1) From my present mode of life **(a pleader)** he is sure to think that I cannot be a proper chela of the Mahatmas.

(2) He is sure to ask me one thousand and one questions about the Brothers ; and then I will be forced to tell him that I would

not be permitted to answer such questions. He may naturally say, "*well, this is not giving me practical instruction; I am merely asking for some information; you see I am living according to the directions given me, and what harm is there in giving me some information about the Mahatmas when I am your brother theosophist.*" **And you are sure to say so.**

(3) Day and night I shall have to give him facts and explanations which may or may not satisfy him (you know very well how he was arguing with M. about P. G.) or tell him plainly I will not tell him anything more etc. etc. etc.

Anyhow the matter will not come to any satisfactory conclusion.

I thank you sincerely for your kind advice and I shall try my best not to deviate from the course pointed out to me. But, Madame, you are certainly magnifying me and my abilities. As for adeptship, I know very well how far I am from it. I have not heard up to this time that any one placed in my position has ever succeeded in becoming an adept. ***Even practically I know very little of our Ancient Arcane Science.*** **This is not quite so. He knows enough for any of you.** My notions about it are to a considerable extent vague and hazy. They are all so many dreams which may or may not be verified hereafter. It is a great misfortune to India that under such circumstances I should be considered its only "plank of salvation." I am no doubt fully determined to do what I can for Theosophy and my country up to the end of my life time. Your disinterested labours for the good of my country imperatively demand such assistance from me and from every other Hindu who loves his own country. It is enough for me to know that one of our Illustrious Brothers has been kind enough to notice me and render me some assistance.

Please ask Colonel Olcott to send a telegraph beforehand to Mr. Raghunatha Row and to myself informing us of the date on which he would come here. And I hope you will be pleased to do the same thing in case you should find it convenient to come here. We cannot permit you to come here as mere strangers. Some of the most prominent members of the native community will, I am sure, welcome you on your arrival here.

Why not consult him.

I thank you for your information regarding the book I wanted concerning the Great Pyramid of Egypt. There is some mysterious connection between the plan on which it was constructed and our Esoteric Sruchakram. But you have not yet informed me whether the information which I received regarding your . . .[1]

[1] The remainder of this letter is missing.—Ed.

LETTER No. CLXIII [1]

ADYAR (MADRAS), INDIA.

. . . you to this country and giving you an unmistakable assurance of their allegiance and Esteem, will be in your hands. You need not be surprised at the absence of Mr. Muthuswamy Chittiar's signature from the said communication. He did not sign it, not because he had any doubts about phenomena or your honesty, but because he had ceased to be a member of the Board, from its very commencement, as from domestic afflictions his own morose temper and other causes he came to the conclusion that he should not take any active part in the affairs of the Society.

Mr. Raghunatha Row's signature is there; and I am very sorry that you are so much disgusted with Hindoos in general on account of his hasty resignation. Let me inform you, Madame, that belief in Madame C.'s statements is not the principal reason by which he was actuated in doing so. ***He was offended at some remarks of a personal nature made by Dr. Hartman and Mr. Lane Fox within his hearing.*** Madame C.'s statements might have disturbed his mind a little, but you must kindly remember that even Colonel Olcott, who is not a *Hindoo*, and who has had, besides, the advantage of knowing you and the Mahatmas for a long time has also been misled by the woman's allegations. If you recall to your mind the past history of the Association you will perhaps be able to see, if the excitement of the moment were to subside a little, that more harm has been done to the Society by Europeans than by Hindoos. Please kindly read Damodar's letter fully before you come to the conclusion that the Hindoo nation should be denounced on account of the momentary folly of a single Hindoo.

For the foregoing reasons I see no objection whatever to your coming here and I hope you will not come to the conclusion that you can now safely give up your work in India or postpone your arrival here indefinitely.

The Society cannot afford to lose you. As for myself I feel very lonely and miserable in your absence, and I hope you will soon let us know the date of your starting as soon as possible. After receiving the orders of *our* Master, I think it will be advisable to send Colonel Olcott here a few days in advance. You may enter into the contract referred to in your letter with the Russian paper. You will have plenty of leisure even after coming here to write to the Russian papers as there will be many contributors to the *Theosophist*.

Our prospects here are not at all gloomy in spite of Madame C.'s residence at Mylapur.

Yours sincerely,

T. SUBBA ROW.

[1] This letter incomplete.—ED.

LETTER No. CLXIV

TRIPLICANE, MADRAS,
16th August, 1882.

To MAHATMA
KOOTHOOMI LAL SINGH, etc., etc., etc.

HONOURED SIR,

Mr. Hume informs me in his reply to the letter which I addressed to him in accordance with your instructions, that, in as much as I am not in a position to come to Simla, he intends coming here to see me and to study the Ancient Aryan philosophy with my assistance. However willing I may be to render him such assistance as he requires in this matter as far as it lies in my power, I cannot fail to see that his coming here will not in any way be more advantageous to him than merely corresponding with me from Simla, though it may cause me some amount of inconvenience. All that I can teach him here, he can learn from my communications sent to Simla. I need hardly say that I can never teach him the whole mystery of our ancient science and philosophy as I do not know the whole of it myself. And even if I am in possession of some of the Secrets which are revealed only to initiates and proper candidates for initiation, I shall not be permitted to communicate such secrets to him either orally or by any other means of communication. Moreover, in my present condition I have very little time for my own investigations in Our Ancient Arcane Science and I am afraid I shall not be able to spare even two hours a week for giving him instructions in Occult Science, even if he takes the trouble of coming here. For obvious reasons, I cannot sit with him in my closet and I will be under the necessity of going to the place where he may put up. In addition to this, his arrival here for my sake is likely to produce an impression on the minds of my friends and acquaintances that I am a proficient in Occult Science; and almost every day, I shall have to deal with a concourse of idle visitors, enquirers and curiosity-seekers and waste my time in answering their questions, if the public were to entertain any such belief. I beg to request, therefore, you will be kind enough to give such advice to Mr. Hume, in this matter, as you may deem proper under the circumstances. If Mr. Hume desires to see me in my material form, he can conveniently come here after the removal of the Head Quarters of the Theosophical Association to this place, and have the satisfaction of seeing me if that can be of any use to him.

I beg to remain,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
T. SUBBA ROW.

V.—H. S. OLCOTT

LETTER No. CLXV[1]

H. P. B.

THE Hume—Niblett—Adityaram—Lane-Fox—Salzu party now make their opening move. My belief is that their " Karma " will not hurt us—nor help them. They can't break our hold upon the nation. Their paper may get a small circulation among Anglo-Indians and a much smaller one among natives, and after a while die out. Their notion would probably be to give us a few hundred rupees or perhaps a thousand or two, but seeing that it already gives an average profit of Rs. 200 per month, that would be no object to us. If L. F. will wait to get your answer the VIIth vol. will be fairly launched before any sale could be effected anyhow, even though we should be ready to come to terms. Do you think now that Dr. H. has anything to do with this scheme ? And that they count upon him as Editor ? Send me at once your answer, that I may add mine and send it to L. F.

Tell dear Bowaji that all has gone right so far and I shall finish my long tour on the 1st Oct. and reach home. We will have many delegates this year—but little money to entertain them.

LETTER No. CLXVA

Copy.

Sep. 7th, '85.

DEAR COL. OLCOTT,

I have been asked by some friends to assist in the issue at Allahabad of a new journal under the title of " Karma." Now as it appears to me very desirable to avoid anything like rivalry or competition with the *Theosophist* I have thought that it might be possible to enter into some arrangement by which the *Theosophist* could be purchased by the new journal without the Supplement or Journal of the T.S. It is proposed that the new journal should be published at a much lower rate than the *Theosophist* so as to obtain a wider circulation.

If you think the scheme at all feasible (sic) I should be glad to hear your views on the subject. If an arrangement was (sic)

[1] Letters CLXV, A and B are all in Col. Olcott's writing.—ED.

come to and you thought it best there would be no need to make the transaction public.

Yours very truly,
(*Sd.*) St. G. Lane Fox.

LETTER No. CLXVb

Copy.

H. S. O.'s Reply.

Secunderabad,
16/9/85.

Dear Mr. Lane Fox,

Yours of the 7th inst. has just reached me.

Your proposal to buy the *Theosophist* is so serious an one that I should not be willing to give you an answer before consulting Madam Blavatsky, whose interest in it you know. I shall therefore send on your note by the outgoing mail and—if you will kindly give me a permanent address—communicate her decision and my own in due course.

Yours, etc.,
H. S. Olcott

LETTER No. CLXVI [1]

Private.

You remember Subba Row's great project for a national Adwaita Society to be secretly moved by certain Initiates and to be fathered by Sancaracharya, the High Priest, and act in harmony with the Theosophical Society; well it has just been born, meetings have been held, rules have been drafted, Sancaracharya's Presidency is agreed to by him, some 400 or 500 Pundits alone in this Presidency will join. Money is offered to put up a lecture Hall in Madras with Adwaita Preachers going all over India. Subba Row means to work it so that it will strengthen existing Theosophical Societies, T.S. Branches, and hatch new ones where there are none—so you see he is especially anxious that there should be no new scandals or rows in connection with the T.S. for fear Sancaracharya (an Initiate) and the whole orthodox party should get frightened and set themselves to break us up.

Now do keep quiet, for God's sake do keep cool—*you know* who Sancaracharya is ! ! !

We shall get things around after a while so that you can return with honour.

Copy *Private.* (*Signed*) Olcott.

[1] Written to H. P. B.—Ed.

LETTER No. CLXVII

ADYAR,
19 *Jan.*, '86

DEAR CHUM,

You may send the MSS. in instalments: Subba Row will go over it with Oakley and it will be returned to you. He asked if he should be free to add or amend, to which I answered of course, it was for that he was requested to edit it. He then consented.

I have thought of a better plan than the others for publishing. Thick volumes like "Isis" are too heavy to hold for reading and too expensive for poor people; the issue in monthly parts makes a constant nuisance of posting, collecting money, buying money orders etc. There is also the risk of having a lot of broken sets left on your hands by many subscribers taking 2, 3, 4 or a half-dozen parts and then stopping, while we, counting on their continuing, print whole sets for them, and find ourselves with that number of odd parts that can't be sold and are only fit to use as packing for book parcels or to sell for old paper. My idea is to split the entire work into *four* volumes, each half as thick as a volume of "Isis," to issue them (as Herbert Spencer does his works) seriatim, at what will be a moderate cost when paid for separately, and in the first volume to put a "Table of Contents" showing what Vols. I, II, III and IV are to contain. This will induce the subscriber or buyer of Vol. I to buy all the others. To do this, you must have (*a*) a skeleton plot of the whole book; (*b*) the matter so arranged as to progressively lead the reader on to the end; (*c*) and no recurring to a topic after it is once passed: should you think of anything important later, it may be added in a Supplement, with references back in each case to the vol. and pp. when the subject was discussed. In short to do the very opposite of what we did in "Isis," which was a sort of literary rag-bag, with contents higgledy-piggledy.

Now another thing. Subba Row is getting keen on a collation of Indian and Egyptian esoteric philosophy and symbolism. He has broken ground in "The Virgin of the World." A. K. and E. M. have—of course—sent a rejoinder that will go in next month, and this has stirred him up to replying. He keeps coming here and always asks for books which deal with Egyptian Mythology etc. Now do this: through Borj, or Twitit B: or Ill: or someone, arrange to organise at Cairo a couple like Subba Row and Oakley, who would keep in regular correspondence with these two, and exchange ideas, questions, and answers. S. R. is laziness and selfishness incarnate but with anybody to do the writing and plodding he will talk *ad libitum*. Now Maspero is anxious to

make just such a correspondence, but he is too thundering busy. If there were an Oakley there to go at him, hunt up the books he would indicate, and write the letters, enormously good results would follow all around, for Maspero would put it all in his books and Reports, and we would put it into the *Th.* and books. Would Gregoire d'Elias be any good? I think not. Would Isurenus B. help you?

Another thing: Begin putting away in a stocking shillings, francs, and thalers, towards paying your expenses here in case the coast becomes clear between this and Oct. or Nov. and you are ordered to come. I shall do the same. I have just repaid the Rs. 750 lent to Mary upon my guarantee, but little by little I shall scrape all I can towards your return tickets. The *Th.* circulation is slowly creeping up to its usual figure and probably we will all end the year at that. The book sales are also increasing. But the rupee is worth only 1/6 now and daily going lower. What it will end in no one knows. I am sending £50 to London this week to buy paper for the *Th.* and shall have to pay about Rs. 13.8.0 or 14.0.0 for each pound. This is awful. If enough money is not paid into the bank by Fanny A. for subs. etc. to meet my monthly cheques to you, I shall have to buy at the same or even dearer rates to keep up your supplies. So think twice before buying perfumes and other gim-cracks. Keep your cash for bread.

Hartmann writes that he has "received instruction through an occult source that my going to Ceylon or India *at present* would only be followed by disappointment," so he is not coming. Thank the 33 crores of gods, their wives, and families for *that*! Now I take L—to see how he will rub on with them. He is simply a village curate out on a "bust" and never will expand beyond that. As for the qualification of statesmanship—i altro! However, as an ex-Padri he will pass there, and he certainly will not be scheming to upset the T.S. and found a new Dispensation.

Hume will probably leave us alone now. He has his heart's desire in being Boss-General in Native politics and is humbugging them with sweetness as he did us. He got together about a 100 Delegates at the Bombay "National Congress" and one fine day will leave them all sitting in the mud while he walks off with band playing and colours flying to do some fresh deviltry. But meanwhile he will have helped Indian evolution, as he did with us. Von Wiber sailed for Cal. yesterday charmed with the T.S. and everything. He sends home glowing reports. I shall have him helped all through India and then across America by our Branches. He writes for the Berlin *Tageblatt*, which goes to all the aristocracy of Germany and is quoted all over Europe.

Our Dwaita Cat[m]. is finished, and Sreenevas R. is now getting a certificate from some leading man of that sect to go with it. The Vishishthadvaita comes next. When the Sansk. Library is finished I mean to issue a host of useful handbooks, compiled from the Shastras, about religion, philosophy, sciences, arts, etc. Don't you think this will do the T.S. a lot of good ?

Bhawani will stop here for several months to get himself up in Sansk.

I wrote Selin last week.

I know the scandal about Mohini : he has behaved like a soft fool. Your "Mrs. Potiphar" theory is capital. *If* he has not really played the goose and manufactured a Eurasian. Alas ! poor Mademoiselle Theosophie, how thy lovers do compromise thee—ange guardienne ! What a d—l of a constitution must thou not have ! My respectable colleague, *are* there any more soiled petticoats to be washed in front of the Chateau Grundy ? If so let us have them all out at once and empty the buck-basket.

D'Assier has given me authority to translate and annotate his "Humanité Posthume." I hope to do it in Ceylon at odd times. I am also, with Dr. Cook's help going to get out a "Handbook of Psychometry." Lord ! If I had nothing else to do, what a lot of useful books I could get out.

Send the S. D. MSS. to Oakley's address, as I sail for Colombo on the 25th and shall be absent 3 months. Until late in April letters addressed to me simply at Colombo P.O. will reach me there.

Love to the Countess and all friends.

Affy. Yours,

H. S. O.

LETTER No. CLXVIII [1]

COLOMBO,
15th February, '86.

DEAR CORNELIA GRACIHUSJI (? !),

Such a showing around of private letters that were meant to be kept secret, I never heard of in my life before ! Mine to Hübbe and the Gebhards, to Hoffman, and others ; my letter to the L.L. intended to brace up our Branches at a crisis and sent by Mrs. Cavell to a N.Y. paper ! Leadbeater's to Sinnett or Miss A. ; and now yours to Mme. de Morsier about "Mme. Potiphar." Well, hang me, but I'm tempted sometimes to vow that I'll never write another letter save for print. However, perhaps it's just as well that the hidden things in the heart should be cleared out

[1] Passages in bold type are comments by H. P B. ; those in bold type italics have been underlined by her.—ED.

and make the necessary row, for the storm will always clear the air.

So A. P. S. is bent on giving you another perhaps sharper squeeze of the thumb-screw, by printing a Defence pamphlet.* * He has become mighty prudent *now!*! I wish you joy of your pamphlets and articles, and devil's rows: *You can never be satisfied without being mixed up in one*, (?) and I believe the very agony they cause is an agreeable episode to you—more so, at any rate, than silence, quiet, and steady work. Gang your gait then; but since every sensible man in the T.S. abhors its being mixed up in commotion which at this stage, only do it enormous harm—just do your fighting outside our camp, and take your black eyes and bloody noses like a man. Our "defence" of you shall be done in the only non-lunatic way of solid work, and dignified, passionless action like that of the last Convention. What are all your pamphlets and Memoirs in contrast with the quiet loyalty of the Resolution adopted in December. **Now your pamphlet is *my FAULT!***

The S.P.R. stench threatens to break out here, and Samanyala has been thrown into a great funk about it by Andrew Perera who proves to be a champion of petty motive, having been spewed out by the Colombo T.S. when he played his trump of "resignation" the second time. The H.P. sent for me and I had a long, secret interview with him on Saturday; C. W. L. present and Gomewardene interpreting. The H.P. is a good, but awfully weak-kneed man, and I may have trouble to keep him to the mark when the report gets into circulation here. Fortunately just at the nick of time there arrived here on his way around the world, a certain Mr. Frank Millar of California, who used to be in the War Department (Washington) and later was in my office. So I sent a Com^tte^ of Buddhists to "interview him" as to my antecedents, and he gave a splendid character. Our friends are jubilant thereat. They wrote out, and F. M. certified as accurate, a report of the interview, sent it to the *Observer*—which of course did not print it—and are now sending it to the *Times* (local), the Madras *Mail*, Bombay *Gazette*, and *Mirror*. At a pinch like this every good thing helps, and whatever can be said in favour of either of us strengthens the T.S.

The "New Spiritual Ray" on which poor W. T. Brown is floating now is that Rosicrucian Society of America. Poor chiel! Well I'd rather they were responsible for his mental state than we. It's a great relief to my mind.

Enclosed your cheque for February. Love to all,

Affy. yours,

H. S. O.

LETTER No. CLXIX [1]

. . . your highly *virtuous* Soloviefs and *id omne genus*.

Let the Countess write a good article about the composition of the book: it will be the best advertisement in the world to get such a story in circulation. Let the parallel be drawn between it and "Isis" (in the method of composition) this is better than any mere vulgar phenomena.

I take Leadbeater to Ceylon via Tuticorin, starting hence on the 27th. Letters will probably reach me at Colombo until the latter part of April, when I shall come home and prepare for the Mysore trip. My work this year I intend to be confined to this Presidency and Ceylon.

On the 23rd I am to lecture at the Saidapet Agricultural College on "What is Practical Agriculture?" and *the Principal*, Mr. Robertson *will preside*! "How is that for high?" The 17th, I lecture at Pacheappa's on "National Education" and shall have two very clever Brahman boys of 10 and 12 years chant Vedic hymns—which they do grandly. There will be a crush at the Hall.

I think the Jan. *Theos*. will delight you. To give full currency to the Proceedings I have bound it in as the Jany. Suppt. and it will then go the world over.

I send you the Jany. cheque this time to your own order, as Bowaji is away. If you are mad enough to throw its proceeds away upon silly toys, so much the worse for you. You are great on "S.D.'s" but a flapdoodle about "L.S.D.'s."

Dr. Cook is here and happy. He is translating parts of *Kabbala Denudata* for the *Theos*. Nivaran has gone home for a long visit to his old parents. Bharvani has come to an understanding with his family and they are to stop molesting him. No news from Damodar. Tell me exactly what you know about him, and how much I may repeat. M. visited me on the night of the 17th Dec. (or I visited him?). I asked him if he was satisfied with me. He said in his queer way "I have heard Maha Sahib say he was satisfied"—thus answering me and giving me another most precious information. I burst into tears of joy and "awoke" sobbing. The tremendous strain that had been upon me for 18 months can be appreciated by this. The tightened cord was almost too suddenly relaxed. Since then I have had the heart of a lion in me, and now feel as if I could defy the world to do its worst.

I shall have E. C. watched and sounded and hope things will be propitious for your return this year. So far as the S.D. is concerned I think you will do better to stop quietly at Würzburg, for at the best you will be subjected to great excitement, perhaps

[1] This letter is incomplete.—Ed.

persecution, here. I have got the convention to do the needful in your case, and you may now take your own time about returning.

Besides the Oriental Library scheme I have formed a Modern Library of some 2,000 vols. by massing together the books of the T.S., C.W.L. (some 800 vols.), A.J.C.O., yourself, and myself; arranging them by subjects in departments, and putting them in the new (old occult) room, which I have finished and fitted with shelves "all around." It looks elegant and is a splendid convenience for all of us writers. You will prize it highly. See if you can't get everybody to give books for it. Collect them and send them by steamer when you have a box-full. Love to Countess.

Yours,

H. S. O.

Baron Wiber is charmed with everything and thinks the T.S. a wonder of wonders. I have sent him to look at the Castle!

LETTER No. CLXX

COLOMBO: CEYLON.
2 *March*, 1886.

DEAR COUNTESS,

I can only send you a few words in acknowledgement of your several recent letters. I am convalescing from a severe attack of fever and have to use an amanuensis.

The terrible scene you witnessed at Elberfeld with Babajee was the outbreak of an epileptomania that had been developing in him since even before he left for Europe. His nervous excitable temperament was terribly strained by the excitements of 1884, and his most unwise departure with H. P. B. inevitably resulted in the maniacal scene in question. If you will simply consult any standard work in epilepsy and hysteria you will hardly feel like subjecting me or any other gentlemen through the mortifying indignity of applying to a third party for a certificate that he had not acted like a common swindler. Just please exchange places with me and see how you would like that yourself. A half crazy man makes a wild assertion unsupported by proof and incapable of being proved since it does not contain a word of truth, but is the very opposite of the facts, and on the strength of that the innocent accused is called upon to supply written documents in his defence. Why this is monstrous! Your letter could hardly have left you before you received the Convention Report and in it a letter from Prince H. himself flatly giving the lie to the childish accusations brought against us. Naturally I am now waiting for your further advices before taking any other step. I value your opinion sufficiently to keep it at almost any cost of self sacrifice,

and if after reading the Prince's letter you still say you wish me to address him I am ready even to do that. But do not be surprised if his reply show so clearly the unnecessary and cruel indignity put upon me as to make you sorry that you should have ever listened to that poor boy's ravings as charges of serious import.

The Pondicherry project is utterly impracticable. When H. P. B. quits Europe it must be for India and Adyar. I am giving the matter my most serious thought.

Miss Leonard has appealed to me for redress, and I have sent her a quieting letter to suggest that she should allow me to arbitrate the case and keep it out of the Courts. Should she do this it will [be] best for all concerned. H. P. B. has unquestionably involved herself legally in this matter.

My head is too bad to go on further so I must close with thanks for your constant attention to myself and your unremitting and unselfish devotion to H. P. B.

Affy. Yours,
H. S. Olcott.

LETTER No. CLXXI

Colombo,
17—3—86.

Dear Chum,

I should have sent your cheque by last mail, but was away lecturing. I now enclose it.

I have *not* lost the Gebhards—your apprehensions notwithstanding—nor shall I. Selin seems to have hurt us badly when Hübbe felt forced to resign so as to save the "Sphinx." However, it can't be helped, and we must do the best we can under the circumstances.

I think you should bring both Mohini and Bowaji when you return home. I am not willing to leave them in Europe all alone: neither is strong enough to stand it. They will only bring scandal upon the T.S. in the long run by their indiscretion. As for Bowaji, his mental constitution will not bear the excitement any longer. The best medicine for him is perfect retirement for some considerable time. I have begun thinking of necessary arrangements in advance of your coming. When I get back I shall have your roof reconstructed and the room made habitable. To avoid the annoyance of being obliged to make constant trips from my bungalow to your upstairs quarters I shall convert the little patch of a verandah outside the library (the old occult room!) into an office for myself and only sleep at my bungalow. The Library is a most splendid convenience for all of us writers, and it also serves for Council Meetings and for Subba Row's semi-weekly philosophical

"conversations," for which a private place is required. With Oakley's, L.'s, the T.S.'s, mine, and your books we get a collection of over a thousand volumes, accessible to those who write for the *Theos*. You, Oakley, Dr. Cook, and I will then be on the one floor, within easy reach of each other.

The one thing that distresses me is to know how to provide against your expenses. We no longer have the income to allow as much or more to be spent on your establishment as on the whole maintenance of the staff, as it used to be. We are all—Europeans and Hindus—living on not more than an average of Rs. 5 each for food, and there is a feeling in the Society that extravagance must no longer be permitted. You may see the ear-marks of it in the Debate upon the Finance Com.'s Report on the last Conv^{n}. So when you come home just make up your mind that the days of full-swing and the gratification of the least whim are gone forever, and you must either live quietly like the rest of us, or depend upon outside sources for the enjoyment of extras. There is also a grim determination to have no more to do (as the T.S.) with "phenomena," nor to keep the Society in hot water with attacks upon individuals. If it should be attempted many of our best men would at once resign. There is a very great devotion to the T.S. and its platform, but the most responsible men have been so harassed and compromised by our various scandals that the situation will bear no more strain. This is the plain fact underlying all the complimentary addresses, letters, and votes. If we keep things quiet and go on steadily with useful work, we shall be stronger than ever. If there is a return to sensationalism the defections will cripple us beyond expression. Now, mark my words, my dear chum. Adyar is your only home, the only refuge you have upon earth, the only place where your every breath drawn is a breath of liberty. The proverb says "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest." Don't make yours uninhabitable.

Babula writes me that he hears E. C. has been sending a man to his village to enquire his whereabouts. I believe this to be a pure lie. My last report about E. C. was (through Tukaram) that she was begging from door to door. No doubt she would want to hound you to the death, but I think she has no more backing. The parties think, talk, and write as though the question of your guilt were now so thoroughly proven that it was no longer an interesting subject for discussion. In other words, having constructed their Fool's Paradise, they are now enjoying its sweets! Your policy—I say it unceasingly—is useful work, and total abandonment of sensationalism. I know it's equivalent to asking you to give the breath out of your body; yet there's nothing else to be said. The other thing three-fourths ruined the T.S.: another

dose will kill it dead as a door nail. And, in fact I shall only stop in the T.S. on those terms. The robes and a pansala are ready for me whenever I am ready; and go I will unless I can have things go on decently henceforth. If ambition were my motive I can be the biggest man among the Buddhists of either Burmah or Ceylon whenever I choose: but so long as I can be of use to the T.S. I shall stop where I am.

The fever I had I now find was the cause of much alarm among our Colombo people. They kept their thoughts from me, but told them freely to Leadbeater. Well, anyhow, here I am again at work, getting back my strength rapidly, and going about in my cart to interior villages. L. and I have slept the last two nights in the cart, and reached home at 5-30 this morning. He is making a good impression on the people—much better than Dr. H. would have made: and he will not dream of trying to break off the Buddhists from the T.S. and setting up a little Kingdom of his own. There was a great crowd here on Saturday evening to hear his experiences. He goes the whole figure for B^{m} and against X^{ty}! Your friend "Arracchi" has turned out a very bad lot: become bankrupt, ruined his old father, the Muhandiram, taken to drinking and worse, and is now under an official cloud for certifying to false bail-bonds of some criminal. Uncle Bill is staunch and worthy as ever. During my sickness he was constantly thoughtful and kind, sending me fresh milk, birds to eat, etc., etc.

Yours affy.,

H. S. O.

VI.—BABAJEE D. NATH

LETTER No. CLXXII [1]

ELBERFELD,
26/1/86.

RESPECTED AND DEAR UPASIKA,

Kindly permit me to offer a few words of assurance to you. I fully agree with the Gebhards in all that they have stated in their joint private letter to you.

You know very well from the very fact of the effacement of my address from the envelope sent by you, that Masters do not at all regard me as in the least guilty of any ill-feeling towards any one or of even a slight mistake in ***all that I have said and done.*** **(including charge of forgery ? !)** And *I* can well understand why They have not yet said anything about me definitely to you; **(they *have* now ;)** for, ***no one among the Theosophists is really more devoted to Them than myself*** ! But do not think I am bragging. I would not have written so, had I not thought it necessary to emphasise the fact for the sake of removing your doubts and suspicions, if any you have. My only justification for all that I have done and said was ***that Masters' names and philosophy have been so desecrated that*** in my opinion all I did was not strong enough. Now that you have at last condescended to reform the existing state of affairs, ***no one could worship you more and honor your nobleness of heart and self-sacrifice more, than my humble self*** ! ! Masters would have pointed out the least mistake I might have wilfully committed, if any. **(They have.)** *They* only know all that tore my heart of late. So, Madame, permit me to assure you that I am no traitor to any one and that my only wish is, you would no longer interfere in any personal matter but go on with your noble work on the ***Sec : Doctrine.*** If possible, Mohini will come to Würzburg when the good Countess W. has to leave you. All the Gebhards have throughout been as staunch as ever.

Ever yours affty.,

BABAJEE.

My respects and fraternal regards to Countess if she cares to accept.

[1] The passages in bold type are comments by H. P. B.; those in bold type italics have been underlined by her.—ED

This is a letter now sent after he had charged us with forgery and criminal intent to *defraud*. The *dictatorial* tone of it—fancy! Well I will *evoke* him with Master's permission, I will produce the *true* Dharb. Nath—and show this one a little pretender, and you may suspect the truth and understand the hint you who have heard enough of it at Simla and elsewhere.

H. P. B.

The Countess *knows all*, I am not yet permitted to tell you *the whole truth*—but *will* and I *long for it* believe me—when the work of the Karma is *entirely* finished. Pity me—for I am really made a terrible *martyr*!

LETTER No. CLXXIII

A true copy of Babajee's letter to Madame Blavatsky made by Countess Constance Wachtmeister

ELBERFELD,
27-1-86.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MOTHER,

I got your telegram this afternoon. I assure you—swear to you *by all that is sacred to me and to you*—that I had been so excited and perfectly mad with rage against the desecration of Masters' names that I spoke to the Countess as though I would ruin the T.S. which so much desecrated Them. Before I wrote that unfortunate and strong letter to the good Countess I groaned all night after 12 p.m. and raved madly, thought even of committing suicide, merely because I found I could not stop the ever growing desecration of Masters' names. Few, among the Gebhards none at all knew that beneath my apparent laughing there went a torrent of rage that tore my heart. But believe me dearest Mother that as you have condescended to guarantee against further desecration, no one is more devoted to you and to the T.S., again and again I repeat to you, than my humble self. I never really meant nor even believed I had the ability to form a new Society. I shall always work hard to defend you, Theosophy, T.S. and Colonel Olcott. If I have told Countess or anyone else in a moment of rage that I would ruin the Society it was merely because the Masters' names were desecrated. Believe me, I have no charges whatever henceforth to bring forward against you nor against the T.S. I swear to you that I am and will be devoted to Masters. Do you know that even now after all this declaration I doubt whether you will be able to read in my heart unwavering devotion to Masters and henceforth to yourself also. May Masters assure you of my devotion to Them and to Theosophy.

If ever I had any intention of going against the T.S. I assure you I have changed it. With unalterable love,

I am,

Yours affectionately,

BABAJEE.

P.S. I beg you and the noble Countess to forgive and forget all.

P.S. Sorcery, Grandmother idea will suit you best.

P.S. Yes, *I am and shall remain the best friend of Theosophy*, and defend you *better than you can ever do*. Pray calm yourself, and I am calm as ever since the receipt of your explanations of phenomena, and all shall soon be well. You may represent to Mr. Sinnett that I had a fit of rage against desecration—anything else you like. If Mr. Sinnett or Mohini ask me I shall refuse to answer personal questions about me. *Unconditionally* I shall work for Theosophy and defend you. I do not wish to learn philosophy from you, for I am not interested in Philosophy or Occultism as you call it. I will give you no trouble whatever, by making any such stipulation. What I want for this life I have already got.

WÜRZBURG,
January 29th, 1886.

I send you only the copy and in a few days will send you (according to circumstances) *the original one* now in the safe keeping of Countess Wachtmeister. H. P. B.

LETTER No. CLXXIV

MADAME BLAVATSKY,
LUDWIGSTRASSE 6,
WÜRZBURG.

Saturday evening,
31-1-86.

DEAR AND RESPECTED UPASIKA,

I was about to (but will not now) post to your address a letter thanking you for your long letters including copy of my letter to Mohini, and to assure you of my devotion to Theosophy and to Masters and that I *would* never go, nor have I the ability to go, against you or Masters' teachings or against Esot: Bud^{m} etc.

But as I just got your kindest letter of absolute forgiveness—I must thank you heartily for all you have done: General Morgan's letter is excellent. O yes—whenever I need rest I will surely come

to Würzburg. Do bless me and realise that I am doing good work. My respects to Countess.

Yours affectionately,

BABAJEE.

LETTER No. CLXXV

B. J. PADSHAH became indignant that the original letters published in the *Xian College Magazine* were not shown to Madame Blavatsky for explanation. He asked Mr. Hodgson why they were not shown to her. Mr. Hodgson consented to give Padsha the documents on condition that he would take them personally to Mad. Blavatsky at Würzburg and keep his eyes wide upon the letters while Madame B. reads them and, taking care that she might not in any way interfere with them, bring them back safe to the S.P.R. This is what Padshah told me, as far as I can remember.

BABAJEE D. NATH.

Bowajee says, he is not sure whether Hodgson meant that I might destroy them—*fraudulently*—or phenomenally. You ought to send for Padshah and examine him. If Mr. Hodgson was afraid that I would make away with them *phenomenally* then it is *just what I believe I wrote to Mrs. Sinnett*, or to you from Würzburg and I said and repeat it that in *their hearts* the Coulombs and the *padris* believe in the powers of the Masters and also to an extent in my own. This is why they would not allow Hodgson to show to me those letters at Adyar, nor would Myers and Hodgson trust Mr. Sinnett with them for that same reason. Bowajee says Mohini can tell you all; that Hodgson told him secretly that personally he believed in the Mahatmas and even in my occult powers.—Make your inferences.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CLXXVI

ELBERFELD,
1 *Feby.*, '86.

DEAR AND RESPECTED UPASIKA,

I beg to send you herewith copies of Mr. Sinnett's letter to me and my reply to him. I do not know who told him this fib, namely, that I am not the "person properly bearing the title of D. Nath."

Yours affly.,

BABAJEE.

7, Ladbroke Gardens, London,
30 *January*.

"My dear ——?"

I am puzzled to know how to call you. You have always signed yourself Dharbagiri Nath in writing to me and now I am informed that you are not the person properly bearing that name. I do not come to any hasty conclusions as to who is to blame for the deception that seems to have been practised in the matter, but I should be glad to have your explanation of the matter and since you propose to come to London I hope you will lose no time in sending me this explanation.

The Countess appears to think you were suffering from some mental aberration while she was lately at Elberfeld but in regard to what passed then, I am not now writing. The tone of your letters to my wife and myself has always been so genuine and attractive that I am in no hurry to think ill of you in any way. But I must know who I am dealing with and why you have assumed a name and personality that is not properly your own—if this has really been done. Pending further explanations, I shall sign myself

Ever yours truly,
(*Signed*) A. P. Sinnett.
(*True Copy.*)

LETTER No. CLXXVII

Elberfeld,
1*st February*, '86.

A. P. Sinnett, Esq.,
London, W.

Dear and respected Sir and Brother,

Your favour of the 30th ultimo just received. The information which you have received—I do not know from what source—is strange and new to me, namely, that I am "*not* the person properly bearing the name" of D. N. As sure as I can be sure of anything I know it is my mystic name, as the Masters themselves have been and are still addressing me by that name. I have signed many of my letters to many of my friends simply as "Babajee" and sometimes as "Nobody." I from the day that I came in connection with you, I do not think I ever had anything to do with you as the excommunicated and ascetical son of "my" father, and grandson of "my" grandfather. At this distance of time, I cannot remember whether I first wrote to you or you first wrote to me, especially as I have none of your letters to me nor copies of mine to you. At any rate, I am sure my connection

with you began, (if it did not even continue hitherto) as a Chela of my Master and not in any other capacity whatever. I presume that, because I chose or had to choose to work for the Theosophical Society, I am not to discard the privileges that had been conferred upon me by our Oriental Monastic as well as mystic orders, since the T.S. does not interfere with religious and mystical customs.

I do not believe there is anybody who bears the name of "Dharbagiri Nath" except myself, because it is a purely Sanscrit name which I have not found mentioned in the Puranas or borne in any part of India. The name refers to a secret hill of which nothing has yet been given out—"the dweller of the hill of Darbha grass." Darbha is a sacred Indian grass used daily by Brahmans for ceremonies and on a mat of which I was sleeping even while at Würzburg.

If you think it is a *deception* that men (who take a name when born) should take another name at the time of their wearing the Brahminical thread, and another name again, when they become either exoteric Sannyasis or mystics (or even pupils of mystics) —then I confess that, as it is a well known fact the whole nation of Hindus are cheats, and with them I myself too. Those who say I am using somebody else's name, have to produce before you or before some witnesses in any part of the world another *ascetic* of the *Giri* sect of *Brahmans* who bears the same name. I do not see my way clear before all these accusations that are sent to you, not to me boldly. I am not anything else than grateful as ever for the kind way in which you have chosen to wait for my explanation. I may one day even expect to be called a Pariah by good Theosophists.

I never made a secret of the fact that I belonged to the ascetic order and to one small South Indian Fraternity of Occultists besides my connection with Mahatma K. H. Almost all the Hindu Theosophists and even many of the non-Theosophists (who are not friends) who know something of me know all the above facts. General Morgan, for instance, knew from the day that I went to Ootacamund. One of his native friends—a Government Officer —knows all about my family and family name. I send you herewith the General's letter stating that he saw my brother and Mr. Lane-Fox himself has seen one of my brothers. If I had not told you about my private affairs, it was because that I was believing or was made to believe all along that my bad manners would make you quit the T.S., and that I should therefore avoid you; this belief was my nightmare until my return from London. But if you ask why I believe all this nonsense about you, I must say that I very *seldom* came amongst Europeans until my connection

with the T.S. and have always been diffident nervous and shy when I saw them. General Morgan treated me kindly and affectionately, and convinced me of his liking for natives, but your name, (pardon me stating it plainly) as Editor of the *Pioneer* had a great significance for a poor Hindu who regards that "politics" is undeservedly treated as a science or art, and that politics is the acme of selfishness. If you had only given me an assurance that you had any kind feeling at all for me, as recently I have been convinced by you and Mrs. Sinnett, I would not only have told you my private life but even taken sound and practical advice in private matters from you, instead of having often tried coolly to commit suicide. But I have, as already intimated to you in one of my letters in October or November last—decided not to defend myself.

With kindest remembrances to yourself and to Mrs. Sinnett,

I am ever yours,

Resp^{ly} and frat^{ly},

DHARBAGIRI NATH.

P.S. Pray be assured that I have no personal interest in coming to London, I will not come unless I am actually needed by Theosophists. All the Gebhards send you and to Mrs. Sinnett their kindest regards.

Dr. Hübbe, Mohini and Miss Arundale too are in correspondence with my brother, who is well known in the University as an able graduate; so I never kept anything private to *cheat* anyone. In India I spoke to Mr. W. Q. Judge, Dr. F. Hartmann and others about D. N. being my mystic name and about some other name having been given to me when I was born.

Bertram and Arch. Keightly know that D. N. is not the name given by my physical self's father.

Allow me please to quote the following passage from page 106, paras. 1 and 2 of the *Arya Magazine* for July 1883 published at Lahore. The *Arya* is a paper against the T.S.; 1883 July was some time after my name was known to you. Thus you will see that Dharbagiri Nath is the mystic name given to an exoteric Sannyasi or Brahman ascetic which I became long before I knew of the Theosophical Society or became known to you; because of the cruel persecution from exoteric orthodox Brahman caste for refusing to care for religious ceremonies, for worldly life, for family ties etc. As the name D. N. is purely Sanscrit and has been given to me by the exoteric Ascetics of a particular order of Adwaitees and followers of Sankaracharya while by "birth" I belonged to what you call in your "Esoteric Buddhism" as Vishishthadwaitees who are apparently opposed to the teachings of Sankaracharya.

Now I hope you will see that D. N. cannot but be the name of an exoteric Brahman ascetic. Quotation :—

" Hindu Sastras describe four kinds of Ashram—Brahmacharya Grahast, Banaprast and Sannyasi. The fourth asram is Sannyasi. Only those who arrived at this stage devoted their time solely in Yoga and Contemplation of God. But from a little before Sankaracharya rose in power another *math* (opinion—rather institution or order or sect) was prevalent. It was that a person could take Sannyasa Asram whenever he felt disgusted with worldly affairs, without passing thro' all the other lower stages of life. Following this *Math*, Sankaracharya became a Sannyasi, while he scarcely passed the first stage—Brahmachari. From the days of Sankaracharya as the necessary consequence of his teachings, the numbers of Sannyasis and Mahants have gradually increased. Almost all Sannyasis accept him as their Guru (religious teacher). For the sake of his Sannyasi disciples, he created a sect called Varati: There are THREE classes of Mahants (religious devotees) Giri, Puri and Varati. Many people believe that Sankaracharya was the originator of all the three classes; but in Sankaravijaya, mention of any other but Varati cannot be found. Mahants of Varati sect can be found everywhere in India. The famous Mahant of Tarakeshwar in Bengal although belongs to the Giri sect, has two or three Varati disciples." (Even H. P. B. might not know anything about the name of Dharbagiri for she is not Brahman.)

Thus you will see that " Giri " is a sect of Brahman ascetics—not Buddhists. So D. N. is a name I had even before I became a Buddhist. Thus it is only exoteric ascetics of the Brahman Giri sect who can at all come forward against my name and for them I have a secret *Mantra* to give and to make them recognise me.

You must know also that Sannyasis never would give out their family name. In my case, there is an additional reason that all caste people would be more than ever against me.

I will not come to London without consent of yourself as President of L.L.T.S.

LETTER No. CLXXVIII

MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY,
WÜRZBURG.

LONDON,
28*th April*, 1886.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAME,

Ill-health and other considerations have decided me to return to India as quickly as I can. I am writing to Colonel Olcott

for money to pay for my passage back. I have lost all interest in the politics of the Theosophical Society. When I return I shall do quietly whatever work there may be for me to do. I should have been very glad to do what I could to smooth matters with the Oakleys. But my ill-health and inability to find out the way in which I could be of use in regard to this matter, leave me no other alternative than to pass the few days I shall be in London in strict privacy. If you could suggest any way in which I can help you to smooth matters with the Oakleys, I shall be very glad.

Yours obediently,

BABAJEE.

LETTER No. CLXXIX

TORRE DEL GRECO,
16*th July*, 1885.

MY DEAR MOHINI,

I will not inflict upon you an account of all that happened yesterday. But I must tell you that a few minutes before 1 P.M. I rose out of my writing table and went into my bed room and hung my strings of talismans on the nail (on the wall) on which hangs the picture of Upasika's Guru. I do so usually, before going out of our rooms. The Italians, even the best of them, are so inquisitive and devoid of manners that I do not go out wearing the talismans lest they should be touched by profane hands. I then went out to the Hotel *upstairs* to get if possible a small stone mortar and pestle to grind almonds and prepare a medicine for Upasika. Miss Flynn was at my table; until I returned, and Upasika was in her room writing Russian articles and as Miss F. says, did not stir out of her room. The windows of my bedroom were *as usual* securely bolted to prevent the house being robbed by the Italian beggars and thieves who swarm every place here. Before going out, I had closed the doors of my bedroom. I was just ascending the staircase when I met Dr. Carl Von Bergen and his wife who were going down to take leave of Madame and of us and then to take the tram car for Sorrento and thence to go to Rome etc. I wished however to go on and get the mortar and pestle, as I thought I could return in time to bid farewell to the Bergens. But my attention was attracted by Madame's Master to my room. I had been for some days expecting some phenomenon to happen in the presence of the fanatical Dr. Bergen whose greatest desire was to come under the influence of the Masters or at least "to see Their handwriting." He said it was too much for him to hope for an astral visit, when Miss F. now and then told him that

Gjual-Khool came to see Upasika when she (F.) was with her. The Bergens entered and went straight away to see Upasika. Miss F. accompanied them, leaving my table—while I intuitively ran up to my room not only to answer the astral summons, but also to take back the talismans from the nail and wear them. On the same nail was laid a letter in Chinese envelope with an endorsement in the red-pencil peculiar handwriting of Upasika's Guru :—"Bowaji—shall send this without delay to Henry Olcott." Dr. and Mme. Von Bergen's faces beamed with delight.

My Master has sent letters to the Colonel through me. But never until now has the other Master sent letters to H. S. O. through me. As I am not His Chela, I cannot quite understand why He sends it through me ; I think He cannot now correspond direct with the Colonel, owing to his being in a peculiar condition at present. Now that our Damodar is away in Thibet and nothing is known at Adyar about him, and as *Respected* Sir does not care a fig for anything but his own affairs, the Masters find no facility for communicating direct with anyone at Adyar. There is our poor Chander Cushol who receives letters direct but even he is now in hot water, as I told you in my last letter.

Upasika has now received from Mrs. Sinnett a very kind and sympathising letter.[1]

[1] This letter is unsigned, but it is in the handwriting of Babajee.—Ed.

VII.—THE GEBHARDS.—ERNST SCHÜTZE.—MOHINI.—DAMODAR.—ELLIOTT COUES.—ANNA KINGSFORD.—EGLINTON

LETTER No. CLXXX

January 27th.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

No wonder you were surprised at my idiotic letter, and not accustomed to see me come out in my new character of weather-cock. I will now make a clean breast of it and tell you how it all happened. A few weeks ago when the Countess sent me the paper on her experiences of phenomena, she begged and prayed by all that I held sacred to write to you and tell you all the phenomena I had had, "it was my duty, if it came from me it would have more weight, every one must add their little mite and do what they could so as to save the Cause" . . . . . So I sat down and like a good child did as I was bid, thinking at the same time if Mr. Sinnett wants any of the phenomena which he knows already I have gone through, he will write and ask me to give him, when he thinks it necessary to have it. Well, I sent you my letter and the Countess' document, and thought I had done my duty. But I made a mistake and find now I have not done it. The Countess came here last Friday and returned to Würzburg on Monday last, that is to say I hope she has arrived safe for I have not had a line from her so far up to the present. When the Countess was here she said on thinking over the matter she was very much averse to Mr. Sinnett's putting her paper on the phenomena she had experienced into print; the more she thought on the subject the less she liked the idea, then she said no it must not be, take everything into consideration I cannot do it, it won't do to have my name before the public on account of my son, my family, my friends, I cannot allow it. You surely would not like to see your name in Madame's *Memoirs*. I don't think you ought to allow it. . . . . Please write to Mr. Sinnett and say so. Well two or three times a day this went on. "Have you written to Mr. Sinnett, will you write to Mr. Sinnett, when will you write to Mr. Sinnett,

now please to write, have you written to Mr. Sinnett?" So I sit down and write to Mr. Sinnett, saying all the time to myself how can you make such a fool of yourself to write such stuff, and still I did write it and what is more sent you the letter. Now after this long tirade you will surely have found out the key to the weak side of my nature. Tease me, and I give in at once. My will power is gone. I cannot stand it. To get rid of being bothered I will do anything you like. Now that I have let out this grand secret please don't be hard on me and put me to the test.

As far as my phenomena go you are perfectly welcome to use it in whatever way you may think fit in or out of print. I have perfect confidence in your discretion.

The enclosed is from H. P. B. telling how all the phenomena occurred. It is in answer to a letter of the Countess written while here to O. L. saying we did not believe in all the letters coming from the Masters and other phenomena, and if she could refute the charges. Send the letter back to Würzburg to the Countess when you have read it. You must use your own discretion as to whom you had better show the letter to start. It was Babaji who saved the German T.S. from destruction. And when Hübbe came here it was with the determination of not continuing to be President any more though he would remain as a member, but that Du Pul and Max would leave. Babaji talked so quietly and sensibly to Dr. H. he quite came round and I suppose he has talked Du Pul and Max over, as we have not heard anything since about these gentlemen leaving. Hübbe was quite enchanted with Babaji, but I can't say the same with regard to Madame.

We have another letter from Herr Von Hoffmann asking us for more papers on Philosophy from Babaji as he is so intensely interested in them. Madame is wild against Babaji. There is no name bad enough for him. Traitor is the mildest, and all because he wants her to give up all this phenomena business and desecration of Master's name in personal matters. He has written her a few letters on the subject perhaps in rather too strong terms, and that is all his crime. We find Babaji is very sensible in his views and he has a good deal of practical common-sense that we certainly never expected him to have.

My best love to dear Mrs. Sinnett, love to Denny, and ever yours affectly.,

M. GEBHARD.

Do me a great favour and keep this letter quite private between Mrs. Sinnett and yourself. Take care what you write to Madame. The Countess sees all her letters and she reads all the Countess'.

LETTER No. CLXXXI

February 2nd.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I can only repeat what Babajee told you in his letter of yesterday. He was not three days here when he told us D. N. was not his name, and explained all to us. To us it seems of very little consequence how he calls himself. One string of Indian names seems to us to have as much sense to our ears as another. We have learnt much since he came here, and I suppose when he has taught us what we are to know for the present, he will return to India after his voluntary or involuntary exile, to be lost to us for ever.

Should I ever go to India, I don't think it is likely that his family will trouble me much. The only thing we care about is that he is a chela of Mahatma K. H. and is willing to teach us what he knows so far as he is allowed, and when he is gone I suppose another will be sent in his place, if we progress, to teach us more and help us on.

Now about the Countess, I hope in a few days to be able to write you all the details on that subject. For the moment I have a frightful cold in my head, and a racking headache and it is as much as I can do to send you these few lines. But one thing before I say adieu ; Babajee sinned on the side of too much zeal as far as the Countess goes, that is all in my opinion, only his letter was much too strong to get her here away from H. P. B.'s influence, which he thought was bad for her.

With best love to dear Mrs. Sinnett,

Ever yours affectionately,

M. GEBHARD.

Let me congratulate you on your able defence of O. L. You give it well to Hodgson. That's right.

LETTER No. CLXXXII

PLATZHOFFSTRASSE 17,
ELBERFELD.
5.4.86.

MY DEAR MADAME,

I beg to thank you for your card and your kind wishes. I sent you a box with stamps also some 6 weeks ago, which I trust you have received. My father is better but my mother has taken

his place—it is nothing serious at all. I suppose we must all pay for the sudden change in the weather.

I suppose you heard that the H. B. of L.* was in the hands of the Jesuits and nice people they, and our mutual members should be warned. I hear for instance that Zorn belongs to that Society also.

I hope you feel as well as circumstances permit and that the *Secret Doctrine* is going on well.

With kindest regards from all, I remain,

Yours very truly,

FRANZ GEBHARD.

By post I forward some coins which Mr. Soloviof gave my father in Paris.

*** Hindu Brotherhood of Luxor with Davison in it and others working now in the U.S. against us.**[1]

LETTER No. CLXXXIII[2]

BERLIN,
7th February, 1886.

TO COMMERZIENRATH GEBHARD,
ELBERFELD.

You will kindly excuse, that I only today send the desired testimony, as I was very busy with other affairs. I have made it possibly complete but must assure you most positively, that if you have believed, that both letters had come from one and the same hand, you have labored under a tremendous error.

Remain etc. etc.

ERNST SCHÜTZE.

Kalligraph to the Court of H.M. The Emperor, etc.
11 Kochstrasse S.W.

BERLIN,
February 16th, 1886.

TO COM. GEBHARD,
ELBERFELD.

I have the honour to enclose the desired testimony on the 2nd letter C, and am glad to hear that my first testimony

[1] The passage in bold type is in H. P. B.'s writing.—ED.
[2] Transcribed from a copy in A. Gebhard's handwriting.—ED.

earned the applause of your friend. As I expected, this letter was written by the same hand as B. and there is not the remotest similarity between A and C.

In finishing this I remain etc.

ERNST SCHÜTZE,
titles as above.

TESTIMONY [1]

About the two English letters given to me by the Commerzienrath Gebhard from Elberfeld, I can after careful examination of the handwriting of the same only give my final opinion, that they do absolutely *not* come from one and the same handwriting.

The differences between the two are so glaring that I absolutely cannot come to the conclusion that they have been written by the same hand. While the one A, covering eight pages and written in ink comes from a more than hasty (careless ?) handwriting, the other B, in blue pencil has been written by a more firm though fluent handwriting, which makes the reading of it not near as difficult as that of the first.

The capital as well as the small letters have in both a decidedly different character and I will only indicate, that the letters present a roundish form and have in the one a totally steep position.

This is easily visible through the following (also for the unprejudiced layman easily comprehensible) which shows itself with a certain plainess in the ovally composed letters *o*, *a*, *d*, *g*.

Here I have at once to draw attention to the differences of *g*'s in the two letters. In the first (A) they are always connected with the following or preceding letter, while in B written in blue, the *g*'s are always single and with the curious ending jerk.

With these g's I must mention the *y*, which is made quite analogous to the g's.

These two letters *g* and *y* have not the remotest similarity to those of letter A, where they always appear connected and with a straight (downward) stroke or an ordinary loop (nooze) while they end in B with a complete jerk, nor do they appear once in this form on the 8 pages of letter A.

The *d* shows just as marked a difference. In the first they are made on the average in the roundish form ∂, while in the blue letter they are always formed in the other way—something like *d d*.

The same great difference is seen with the *t*, etc. etc.

[1] The reader is referred to *The Mahatma Letters* for specimens of the handwriting of M. and K. H., who are the writers respectively of letters A and B mentioned herein.—ED.

In conclusion I mention again, that letter A, which is written in ink has not the remotest resemblance with letter B according to the standpoint of a calligraph and that both are written from different handwritings.

This my expert testimony I take on the oath given by me once for all as expert of writing.

Sign. Berlin February 7th 1886

ERNST SCHÜTZE.

xxx title

Sworn expert of writing for the Courts.

LETTER No. CLXXXIV

ELB.,
31.7.86.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

I have got your yesterday's letter—it would be charming if we could go together *Monday morning*, do now try to arrange this.

Letter A is a long epistle written by H. P. B. to me in October 1885.

"B" is the one which fell from behind the picture in August '84, about which Rudolf wrote in Hodgson's report.

"C" is a letter received by Mrs. G. one day in her room about 4 to 5 weeks after letter B.

I may say to you that Mrs. G. never attached great value to letter C in which Mrs. Holloway was praised too much and all were asked to love her etc. etc. etc.

You will of course change the style of Arthur's ——[1] letter which is simply horrible. What does he mean by saying, for instance: "possibly complete" instead of "as complete as possible." You are quite safe to word the experts' testimony according to the *sense* of the thing, because the man was the more violent in his judgment when I saw him.

I hope to see you on Monday morning.

Ever yours truly,

GEBHARD.

LETTER No. CLXXXV

MARY HILL,
Aug. 1st/86.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

Just after my letter to the O.L. had gone I received yours of 29th. Regarding the letters, the first was the large letter from Mahatma K. H. to Papa received in Aug '84 at Elberfeld, and the

[1] This word undecipherable.—ED.

2nd was the letter from Mah. K. H. to Mama * received at the (* which H. P. B. burned, while she was at Elberfeld 6 weeks ago) same time. Neither of them could be published. A letter from H. P. B. to Papa or Mama was given to the expert to compare.

As far as I can see I might copy through tissue paper the different letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *g*, etc. etc. which the expert made and send those to you, but that would be all. Maybe that my father can give you any more information, but you can't hear from him till 15th or 20th as he is with a Scotch friend on a Yachting tour round the coast.

I will take the letters from the expert with me to Kempten, Bavaria, Hotel zur Krone, and you can let me know if I shall send them to you or what I can do further—but as I said in my last a detailed translation without printing the letters would be a nonsense. And the *printing of them* is for obvious reasons impossible.

Regarding my stay at Ostende, much depends on Mohini and as he will be in Ostende shortly, I can shortly decide.

With best regards always,

Yours faithfully,

A. GEBHARD.

LETTER No. CLXXXVI

GEBHARD & Co.

VOHWINFEL,
20.5.1886.

MY DEAR MR. SINNETT,

The O. L. has made me acquainted with the contents of your letter of 18th and I hasten to say that your visit will be *very welcome*, and we all think it is the very best you can do. A few days ago the frost too was very bad indeed—I suppose that the four cold days have brought out the *gouty* formation of Madame's temperament and that owing to that nefarious influence, the pain increased very much. Fortunately since that owing to profound perspiration (Salicylic Acid) and the hot weather which we have (78-82 in the shade) the foot is much better. Then it will take some time before Madam can think of travelling and you will be able much better and much quicker to settle the *Memoirs* here. Mad. will not hear of going to England, and she may be right, for if she has that idea in her mind that she *may* be prosecuted, the Secret Doctrine will not go on. The best place for her (cheaper and quieter than Ostende) will be Blankenburghe, near Ghent.

Could not you as it's your way to Germany stop a few hours and look out for lodgings? We expect you at any day convenient to yourself and I need not say that Mrs. S. will be doubly welcome.

Yours very truly with kindest regards to you both from us all.

G. G.

I expect Mrs. G. to-night or to-morrow morning.

LETTER No. CLXXXVII

3, Hastings Street, Calcutta,
August 1st, 1882.

Dear Sir & Brother,

In spite of all that has been said by ignorant bigots and unscrupulous calumniators the Theosophical movement has done an amount of good to our country—for which we cannot be too grateful to the distinguished personages who are at the head of its affairs. To those who have eyes to see this one fact that I, a Hindu and a Brahman, who has never had the honour of being introduced to you, am addressing you this letter in brotherly confidence, is a very significant fact indeed. By birth and other circumstances I have a strong inclination for mysticism which my so called English education has not been able to remove entirely. I have to a certain extent made myself acquainted with the philosophy of Yoga, as practiced by our ancestors. My knowledge is extremely limited no doubt but it has been sufficient to make me a thoroughgoing believer in *Yoga-Vidya*. The existence of the Himalayan Brothers and the statements made with respect to them by Madame Blavatsky, do not make any demand upon my credulity to believe in them. I have reason to believe that you have received proof positive of the existence of the Brothers and their connection with our Society, to the services of which you have devoted your life. I appeal to you therefore as a gentleman and a Brother to communicate to me how you have been satisfied of the connection of the Brothers with our Society, and also to state what good have the Brothers done either to yourself or to any body else.

Hoping to be favoured with an early reply,

I remain your fraternally,

Mohini M. Chaterji.
Asst. Secy. Bengal Theo. Society.

A. O. Hume, Esq.

LETTER No. CLXXXVIIa

My dear Brother,

I may hope at some future time to be able to answer your note of the 1st August more fully and more satisfactorily than is now possible. That the Brothers exist I now know, but the proofs that I have had have been purely subjective and therefore useless to any but myself—unless indeed you consider it a proof of their existence that I here, at Simla, receive letters from one of them, my immediate teacher, dropped upon my table, I living alone in my house and Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott and all their chelas, etc., being thousands of miles distant.

I have certainly devoted my life or what little remains of it to the furtherance of the cause of Theosophy hoping and believing that I may thereby do some little good both by helping to lead many to join us on the platform of Universal love and charity and some few to join us on the higher platform of spiritual self-culture.

As to what good the Brothers have done either to myself or others I am not in a position to reply—I am not even a chela—only a lay disciple and know little more of what the Brothers do than yourself—but if you consider the establishment of the Theosophical Society a good thing, then this is *one* at any rate of the good things done by the Brothers for *others*, and if you think it a good thing for me that I have turned away altogether from all worldly objects of desire and am devoting myself entirely to trying to do good for others, then I suppose we may say that this is a good thing which the Brothers have helped to do for me.

Yours fraternally,

A. O. Hume.

LETTER No. CLXXXVIII

My dear Mother,

Since writing to you last I have found that Sinnett has taken a great prejudice against Babaji, in consequence of what you have written to him. He thinks Babaji has done very wrong in assuming the name of D. Nath, and has written to him to ask for explanation. I am sorry for what has taken place as I think the poor fellow's usefulness has to a great extent been curtailed. It seems to me hard to understand how you could have thought that Babaji seriously intended to wreck the T.S. (for one thing he has not the power) although I quite see that his conduct has been quite strange and unaccountable. Please think of some way

to smooth matters. If Sinnett remains in his present attitude of mind, I apprehend harm. I shall not be surprised if it drives Babaji to despair. It is not possible for anybody to smash the Society, but under the influence of despair he might do something we shall be sorry for. Therefore I earnestly pray you will do something to remove this trouble.

With pranam,

Yours ever,

MOHINI.

P.S. Enclosed letter from Miss Arundale. By the way she does not know anything about what took place at Elberfeld. This for you to remember in writing to her.

LETTER No. CLXXXIX

PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE "THEOSOPHIST,"
BREACH CANDY, BOMBAY, INDIA,
26th August, 1882.

A. P. SINNETT ESQ., F.T.S.,
THE TENDRIL, SIMLA, PUNJAB.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with the greatest pain and reluctance that I write this letter but I beg of you the indulgence to give this a patient and careful reading.

Last evening Mme. B. received a letter from Mr. Hume, from which she read to me the portion relating to myself. I am accused of being a forger! Mme. B. asked me what Mr. Hume meant for no one could be more surprised at such a groundless charge than she was, for *she* KNOWS *me*. I now remember that about three months ago (I am not sure about the time) a letter was thrown to me at night. I took it up and saw the address. I could distinctly see that the handwriting was familiar to me but it was neither K. H.'s nor M. sahib's, nor Gjwala Khool's. I thought over it and suspected that it was Fern's own signature. I then compared the superscripture with the signature in one of Mr. Fern's letters and found them identical. *Knowing* that even the *chelas* (advanced ones of course) can do such phenomenal things, I said nothing about it except, when forwarding the letter to Mr. Fern I expressed my surprise, or what I do not remember. The address on that letter is now made the pretext for my being called a FORGER!!! Now you know me, Mr. Sinnett, you have seen me, talked with me:—I appeal to your sense of an English gentleman to say whether you consider me *capable* of such an infamy. It is for you to decide what you would call a person

who dubs you with the title of a forger for your being merely instrumental in forwarding to him the letter from a mutual friend. My only sin consisted in volunteering to be such a medium of communication. Last year when Mme. B. was so much abused and when it was thought desirable that she should be out of this business as much as possible, *for her sake* I took it upon myself to be a medium of correspondence between my MASTERS and the Simla Eclectic Theosophists. You know very well under what circumstances I took this thing up. But alas! with what result: to be called a forger or be suspected to be one! Until now I was proud enough to think that I would not be suspected of any such infamy at least by persons who now seem to do so, since all my nearest friends, acquaintances and all, will give their life to proclaim that I have never uttered *an untruth even* as yet, and never will. Well, this proves to me one thing. The world and especially the several sceptical European races *are not prepared* and *utterly unfit* for Occultism. Those of our MASTERS who will have nothing to do with the Europeans are, I say, perfectly right. I care a fig for the opinion of the outside world. I *know* that I stand like a mirror before *my* MASTERS. They *do* know me and *They* are quite sure that with all my faults I am yet honest, truthful, sincere, and faithful. Weaknesses I have many, foremost among which are indiscretion, imprudence, and still a lingering particle of diffidence of undertaking any work of serious responsibility. But THEY *know* I have never played either a "double" or any game with anyone, much less with *Them*. But when I am once suspected, I can have nothing to do with the business. I am a perfect slave of my MASTERS and if *They* order me I have but to obey. Otherwise I now positively decline to have anything to do with the correspondence any of you may have to keep with *Them*. Mme. B. has already broken her connection. I should like to see *what chela* would now volunteer to do it. I am afraid none. And I do not believe THEY will under the circumstances *compel* any *Chela* to do it. If therefore for want of an intervening channel the communication between THEM and the outside world is at an end, it is neither Their fault nor ours. A cold shoulder ought to be shown to the European world as it well deserves. Of course I do not mean you. If the Europeans have self-respect, we poor Hindoos have too. We never set ourselves up as of *the superior race* but we have some sense in us of self-respect. I see that the cycle is at an end or rather will be in about two months and a half, and this affair must gradually stop. I have too much respect, reverence and love for my MASTERS, to hear THEM talked of as if THEY were so many ignorant babies. And I feel very much for Mme. B. She has been worrying herself for over three years so much so that

she has utterly spoiled her constitution. She is unwell and last evening the Doctor said that her whole blood is spoiled. We know what it means. My only hope and prayer is that she may be spared for some time for the sake of the Society. By the Society I mean the Asiatics, for I am firmly convinced that the Europeans have not the stuff in them of Occultists. Of course there are some *very rare exceptions* like you but exceptions only confirm the Rule. I am afraid that if H. P. B. is still worried as she has been, I do not know what may soon happen. I have been trying to induce her to go beyond Darjeeling or some such place for two or three months, where she will neither see nor hear of the world's vilest tricks which has been the chief cause of her ill-health—and then return after she is completely cured. But she says it is better to die when she is almost dead rather than be well and again go through the same process of gradual death. Some day I do not know what news we may learn of her if she is thus persistently ill-treated so mercilessly.[1] . . . . . of retiring and we shall probably soon have to follow. For you personally I have the highest regard for I believe you to be one of the exceptions mentioned above, but I am compelled to adopt the present course. I have at least one consolation and that is I stand clear before my MASTERS who being clairvoyant can see through me *any time*, and to try to deceive Them when writing or speaking to Them is an useless dodge which can be at once detected.

As if to add insult to injury, Mr. Hume sends to Mme. B. for publication in the *Theosophist* an article about my MASTERS, which, to say the least, is most repulsive to the feelings of us Hindoos!

With the profoundest sympathies and kindest regards for you,

I remain,

Yours truly,

DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR.

LETTER No. CXC

PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE "THEOSOPHIST,"
BREACH CANDY, BOMBAY, INDIA,
4th September, 1882.

A. P. SINNETT ESQ.,
THE TENDRIL, SIMLA.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry to learn that my last long letter has offended you. Personally for you I have always entertained the highest regard, and as Mme. Blavatsky might tell you I have

[1] Half a page of the original has been cut out here.—ED.

never lost an opportunity to express to her and to others sentiments of great admiration for you on account of your devotion to the Cause of Theosophy and to the Brothers. My last letter was meant not for you but for Mr. Hume; but as I find I have thereby hurt you, I beg to be excused for the same. I wrote it when I was under a feeling of excitement to see the Brothers and Mme. B. talked of so lightly and myself accused in plain language of forgery. But to offend you in any way—you who have all along been doing every thing in your power for the Society—was as far from my mind as to commit a forgery or a murder. I hope therefore that this letter of apology will atone for my unconscious sin. I can assure upon my word that not a single syllable of what I wrote in my last, applied to you personally. Now however that I see my fault in having given way to a feeling of despair and annoyance, I cannot do better than apologise for the same.

With kind regards,
Believe me,
Ever yours sincerely,
DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR.

LETTER No. CXCI[1]

1726 N. ST., N.W.,
WASHINGTON, D.C.,
March 20/86.

DEAR MADAME BLAVATSKY,

Do you remember the legend you inscribed on the photograph you gave me—your defiance to escape from the psychic maelström? I think you were a true prophetess, as usual. What have you been doing to me of late? Your presence has strangely affected me at times, as if in answer to my request of long ago for a "sign." Ever since I first got the astral bells, some months ago, and learned some of the other mysteries of the astral fluid, my psychic senses have steadily developed, till I have become fairly clairvoyant and clairaudient; and when in those strange states some of the strangest things happen to me, in my sense of double consciousness. I would give almost anything in the world for a few hours *direct* intercourse with you just now. I have never forgotten the lesson you taught me that day we were locked up together, and I think you are the greatest woman in the world, controlling today more *destiny* than any queen upon her

[1] The passages printed in italics in bold type are underlined in blue by H. P. B.—ED.

throne. My appreciation and admiration grows with the development of my interior faculties: could we meet now, I think you would find me no longer on probation, but an *acceptable* if not accepted chela in the esoteric wisdom, and also something of a practical occultist, able to work on the akasa. I do not say these things lightly, nor boastingly: but because I feel that I owe to you the first right and direct guidance of my growing psychic faculties. How can I thank you enough, or prove sufficiently zealous in the cause of your great Society to which you have devoted your life. What an inconceivably stupid performance is that of the L.S.P.R.! I have no patience with such people—and wish you would feed the fools with flapdoodle till they burst their skins—serve them right. Those who know how to approach you have their rich reward, as I know by experience; and as for the rest, of what consequence are they? But such things as that H. report, have of course great weight with outsiders. In this country it was followed by a great howl of the "collapse of the Theosophists." I broke the force of the blow by some curt remarks in the Scientific journals where my name has some weight, and since then have been working all the harder in your service. Still you are of course not without many enemies, ***some of them in the guise of friends. Let me advise you to be very cautious in answering any inquiries about*** Thibetan envelopes?! etc., etc., especially from N.Y. Things would *not* suit you if you knew how they were going in certain quarters there. Any word or sign you choose to give me, or any kind of communication, will as heretofore be faithfully kept and carried out to the best of my ability both by ordinary and extraordinary means. I have passed my novitiate, and some of the strange visitors to the privacy of my chamber are such as you would recognise to be *genuine*, were you to hear about them or share the apparitions. I don't know but that I shall be irresistibly led to pay you a visit *in person* during the coming summer: I am often with you in the astral, and sometimes you seem to be here. Let no eyes but those that are worthy read these strange revelations I am making to you—though doubtless you knew them already: and let me know how I can serve you further. ***I have learned the law of silence, and the full meaning of the magic*** formula which concludes *se taire.*

I trust your physical health is fully restored, and that the Secret Doctrine progresses steadily. With great devotion, and the best of all good wishes, I am, your faithful friend and humble servant at command,

ELLIOTT COUES.

Let me hear very soon.

LETTER No. CXCII[1]

I HAVE read and re-read your letter and the copy it encloses of Mme. B.'s Epistle, and I fail to find in the latter any solid ground for the alarms you express in the former. The whole matter is simple enough, and nothing could be more *innocent* than the part you have played in it. As to the "mess all round" of which Mme. B. speaks, if "mess" there be *she* is the best judge of its extent and character. But *you* certainly need reproach yourself in nothing, but may rest assured that Masters of the rank of ***Dyan Chohans (?)*** are not affected by any such acts as those deplored by Mme. B.; neither is it possible for them to be irritated, vexed, or displeased with K. H. Adepts and Celestials are alike above and beyond all misunderstandings: and K. H.'s Instructors, being of a lofty rank, must perfectly well know both *your* motives and his. It is impossible therefore for any injustice to be done either to him or to you. And of this you may be certain.

From my point of view the only unfortunate element in the affair is the occasion it is likely to give to the scoffer and the outsider. It will be said—not unnaturally—that Mme. B.'s real source of trouble and anxiety lies in the fact that it is all important to her policy that ***no one should attempt*** to **UNEARTH (How?)** the Brothers, either because they are the "Myth" they have always seemed to the "World," or because they are not the exalted and learned Beings she has declared them. Hence the ungodly, with their habitual distrust of all occult claims, will argue Mme. B.'s perturbation to be due to her fright lest your friend should chance to ***spy upon an empty shrine;*** and so wreck for ever the ***schemes and pretensions*** of the Indian T.S.

Mme. B. would in my opinion be far better advised, if she would try to prevail on K. H. not ***to vanish,*** but ***to receive your friend.*** The latter event would indeed demonstrate the ***existence of at least one Adept.***

I need hardly add also that from my point of view I regard all these incidents with the greatest equanimity, being fully persuaded that, *if under Celestial guidance* no possibility of harm to K. H. or to yourself is for a moment to be contemplated. Imagine for instance what Gotama Buddha would say to the whole affair, and whether or not *he* or his disciples would have been thrown into a flutter because some stranger respectfully and courteously requested an interview!

[1] This letter is apparently written by Anna Kingsford. Passages printed in bold type are comments in K. H.'s handwriting; those in bold type italics have been underlined by K. H.—ED.

And this brings me to an observation which I had it in my mind to make to you before I received your Letter this morning. Perhaps you may have seen the leading article in the *Standard* of Wednesday the 8th from which I clip the adjoining extract.[1] It confirms my conviction that Sinnett is adopting a mistaken policy in the line he is taking up in this country. Mere Phenomena—claims for powers of an uncommon order and so forth—are an unworthy basis on which to build, and will infallibly bring contempt on the whole movement so far as the West is concerned. Of course I have written a letter to the *Standard* a letter signed "The President" of the B.T.S. correcting the misstatement made in the above extract. It *ought* to be a warning to Sinnett, but I know that it will not be, because he is one of those men with whom phenomena are all important. He finds my position and Mr. Maitland's utterly incomprehensible—to wit:—

that ***supposing it to be proved to-morrow that the Brothers had no existence, and that their writings were all forgeries*** * we should have lost nothing in any way essential to Theosophy, nor would our Philosophy be in the smallest degree shaken or unimpaired.

*** It seems that *charity* is not always the handmaid of *seership* nor *clairvoyance* its most marked feature in the west. K. H.**

The work to be done by Theosophy in the west does not necessarily connect itself with any Oriental Mahatmas. The ***Intellegences*** concerned in the "new Dispensation" are independent of all "Rishis" and their ***whole scheme was developed in the West, long before the Tibet Brotherhood was ever mentioned.*** †

† TRADE JEALOUSY?

In the present disturbed state of the Psychic Atmosphere, I perceive and recognise the sufficient reason for the secrecy imposed on me from the beginning of my initiation (as you know I have in my possession a book, the contents of which are known, at present, to only two persons). K. H.'s comments on the half-knowledge displayed in the *Perfect Way* show me that ***he at***

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[1] ***Copy of Extract.***—"Another sensation will doubtless ere long be provided, and even at this moment there is we believe in London a "Theosophical Society" which is desirous of constructing a religious creed on the basis of the alleged feats of Indian magicians. So true it is that as Dr. Donkin says some of those who have abandoned their former creeds seem striving to content themselves with base and grotesque images in the place of the Gods they no longer truly worship."

least does not know of this book.† Otherwise he would be aware that I have *all* he suggests—and a GREAT DEAL MORE—but that for the time I am forbidden to give it out.

As for Sinnett he will complete his mission and probably return to India sooner or later. He sees, and can see, but one side of the question, and that believe me is not really the "esoteric" side at all. I can afford to wait—and much more can the Gods who know all things, and to whom our day is as a thousand years. And you, my dear Uncle and friend, have patience, and confidence in them, and be sure that if you do no wrong consciously, *They* will lay none to your charge. *Amen.*

† **No, of course not: not even the ever murmuring cadence of the *Puja* made in it to a personal god.**

K. H.

LETTER No. CXCIII

32, FOPSTONE ROAD,
EARLS COURT,
April 28, '82.

A. P. SINNETT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

The following cards explain themselves. The paper upon which I am writing was brought by "Ernest" to me last evening. I have no doubt it is yours. You already know of my conversion to Theosophy and my having seen the Bros. I am certain if I were in any other position than that of a medium gaining his living by his gifts, the Bros. would be enabled to manifest with great clearness and certainty.

I am uncertain whether I can return to India as I had hoped to do in June as I am using my best endeavours to obtain some appointment in England. Kindly remember me to Madame Blavatsky when you write—and

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
W. EGLINTON.

LETTER No. CXCIIIA

This—to prove that living men *can* appear—thro' such EXCELLENT mediums—in London, even tho' themselves at Tzi-gadze, Tibet.

K. H.

LETTER No. CXCIV

Pray preserve this. M.

MY FATHER,

I was right in believing unhesitatingly in you, for it has come about as promised. The two chelas have been to Simla and one of them has given me your message and letter. I have made up my mind my Father and if I voluntarily transgress now (that is to say after the 3rd October '82) I shall indeed deserve punishment for my weakness, for of all sins, weakness of mind or purpose is most loathsome to me.

"Better to be a dupe than test your Master"—verily if necessary I shall even be a dupe.

I appreciate your very great forebearance and kindness in actually sending to me your Chela solely for my benefit. Think you I shall voluntarily transgress now after such proof of true love and charity and forebearance. No, Father, blind as I have been behold me now and in future—firm in my belief and unswerving in my conduct. Your punishment, great though it be to one ardently longing for the Great Knowledge, is yet another proof of your justice tempered with mercy. I murmur not, I am content to wait yet another year, have I not transgressed and that, too, knowingly? I deserve it and bow submissively to your punishment dealt out in justice, yet dealt out mercifully.

Savage do you call the appearance of Brother Kusbo, no, it seemed familiar to me. I was neither surprised nor startled at his appearance. Strange to say—yet it was the first time in this life at all events that I remember having seen such a costume and such manners—strange—but yet analyse my thoughts and feelings as I will, I cannot trace any surprise of novelty at the appearance.

I knew them too, the moment my eyes caught them long before they saw me, and I at once said—those are they—they are seeking me out. When they came I asked them to come into my house, but the orders they had received prevented this honour being done me. I therefore walked with them to a secluded path where in all kindness and expressions of affection and charity —it was explained to me that it was "better to be a dupe than test your Master."

I accept the conditions unhesitatingly and I shall now proceed with singleness of mind and purpose. Blot out, O Father, my conduct previous to the 3rd October and behold me now after that date not only your faithful, but also your believing and trusting chela,

E.

Select for me a nom de plume, my Father and my Master, and I shall adopt it for your sake.

VIII.—MAHATMA LETTERS

LETTER No. CXCV [1]

. . . have no objection whatever against your speaking of . . . pictures alleging to represent my humble self. Yet . . . as they are they are sufficiently *myself* to make . . . feel uncomfortable if hands other than your own touch them. I'll see what can be done for ——— en face. Please see to that review of Maitland's work. I have good reasons to desire it to be done so as to attract the attention . . . world of the Spiritualists.

K. H.

LETTER No. CXCVI

(TASHI LHUN PO) A LAMASERY IN THIBET.

(FROM)

Ban Cheng Rin Po Ché.

The most sublime high spiritual chief for the manifestations.

LETTER No. CXCVII

Recd. 8.30 p.m. 1.3.81 on journey to Europe.

DEAR O.,

Forward this immediately to A. P. Sinnett, and do not breathe a word of it to H. P. B. Let her alone, and do not go near her for a few days. The storm will subside.

K. H. L. S.

[1] The original is damaged so that several words are either missing or undecipherable.—ED.

LETTER No. CXCVIII

Recd. Allahabad 1881–2.

EDITOR'S NOTE.[1]—The ring of doubt in the sentence " If the *Theosophist* were also an evolutionist," forces us to become painfully aware of the fact that Mr. G. Massey is no reader of the *Theosophist*—if he has ever seen it. Otherwise he could not have been ignorant of the fact that the two-thirds of the members of the Theosophical Society are " evolutionists," and that their Journal is pre-eminently so.

You do not seize the meaning at all. Ask Mr. Sinnett to do this for you; he'll see what the man means—and answer him. He himself volunteered last night for " something more difficult " —not two and two as he just said. Let him then—who acquitted himself so neatly of one thing do this one likewise and so oblige his " illustrious " friend

D—— better. **M.**

LETTER No. CXCIX [2]

At foot of letter to *Theosophist* from N.D.K. Recd. July 24th.

SEND this to Mr. Sinnett. Having now received all the necessary explanations from me, he will not refuse me the personal favour I now ask him. Let him enlighten his brother-theosophists in his turn by writing an answer to this for the next *Theosophist* and sign himself—" A Lay Chela."

And now he must needs precipitate here too! *Very* much obliged to him anyhow, one trouble less on my shoulders. Found the *precipitation* on opening the wrapper.

H. P. B.

LETTER No. CC

THE rule is correctly interpreted. No member of one Soc. has any right to vote in another. Nor can members be such in two or several lodges unless specially requested to do so by the Council. Buddhists for instance could not be forced as members in a Brahmin Soc.

M.

[1] This is in A. O. Hume's writing.—ED.
[2] The first part of this note is in K. H.'s writing.—ED.

LETTER No. CCI [1]

Recd. 22.8.82.

A. P. SINNETT, ESQ.,
SIMLA.

I HAVE made a few alterations and caused a footnote to be appended to your "Letters." Anyhow, there is always a danger I see, of finding our ideas substituted by concrete and false images in the minds of your readers. If you but succeed in giving them only relative, not absolute truth you will have conferred upon the public a great boon.

LETTER No. CCII

MY honoured friend A. P. Sinnett is respectfully requested to carefully peruse, the contents of the two enclosed letters and give his honest and frank opinion thereon—from *the English standpoint* obliging thereby most greatly,

His friend,

K. H.

LETTER No. CCIII

TELL him what you have just heard from Upasika. I was with you. Members who have proved willing, after choosing a President will have to reorganise entirely and a new Charter on the new principle as delineated by you should be sent to them. Write to and consult Olcott. The new organisation is a very poor one in numbers and yet not even 50, are good for the work in hand! Write to Mr. Massey and thank him from me. He will know *why*.

What can I say? Your presence at Bombay would save *everything*, and yet seeing how reluctant you feel I will not insist. To-night I hope to have more time for an answer.

K. H.

LETTER No. CCIV

HAVE patience. In a day or two I will be able to take your letters and answer them. I find that the best plan is to act thro' our mutual friend. Put your letters in her pocket or under her pillow at night. I see that our mutual friend still considers his original ground of claim to be *irrefragable*—as the clerks say.

In haste,

K. H.

[1] This note is in K. H.'s writing.—ED.

LETTER No. CCV

Private.

THANKS my friend. Your programme composed and written as I well know for my cognizance has been placed on record and we shall talk it over one of these days. Blame me not for delay, the situation is thrown into serious danger by recent wild indiscretions and the Khobilgan deeply incensed; whatever the results I will be true to my word with you but the time for *our* new efforts is not yet. Do what you can to check further mistakes.

Yours ever truly,

K. H.

LETTER No. CCVI

DID I not warn you in my letter that he would make some bad compliment and that it would be the only thanks you could expect to receive from a medium?

K. H.

LETTER No. CCVII

As good as everything he writes. Have you any objection to asking him whether he has any himself to have this published in the *Theosophist*? Thanks for writing the two articles.

M.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I*

* Article published in *The Theosophist* for October 1881. The page has marginal comments in K. H.'s writing which are printed here in small bold type parallel with the text of the article, and to which the numbers in brackets refer. Passages in bold type italics have been underlined by K. H.—Ed.

DEATH

By (The Late) Eliphas Levi

I

Death is the necessary dissolution of imperfect combinations (1). It is the re-absorption of the rough outline of individual (2) life into the great work of universal life; only the perfect (3) is immortal.

It is a bath in oblivion (4). It is the fountain of youth where on one side plunges old age, and whence on the other issues infancy.[1]

Death is the transfiguration of the living; corpses are but the dead leaves of the Tree of Life which will still have all its leaves in the spring (5). The ***resurrection*** (6) of men resembles eternally these leaves.

Perishable forms are conditioned by immortal types.

All who have lived upon earth, live there still in new exemplars of their types, but the souls which have surpassed their type receive elsewhere a new form based upon a more perfect type, as they mount ever on the ladder of worlds;[2] the bad exemplars are broken, and their matter returned into the general mass.[3]

(1) Of the 1. 2. 3d. 4. 5th.

(2) The personality or the personal Ego.

(3) The 6th and 7th principles.

(4) Until the hour of remembrance.

(5) In the language of the Kabalist "Spring" means the beginning of that state when the *Ego* reaches its omniscience.

(6) The Chaldean "resurrection in life eternal" borrowed by the Xtians means resurrection in Nirvana.

[1] Rebirth of the *Ego* after death. The Eastern, and especially Buddhistic doctrine of the evolution of the new, out of the old *Ego*.—Ed. *Theos.*

[2] From one *lokka* to the other; from a positive world of causes and activity, to a negative world of effects and passivity.—Ed. *Theos.*

[3] Into Cosmic matter, when they necessarily lose their *self*-consciousness or *individuality*,(7) or are annihilated, as the Eastern Kabalists say.—Ed. *Theos.*

(7) Their Monad 6th and 7th principles.

Our souls are as it were a music, of which our bodies are the instruments. The music exists without the instruments, but it cannot make itself heard without a material intermediary (8); the immaterial can neither be conceived nor grasped.

(8) Hence *spirit* cannot communicate.

Man in his present existence only retains certain predispositions from his past existences. (9)

(9) Karma.

Evocations of the dead are but condensations of memory, the imaginary coloration of the shades. To evoke those who are no longer there, is but to cause their types to re-issue from the imagination of nature.[1]

To be in direct communication with the imagination of nature, one must be either asleep, intoxicated, in an ecstasy, cataleptic, or mad. (10)

(10) And to be in direct communication with the *intelligence* of Nature one must become an Adept.

The eternal memory preserves only the imperishable; all that passes in Time belongs of right to oblivion.

The preservation of corpses is a violation of the laws of nature; it is an outrage on the modesty of death, which hides the works of destruction, as we should hide those of reproduction. Preserving corpses is to create phantoms in the imagination of the earth[2] (11); the spectres of the nightmare, of hallucination, and fear, are but the wandering photographs of preserved corpses. (12) It is these preserved or imperfectly destroyed corpses, which spread, amid the living, plague, colera, contagious diseases, sadness, scepticism and disgust of life.[3] Death is exhaled by death. The cemeteries poison the atmosphere of towns, and the miasma of corpses blight the children even in the bosoms of their mothers.

(11) We never bury our dead. They are burnt or left above the earth.

(12) Their reflections in the astral light.

[1] To ardently desire to see a dead person is to *evoke* the image of that person, to call it forth from the astral light or ether wherein rest photographed the images of the *Past*. That is what is being partially done in the *seance-rooms*. The Spiritualists are unconscious NECROMANCERS.—ED. *Theos*.

[2] To intensify these images in the astral or sidereal light.—ED. *Theos*.

[3] People begin intuitionally to realise the great truth, and societies for burning bodies and *crematories* are now started in many places in Europe.—ED. *Theos*.

Near Jerusalem in the Valley of Gehenna a perpetual fire was maintained for the combustion of filth and the carcasses of animals, and it is to this eternal fire that Jesus alluded when he says that the wicked shall be cast into *Gehenna*; signifying that dead souls will be treated as corpses.

The Talmud says that the souls of those who have not believed in immortality will not become immortal. It is faith only which gives personal immortality [1] (13); science and reason can only affirm the general immortality.

The mortal sin is the suicide of the soul. This suicide would occur if the man devoted himself to evil with the full strength of his mind, with a perfect knowledge of good and evil, and an entire liberty of action which seems impossible in practice, but which is possible in theory, because the essence of an independent personality is an unconditioned liberty. The divinity imposes nothing upon man, not even existence. Man has a right to withdraw himself even from the divine goodness, and the dogma of eternal Hell is only the assertion of eternal free-will.

God precipitates no one into Hell. It is men who can go there freely, definitely and by their own choice.

Those who are in Hell, that is to say, amid the gloom of evil [2] and the sufferings of the necessary punishment, without having absolutely so willed it, are called to emerge from it. This Hell is for them only a purgatory. The damned completely, absolutely and without respite, is Satan who is not a rational existence, but a necessary hypothesis.

(13) In the Deva-Chan the Ego sees and feels but that which he longed for. He who cares not for a continuation of sentient personal life after physical death will not have it. He will be reborn remaining unconscious as in the transition.

[1] Faith and *will-power*. Immortality is conditional, as we have ever stated. It is the reward of the pure and good. The wicked man, the material sensualist, only survives. He who appreciates but physical pleasures will not and *cannot* live in the hereafter as a self-conscious Entity.—Ed. *Theos*.

[2] That is to say, they are reborn in a "lower world" which is neither "hell" nor any theological purgatory, but a world of nearly absolute *matter* and one preceding the last one in the "circle of necessity" from which "there is no redemption, for there reigns *absolute* spiritual darkness" ("Book of Khiu-te").—Ed. *Theos*.

N. I.* *Satan is the last word of the creation. He is the end infinitely emancipated. He willed to be like God of which he is the opposite. God is the hypothesis necessary to* II.* *reason, Satan the hypothesis necessary to unreason asserting itself as free-will.* (14)

To be immortal (15) in good, one must identify oneself with God; to be immortal in evil, with Satan. These are the two poles of the world of souls; between these two poles vegetate and die without remembrance the useless portion of mankind.

[*Editor's note.*—This may seem incomprehensible to the average reader, *for it is one of the most abstruse of the tenets of Occult* (16) *doctrine.* Nature is dual; there is a physical and material side, as there is a spiritual and moral side to it; and, there is both good and evil in it, the latter the necessary shadow to its light. To force oneself upon the current of immortality, or rather to secure for oneself an endless series of rebirths as conscious individualities —says the "Book of Khiu-te" volume xxxi, (17) *one must become a co-worker with nature, either for* good *or for* bad, *in her work of creation and reproduction, or in that of destruction.* (18) It is but the useless drones, which she gets rid of, violently ejecting and making them perish by the millions (19) as [self-conscious entities (20)]. Thus, while the good and the pure strive to reach *Nipang* (*Nirvana* or that state of *absolute* existence and *absolute* consciousness—which, in the world of finite perceptions, is *non*-existence and *non*-consciousness)—the wicked will seek, on the contrary, a series of lives as conscious, definite existences or beings, preferring to be ever suffering under

(14) That which I have marked with red pencil are all *seeming contradictions* but they are not.

(15) As a rule the Hermetists, when using the word "immortality," limit its duration from the beginning to the end of the minor cycle. The deficiencies of their respective languages cannot be visited upon them. One could not well say a semi-immortality. The ancients called it "panæonic eternity" from the words, *παν*—all, or nature and *αιων*, a period of time which had no definite limit, except for the initiates. See dictionaries—an æon is the period of time during which a person lives, the period during which the universe endures, and also —*eternity.* It was a "mystery word" and was purposely *veiled.*

(16) Western.

(17) Chapter III.

(18) This sentence refers to the two kinds of the initiates—the adepts and the sorcerers.

(19) One of her usual exaggerations.

(20) Two useless words.

* See corresponding marks on pp. 374–5.—Ed.

the law of retributive justice (21) rather than give up their lives as portions of the integral, universal whole. Being well aware that they can never hope to reach the final rest in pure spirit, or *Nirvana*, they cling to life in any form (22), rather than give up that "desire for life," or *Tanha* which causes a new aggregation of *Skandas* or individuality to be reborn.* Nature is as good a mother to the cruel bird of prey as she is to the harmless dove. Mother Nature will punish her child, but since he has become her co-worker for destruction she cannot eject him. (23) There are thoroughly wicked and depraved men, yet as highly intellectual and acutely *spiritual* for evil, as those who are spiritual for good. (24) The *Egos* of these may escape the law of final destruction or annihilation for ages to come. (25) That is what Eliphas Levi means by becoming "immortal in evil," through identification with Satan. "I would thou wert *cold* or *hot*," says the vision of the *Revelation* to St. John (III. 15-16). "So then because thou art, *luke-warm* and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The *Revelation* is an absolutely *Kabalistic* book. Heat and cold are the two "poles," i.e. good and evil, *spirit* and *matter*. Nature *spues* the "lukewarm" or "the useless portion of mankind" out of her mouth i.e. annihilates them. This conception that a considerable portion of mankind may after all not have immortal souls, will not be new even to European readers. Coleridge himself likened the case to that of an oak tree bearing, indeed, millions of acorns, but acorns of which under nominal (26) conditions not one in a thousand ever developed into a tree, and suggested that as the majority of the acorns failed to develop into a new living tree, so possibly the majority of men fail to develop into a new living entity after this earthly death.]

(21) Karma.

(22) Thro' mediums who have existed everywhere in every age.

* Read note on pages attached.

(23) Not during the æon, if they but know how to force her. But it is a life of torture and eternal hatred. If you believe in us how can you disbelieve in them ?

(24) The Brothers of the shadow.

(25) The majority *have* to go out of this planet into the eighth as she calls it. But the highest will live till the very threshold of the final Nirvana.

c/ M L

(26) Normal.

II

SATAN

SATAN is merely a type, not a real personage.

II. ***It is the type opposed to the Divine type, the necessary foil to this in our imagination.*** It is the factitious shadow which renders visible to us the infinite light of the Divine.

If Satan was a real personage then would there be two Gods, and the creed of the Manicheans would be a truth.

Satan is the imaginary conception of the absolute in evil; a conception necessary to the complete affirmation of the liberty of the human will, which, by the help of this imaginary absolute seems able to equilibrate the entire power even of God. It is the boldest, and perhaps, the sublimest of the dreams of human pride.

" You shall be as Gods knowing good and evil," saith the allegorical serpent in the Bible. Truly to make evil a science is to create a God of evil, and if any spirit can eternally resist God, there is no longer one God but two Gods.

To resist the Infinite, infinite force is necessary, and two infinite forces opposed to each other must neutralise each other.[1] If resistance on the part of Satan is possible the power of God no longer exists, God and the Devil destroy each other, and man remains alone; he remains alone with the phantom of his Gods, the hybrid sphynx, the winged bull, which poises in its human hand a sword of which the wavering

[1] And evil being infinite and eternal, for it is coêval with matter, the logical deduction would be that there is neither God nor Devil—as personal Entities, only One Uncreated, Infinite, Immutable and Absolute Principle or Law: EVIL or DEVIL—the deeper it falls into matter, GOOD or GOD as soon as it is purified from the latter and re-becomes again pure unalloyed Spirit or the ABSOLUTE in its everlasting, immutable Subjectivity. (27)—ED. *Theos.*

(27) True.

lightenings drive the human imagination from one error to the other, and from the despotism of the light, to the despotism of the darkness.

The history of mundane misery is but the romance of the war of the Gods, a war still unfinished, while the Christian world still adores a God in the Devil, and a Devil in God.

The antagonism of powers is anarchy in Dogma. N. I. *Thus to the church which affirms that the Devil exists the world replies with a terrifying logic: then God does not exist;* and it is vain to seek escape from this argument to invent the supremacy of a God who would permit a Devil to bring about the damnation of men; such a permission would be a monstrosity, and would amount to complicity, and the god that could be an accomplice of the devil, cannot be God.

The Devil of Dogmas is a personification of Atheism. The Devil of Philosophy is the exaggerated ideal of human free-will. The real or physical Devil is the magnetism of evil.

Raising the Devil is but realising for an instant this imaginary personality. This involves the exaggeration in oneself beyond bounds of the perversity of madness by the most criminal and senseless acts.

The result of this operation is the death of the soul through madness, and often the death of the body even, lightning-struck, as it were, by a cerebral congestion.

The Devil ever importunes, but nothing ever gives in return. St. John calls it "the Beast" (la Bête) because its essence is human folly (la Bêtise humaine).

APPENDIX II*

* Small type indicates *Questions* put by A. P. S. or A. O. H. to their Teachers, and large type—the *Answers* received. An intermediate type has been used to indicate where the pupils have stated their own ideas in order to obtain comments upon them.—Ed.

Cosmological Notes from A. P. Sinnett's MS. Book.

(1) What are the different kinds of knowledge?

The real (Dgyu) and the unreal (Dgyu-mi). Dgyu becomes Fohat when in its activity—active agent of will—electricity—no other name.

(2) What is the difference between the two kinds of knowledge?

Real knowledge deals with eternal verities and primal causes. The unreal only with illusory effects.

Dgyu stands independent of the belief or unbelief of man. Dgyu-mi requires faith—rests on authority.

(3) Who possesses the real knowledge?

The Lhas or adept alone possesses the real, his mind being *en rapport* with the Universal Mind.

The Lhas has made the perfect junction of his soul with the Universal Mind in its fulness, which makes him for the time a divine being existing in the region of absolute intelligence, knowledge of natural laws or Dgyu. The profane cannot become a Dang-ma (purified soul), for he lacks means of perceiving Chhag, Genesis or the beginning of things.

(4) Is there any difference between what produces primal causes and their ultimate effects?

None. Everything in the occult universe, which embraces all the primal causes, is based upon two principles—Kosmic energy (Fohat or breath of wisdom), and Kosmic ideation.

Thyan Kam (= the knowledge of bringing about) giving the impulse to Kosmic energy in the right direction.

In Fohat all that exists on earth as ultimates exists as primates.

(5) What is the one eternal thing in the universe independent of every other thing?

Space.

(6) What things are co-existent with space?

(i) Duration.

(ii) Matter.

(iii) Motion, for this is the imperishable life (conscious or unconscious as the case may be) of matter, even during the pralaya, or night of mind.

When Chyang or omniscience, and Chyang-mi-shi-khon—ignorance, both sleep, this latent unconscious life still maintains the matter it animates in sleepless unceasing motion.

(iv) The Akasa (Bar-nang) or Kosmic atmosphere, or Astral light, or celestial ether, which whether in its latent or active condition, surrounds and interpenetrates all matter in motion of which it is at once a result and the medium by which the Kosmic energy acts on its source.

(v) The Purush or 7th principle of the universe.

Ling Sharir is composed of the ethereal elements of its (? body's) organism, never leaves body but at death and remains near.

(7) Are we to understand Purush as another name for space, or as a different thing occupying every part of space?

Same. Swayambu occupies every part of space which itself is boundless and eternal, hence must be space in one sense. Swayambu becomes Purush when coming in contact with matter.

(8) The universal mind is the aggregate of all the minds of the Dyan Chohans or Planetaries, the result of the action of Purush on matter, just as the spiritual soul in man is the action of spirit on matter?

Yes.

(9) Are we to look upon the seven principles as all matter and all spirit—one thing, with spirit as it were at one pole, and matter at the other?

Yes, just so.

(10) If so, are we to view them as different states of matter or spirit, or how?

States, conditions, call it whatever you please. I call it Kyen —cause; itself a result of a previous or some primary cause.

(11) All matter consists of ultimate molecules. How may we conceive the different states of matter?

As the molecules go on rarifying, so in proportion they become attenuated and the greater the distance between our globe and them—I do not mean here the region within the reach of your science—the greater the change in their polarity, the negative pole acquiring a stronger property of repulsion, and the positive losing gradually its power of attraction. (And now is the time

for your men of Dgyu to set me down as a Thibetan ass, and for me to return the compliment.)

(12)

MAN

	Thibetan	*Sanscrit*	*English*
1.	A-Ku	Rupa	Body
2.	Zer (vital ray)	Prana : Jivatma	Life-principle
3.	Chhu-lung (one of the 3 aims)	Ling Sharir	Astral Body
4.	Nga-Zhi (essence of Action)	Kama-Rupa	Will-form
5.	Ngi (Physical Ego)	Linga Deha Bhut	Animal Soul
6.	Lana. Sem-Nyed (Spiritual Soul)	Atman Mayava-rupa	Spiritual Soul
7.	Hlün Dhub (Self existing)	Mahatma	Spirit

UNIVERSE

1.	Sem-Chan (Animated Universe) S. Sa—earth, as an element	Brahm. The Universe Prakrit = Matter Iyam = Earth	Organised Matter
2.	Zhihna (Vital Soul)	Purush	Vivifying, Universal Spirit
3.	Yor Wa (Illusion)	(Maya) Akasa	Astral or Cosmic atmosphere
4.	Od. (light, the shining *active* Astral Light)	Vach (the Kamakasa)	Cosmic Will
5.	Nam Kha (Ether passive)	Yajna (latent form in Brahma=Purush determined by activity of No. 4)	Viradji (?) Universal Illusion
6.	Kon Chhog (Uncreated Principle)	Narayan — Spirit brooding over the waters and reflecting in itself the Universe	Universal Mind
7.	Nyng (Duration in eternity or space)	Swayambuva in—space	Latent Spirit Ensoph

(13) Sem chan, animated universe: S.Sa, earth as an element. Where then does cosmic or unorganised matter class?

Zhi gyu (cosmic matter), Thog (space), Nyng (duration), Khor wa (motion), all one.

Fire, as everything else, has seven principles. Od, one, but not the most material—sixth.

(14) All matter cosmic or organised has inherent motion. What then does Zhihna, vital soul or vivifying principle, do to it?

There you see. As well ask what vital principle does for human body when it comes into it in conjunction with the other five. A dead body is composed of molecules full of life, is it? Yet when vital soul has deserted the whole, what is it but a dead body. Give up your *pansophy* and come down to our Dgyu. We believe in spontaneous generation and you do not. We say that Zhima being positive, and Zhi-*gyu* [gyu (material) earth in this sense] negative, it is only when the two come in contact as the former is brought to act upon the latter, that organised, living, self-acting matter is produced. Everything invisible, imponderable (the spirit of a thing) is positive, for it belongs to the world of reality; as everything solid, visible, is negative. Primate and ultimate, positive and negative. So much in our manifested world. As the forces move on and the distance between organised and unorganised matter becomes greater, a tendency towards the reverse begins to take place. The powers of attraction and repulsion become gradually weaker. Then a complete exchange of properties takes place, and for a time equilibrium is restored in an opposite order. At every grade further onward, or away toward their primary chaotic state, shifts no more mutually its property, but weakens gradually until it reaches the world of non-being, where exists the eternal mechanical motion, the uncreated cause from whence proceeds in a kind of incessant downward and upward rotation, the founts of being from non-being, the latter, the reality, the former maya, the temporary from the everlasting, the effect from its cause, the effect becoming in its turn cause *ad infinitum*. During the pralaya, that upward and downward motion ceases, inherent unconscious life alone remaining—all creative forces paralysed, and everything resting in the night of mind.

(15) Are we to consider any of the principles as non-molecular?

There comes a time when polarity ceases to exist *or act*, as everything else. In the night of mind, all is equilibrised in the boundless cosmos in a state of non-action or non-being.

(16) And is cosmic matter non-molecular?

Cosmic matter can no more be non-molecular than organised matter. 7th principle is molecular as well as the first one, but

the former differentiates from the latter, not only by its molecules getting wider apart and becoming more attenuated, but also by losing *its polarity*. Try to understand and realise this idea and the rest will become easy.

The panspermic and theospermic conceptions will both be in our way as taught by your schools. You will never be able to realise the latter as an absurdity, so long as you comprehend but imperfectly the incessant work of what is called by Occult Science the *Central Point* in both its active and passive states. As I said, we believe in spontaneous generation, in the independent origin of matter whether living or dead, and we prove it, which is more than your Pasteurs and Wymans and Huxleys can say. Did they but know that Zhima cannot be shut out or pumped out from a glass vessel like air, and that hence, wherever there is purush there can be no thermal limit of organic life, they would have bak-baked less and told the world less absurdities than they have. In short, motion, cosmic matter, duration, space, are everywhere and for perspicuity's sake, let us place or fancy this multiplicity in or at the top of a circle, ("boundless"). They are passive, negative, unconscious, yet ever propelled by their inherent latent life or force. During the day of activity, that cyclic force ejecting from the causative latent principle cosmic matter, like the wheel of a water mill ejects showers of water-dust around its rotating circle, put it in contact with the same principles, but whose condition owing to their finding themselves outside the state of primitive passivity of the eternal immutability has already changed. Thus the same principles begin to acquire so to speak the germs of polarity. Then coming within the Universal mind Dyan Kam develops these germs, conceives, and giving the impulse communicates it to Fohat, who, vibrating along Akasa, Od (a state of cosmic matter, motion, force, etc.) runs along the lines of cosmic manifestations and frames all and everything; blindly—agreed, yet as faithfully in accordance with the prototypes as conceived in the eternal mind as a good mirror reflects your face.

(17) On the Hypothetical Absolute and Infinite Final Cause.

The absolute and infinite is composed of the conditioned and finite. Causes are conditioned in their modes of existence and attributes, and as individual aggregates—unconditioned and eternal in their sum or as a collective aggregation.

(18) If the Absolute is a blind law, how can it give birth to intelligence?

But passive latent intelligence, or that principle diffused throughout the universe which in its pure immateriality is non-

intelligence and non-consciousness, and which as soon as it becomes imprisoned in matter is transformed into both—can.

(19) The Absolute if intelligent, must be omnipotent, omniscient, and all-good ?

Please give your reasons why ?

In the East the Absolute, itself non-conscious, is linked to intelligence by emanations, supposed to be conditioned. "How far this hypothesis satisfies the mind as to the possibility of intelligence evolving out of non-intelligence," depends on the mind addressed.

What do you know of the gradual development of brain ever since the Silurian period ?

(20) The Origin of Evil difficulty, dealt with by means of the sugar refinery simile.

And the more the sugar refined the greater the fermentation produced in the stomach and the more worms.

It is useless . . .

Show me the philosopher who would prove it useless !

. . . to say that evil is as necessary to make good apparent as darkness is to make light cognisable. To the conditioned it may be—to the omnipotent nothing is necessary.

Prove him first.

But clearly a conditioned agency is not the final cause. Above it is the law or principle that conditions it. . . .

How is this ? Where ? Not unless you create something outside the absolute and limitless.

Problems lying behind the veil that separates the non-manifested final cause from the manifested universe are beyond the grasp of minds conditioned in that universe.

Indeed they are not !

. . . The absolute infinite is unthinkable and we can neither comprehend it nor justify its ways to man.

Then why lose time over it ? Who commissioned you to do so ?

Your all-pervading supreme power exists, but it is exactly matter, whose life is motion, will, and nerve power, electricity. Purush can think but through Prakriti.

(21) What you would say would be :—

"Whether this be so or not (as regards the hypothesis of an Absolute beyond the conditioned) it is and must ever remain a pure hypothesis. The highest intelligences *in* the universe know nothing of it—so far as they can explore, the manifested universe is boundless and infinite. Our philosophy admits only of what is known—and

knowable. This is admittedly unknowable even to Planetaries, and it is ex-hypothese non-existent—why then consider it. . . .

"Even were this conception correct, how does it concern us? For thousands of years the highest planetaries have explored the universe; they have found no limits to it, and nothing in it guided or governed by any external impulse, everything on the contrary proceeding from internal impulses which they understand and which suffice to explain everything they have ever had cognisance of. *A qui bon* then to introduce this unnecessary conception of a something (which as non-existent for us is a nothing) outside and beyond what for us is limitless and eternal, when whether it exists or not it plays no discoverable part in anything that concerns us.

"The fact is your western philosophical conceptions are monarchical; ours democratic. You are only able to think of the universe as governed by a king, while we know it to be a republic in which the aggregate indwelling intelligence rules."

We might say more—never better. That is just what we would say.

(22) Who are the artificers of the world?

Dyan Chohans—Planetaries.

(*Pinned to next essay.*)

Gyu-thog—Phenomenal or Material Universe (secret name) Aja-sakti. Viswam Zigten—jas—cosmogony, from Zigten = living world, and jas—to make. Chh = rab—genesis.

(23) The universe may primarily be conceived as space pervaded by an infinite and eternal and homogeneous congery of molecules, in which motion, their latent unconscious life, is inherent. (In this its passive unmanifested state it may be regarded as chaos?)

Yes; if only people were capable of conceiving what real chaos is, which they are not.

Though truly an unity it may be conceived in its various aspects as (Thog) space, in regard to its boundless extension co-existing with (Nyng) eternity, in regard to its endless duration (Zhi-gyu), cosmic matter in regard to its molecules, and Khoriva—cosmic force in regard to its all-pervading motion.

But these four conceptions must be held to indicate not four elements composing a compound, but rather four properties or attributes of one single thing, just as on earth one thing may be hot, luminous, heavy, and in motion. This universe one and indivisible in its passive unmanifested form, this chaos is for us non-existent—

For you, but why speak for others?

but throughout it are scattered centres of activity or evolution, and wherever and whenever activity prevails, there portions of the whole

differentiate, and where this occurs, homogeneity ceases. Thus differentiation is due

(1) To the greater or less proximity of the molecules.
(2) To their greater or less attenuation.

(What does (2) mean? How can the primal molecules grow thinner or fatter—*ex nihil*, etc.?)

I was not aware that atoms were considered by you as something *nihil*. Are not the molecules considered in science as compound atoms? Your science knows only of such compound molecules, and a primal atom is and will remain for ever as a hypothetical abstraction for it. Science can know nothing of the nature of atoms outside the region of effects on her globe and even that atom she calls indivisible, which we do not, for we know of the existence and properties of the universal solvent—the essence of the Panchamahabutam—the five elements. Even the existence of the atoms which compose the unseen medium through which the power which magnetises instantly a short iron rod placed across the centre of a hoop two yards in diameter around which a wire thickly covered with india rubber is coiled—even the existence of such atoms I say, remains an open question and science remains puzzled and embarrassed to decide whether it is an action at a distant without, or with some mysterious medium—or what?

(3) To changes in their polarity.

This differentiation in activity is manifestation, and everything so differentiated comes into existence or becomes conceivable for us. Each centre of activity (and these centres are countless) marks a solar system, but these are still rari nantes in gurgite vasto, hanging in the all-pervading ocean of the unmanifested universe, out of which new manifestations are perpetually evolving, and into the oblivion of which others whose cycle has been completed are ever returning.

Alternations of activity and passivity constitute the cyclic law of the universe. As the microcosm man has his days and nights, his waking and his sleeping hours, so has the earth, which, a macrocosm to him is a microcosm to the solar system, and so has this latter, which, a macrocosm to a single globe, is itself a microcosm to the universe. That the universe itself must similarly have its days and nights of activity and passivity, is probable by analogy, but if so these cover periods unthinkable, and the fact remains unknowable by the highest intelligences conditioned in the universe.

Is this correct? If not when the entire universe goes into pralaya (what is your Tibetan word?) how can anyone know anything about it?

Maha bar do—the period between death and regeneration of man is so called—also Chhe bar do.

They can know for this is but *our scan*, or as you say by analogy.

The night of the solar system, the pralaya of the Hindus, the Maha bar do or great night of mind of the Tibetans, involves the disintegration of all form and the return of that portion of the universe occupied by that system, to its passive unmanifested condition, space pervaded by atoms in motion. Everything else passes away for the time, but matter which these ultimate atoms represent (though at times objective, at times potential or subjective, now organised, now unorganised) is eternal and indestructible, and motion is the imperishable life (conscious or unconscious as the case may be) of matter. Even therefore during the night of mind, when all other forces are paralysed, when Chyang—omniscience, and Chyang mi shi kon—ignorance, both sleep, and everything else rests, this latent unconscious life unceasingly maintains the molecules in which it is inherent in blind resultless and purposeless motion *inter se*.

Why should it be more purposeless and resultless than the unconscious blind motion of the atoms in any fœtus preparing for rebirth ?

The solar system has disappeared even to the highest intelligences in other solar systems.

Is this correct ? Can the planetaries in any way cognise the passive non-being portions of the universe ?

They can.

Adepts can at will I know create forms out of cosmic matter, but probably this cosmic matter is many degrees from matter as it exists in the passive latent universe, which perhaps should rather be called potential rather than cosmic matter.

Potentiality is a possibility not an actuality. Find a better word.

But nothing has been annihilated any more than anything has been ever created; only, this recently active, organised, manifested and existing portion of the universe losing all differentiation of its parts, has passed into its primordial passive homogeneous unmanifested, and quoad all intelligences, non-existent or inconceivable state. It has resettled into chaos.

If it is asked whence these alterations of activity and passivity, the reply is that they are the law inherent in the universe.

(Here as a footnote would come the purport of the argument approved by you against the unnecessary creation of an intelligence outside the self-governed universe.)

If you can show me one being or object in the universe which does not originate and develop through, and in accordance with blind law, then only will your argument hold good and footnote be necessary. The doctrine of evolution is an eternal protest. Evolution means unfolding of the evolute from the involute, a process of gradual growth. The only thing that could have

possibly been spontaneously created is cosmic matter, and primordium with us means not only primogenitureship but eternalism, for matter is eternal and one of the *Hlün dhub* not a *Kyen*—a cause, itself the result of some primary cause. Were it so, at the end of every Maha pralaya when the whole cosmos moves into collective perfection and every atom (that you call primordial, and we eternal) emanates from itself a still finer atom—every individual atom containing in itself the actual potentiality of evoluting milliards of worlds each more perfect and more ethereal, —how is it that there is no sign of such an intelligence outside the self-governed universe? You take a last hypothesis—a portion of your god sits in every atom. He is divided *ad infinitum*, he remains concealed *in abscondito* and the logical conclusion we arrive at is, that [as] the Infinite mind of the Dyan Chohans knows that the newly emanated atoms are incapable of any conscious or unconscious action, unless they receive the intellectual impulse *from them*. Ergo your god is no better than blind matter's ever propelled by as blind eternal force or law, which is that matter, god—Perchance. Well, well we shall not lose time over such talk.

The period of passivity ends, the night of mind ceases, the solar system awakes and re-emerges into manifestation and existence, and everything throughout it is once more as it was when the night set in. Though a period inconceivable to human minds has passed, it has passed but as a sound and dreamless sleep. The law of activity comes again into operation, the centre of evolution resumes its work, the fount of being commences to flow again.

I conclude this must be so or otherwise the matter ejected from the vortex or central point would find none in a differentiated state from which to acquire its own impulse or differentiation.

When the hour strikes the cosmic atoms already in a differentiated state remain statu quo, as well as globes and everything else in the process of formation. Therefore you have seized the idea.

In the still passive portion of the Universe in which, and interpenetrated by which, hangs the remanifested solar system; in the non-being where subsists the eternal mechanical motion, its uncreated cause, a vortex is formed which in its ceaseless rotation perpetually ejects into the polarised active manifested conscious Universe, the unpolarised passive unmanifested and unconscious Universal element.

Call it motion, cosmic matter, duration or space, for it is all these and yet one, this the Universe manifested and unmanifested and there is nothing else in the Universe. But the moment it passes out of passivity (or non-being) into activity (or being), it begins to change its state and differentiate, from contact with what had formerly changed, and so the eternal wheel rolls on, the effect of to-day be-

coming the cause of tomorrow for ever and ever. But it must ever be remembered that the non-being—the passive, is the eternal, the real; the being—the active, the transitory and the unreal. For longer or shorter as its career may be according to the impulses it receives, sooner or later the manifested disintegrates into the unmanifested, and being fades into non-being.

But how about the highest Planetaries? They surely do not return into non-being, but pass on to higher or at any rate different solar systems.

The highest state of Nirvana is the highest state of non-being. There comes a time when the whole infinitude sleeps or rests, when All is reimmersed in the one eternal and uncreated sum of all. The sum of the latent unconscious potentiality.

It has been stated that a differentiation of the primordial element is the basis of the manifested Universe, and we must now consider the seven different principles that constitute and govern that Universe or in other words the seven different states or conditions in which this element exists in it.

There is no finite or primordial design but in conjunction with organised matter. Design is Kyen, a cause arising from a primary one. The latent design exists from the eternity in the one unborn eternal atom or the central point which is everywhere and nowhere, called —— (our most secret incommunicable name given at the initiation to the highest adepts). So I can give you the six names of the principles of our solar system, but have to withhold the rest and even the name of the seventh. Call it the unknown and explain why. A Dam-ze (Brahman) will not give you the name of even the crown of the Akasa, but will speak of the six primary forces in nature represented by the Astral light. I'll give you the principles by and bye. Study this well first.

APPENDIX III

CURES EFFECTED BY COLONEL OLCOTT IN CALCUTTA BY MESMERIC PASSES[1]

(*To the Editor of the* INDIAN MIRROR.)

SIR,

As Colonel Olcott, President and Founder of the Theosophical Society, will accept of no compensation, nor is he desirous of receiving any thanks for the trouble he has taken in curing my grandson, Ashu Tosh Bysack, I, in justice to myself, beg to make a public acknowledgment of the same. The boy in question is now aged twelve years. He has been suffering from epilepsy for the last six or seven years. The best physicians, Allopathic, Homœopathic, and Native, have treated him, but to no effect. The disease became latterly so violent that in one day and night he had no less than sixty fits, and was unable to get up or walk.

In this state he was brought to Colonel Olcott, who has now been treated by him for seven days. The boy has so much improved that he can run and walk without difficulty, looks very lively, and appears perfectly healthy; besides which he has had no fits during this period. His appetite has returned, costiveness is gone, and he gets sound sleep, and is enjoying life like other boys for the first time in seven years. I consider from the general appearance of the boy that the disease is gone, and it is now only a question of his more or less rapid convalescence. The object of my making this statement public is that my countrymen, and especially members of the Theosophical Society, may know the great effect of mesmerism, in curing obstinate diseases like epilepsy which are beyond the power of medicine. I am now old enough having passed sixty years, and a retired servant of Govern-

[1] A newspaper cutting.—ED.

ment after a service of 44 years; and it is a joy to me that a European gentleman like Colonel Olcott should be showing our countrymen the beauty of the Aryan system and our duty to revere our *Yogis* and *Munis*.

Yours Etc.,

SURJI KUMAR BYSACK.

The *1st March*, 1883.

THE SAME

(*To the Editor of the* INDIAN MIRROR.)

SIR,

The presence of Colonel Olcott in Calcutta has afforded us a long-needed opportunity to test the claims of mesmerism as a curative potency. We have attended at the *Boitok-khanah* house of Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore Bahadur, K.C.S.I., the past 7 or 8 mornings to see Colonel Olcott heal the sick by the imposition of the hands. Our experience has been of a very striking nature. We have seen him cure an epileptic boy whose case had been given up in despair by his family after resorting to every other known mode of treatment. The lad is of respectable parentage, his father being the Deputy Magistrate, and can be seen at Paturiaghata, No. 80, in the premises of Babu Surji Kumar Bysack. A Theosophist from Bhaugulpore, suffering from atrophy of the disc of the left eye, is having his sight restored to him; and other patients have been relieved of different maladies. But a case which occurred this morning is of so remarkable a character as to prompt us to join in this letter for the information of your readers. A young Brahmin, aged —, was brought by the relatives of the epileptic boy for treatment. He had a facial paralysis which prevented his closing his eyes—projecting his tongue, and swallowing liquids, in the usual way. The paralysis of his tongue prevented his speaking without the greatest efforts. In our presence and that of other witnesses, Colonel Olcott laid his hands upon him, pronounced the command, *Aram Hao! made* some passes over the head, eyes, face, and jaws, and in less than five minutes the patient was cured. The scene, which followed, affected the bystanders to tears. For a moment the patient stood closing and opening his eyes and thrusting out his tongue, and then, when the thought flashed upon him that he was cured, he burst into a fit of tears of joy, and with exclamations of gratitude that touched our hearts, flung himself on the ground at the Colonel's feet,

embracing his knees and pouring out expressions of the deepest thankfulness. Surely no one present can ever forget this dramatic incident.

Yours etc.,

SHAUTCORRY MUKERJI,
SRINAUTH TAGORE,
NIVARAN CHANDRA MUKERJI.

To A. P. Sinnett,[1]

This is all done thro' the power of a lock of hair sent by our beloved younger Chohan to H. S. O.

I pray you friend to show this to the bitter opponents of your Society.

K. H.

[1] This comment in K. H.'s writing appears on the margin of the newspaper cutting.—ED.

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